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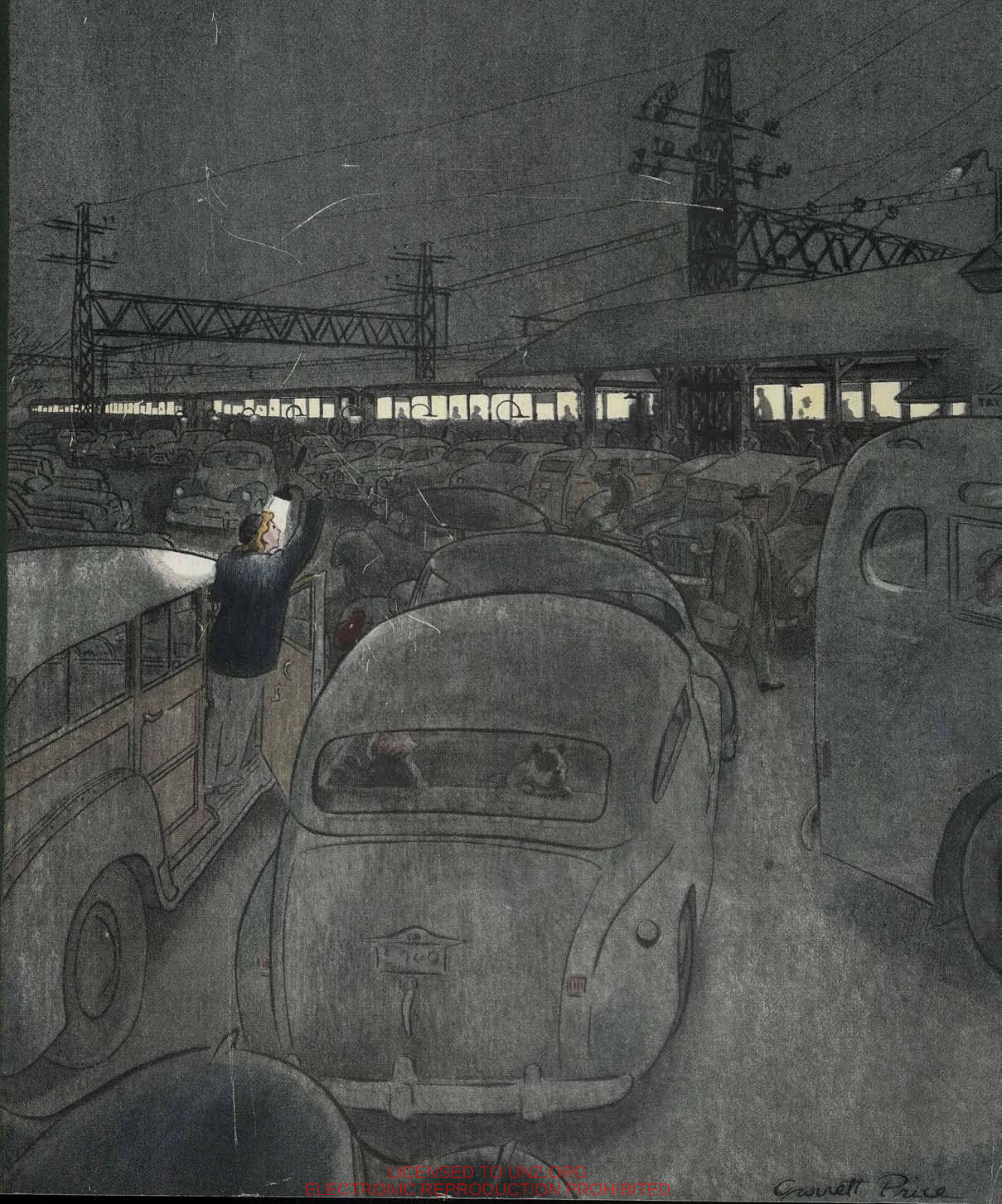
THE NEW YORKER



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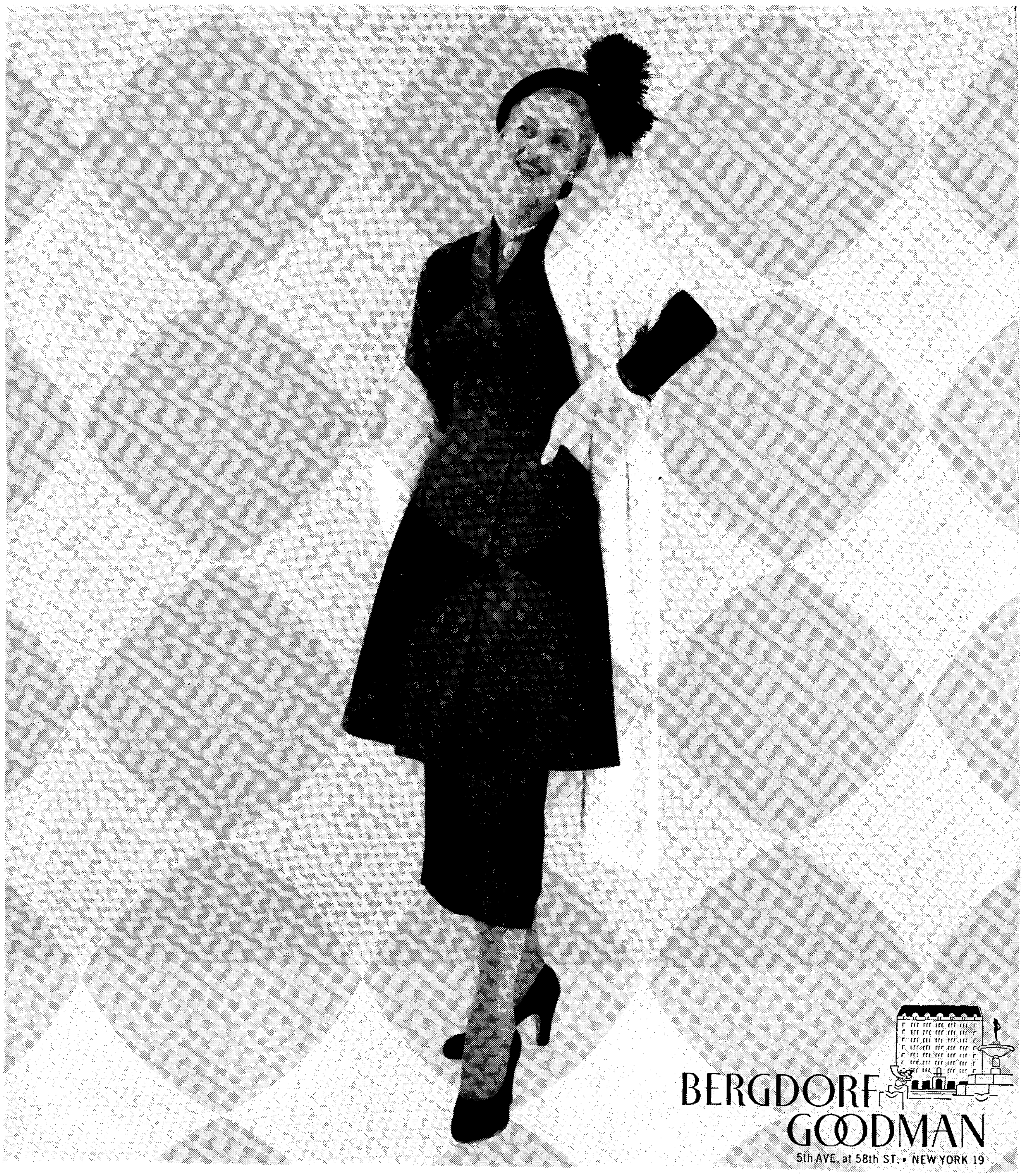

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play dealing with war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays* at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, Margaret Bannerman, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Our Lan'—This drama, interspersed with spirituals, has to do with the Negroes' attempt to get their "forty acres and a mule" after the Civil War. The theme is interesting and the singing is fine, but the play itself seems rather primitive for Broadway. Eddie Dowling has directed a cast that includes Muriel Smith, William Veasey, Valerie Black, and Julie Haydon. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—No need to give it a second thought. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys, and gets better acting than it deserves. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Moves on Sunday, Oct. 5, to the Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

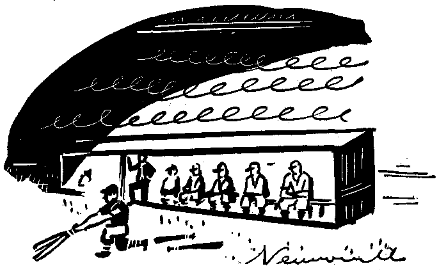
Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BURLESQUE:** The old one concerning a drunken comedian, who is played by Bert Lahr. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAPPY BIRTHDAY:** Helen Hayes as a girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** Frank Fay and that rabbit. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** The sergeant on a weekend pass. Harvey Stephens, Phyllis Ryder, and Peggy French are the cast these days. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Heiress—Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge in a play by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, based on Henry James's novel "Washington Square." Directed by Jed Harris and produced by Fred F. Finklehoffe. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

How I Wonder—A comedy by Donald Ogden Stewart, produced by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, with Raymond Massey, Everett Sloane, and Carol Goodner in the leading roles. Mr. Kanin is the director, and Donald Oenslager designed the settings. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées at 2:40 Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter.)

Command Decision—Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, and Paul McGrath in a play by William Wister Haines. Produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and directed by John O'Shaughnessy. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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MUSICALS

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. David Brooks and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance Sunday evening, Oct. 5, for the Actors' Fund.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two graceful and ingenious chamber operas, composed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti and performed flawlessly by Marie Powers, Frank Rogier, and Marilyn Cotlow. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN:** The life of a lady sharpshooter. *Mary Jane Walsh is taking Ethel Merman's place until* Oct. 13. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Moves on Monday, Oct. 6, to the Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** It's indestructible. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making definite plans.)

Music in My Heart—A musical with a Tschaikowsky score, and a book by Patsy Ruth Miller. Produced by Henry Duffy and directed by Hassard Short. Vivienne Segal and Charles Fredericks are in the cast. Opens Thursday, Oct. 2. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Counter—A London musical comedy, with an English cast headed by Cicely Courtneidge. Produced by Lee Ephraim and the Shuberts, and directed by Jack Hulbert. Opens Friday, Oct. 3. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dear Judas—An adaptation of the poem by Robinson Jeffers, written, produced, and directed by Michael Myerberg. Margaret Wycherly, Roy Hargrave, and Ferdi Hoffman have the leading roles. Opens Sunday, Oct. 5. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Duet for Two Hands—A melodrama by Mary Hayley Bell, with a cast including Francis L. Sullivan, Joyce Redman, and Hugh Marlowe. Directed by Reginald Denham and produced by Robert Reud. Opens Monday, Oct. 6 (tentative). (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Man and Superman—Maurice Evans in his own production of the Shaw comedy. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 8. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—A musical comedy directed by George Abbott, with Phil Silvers and Nanette Fabray. Stephen Longstreet wrote the book, and the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn. Produced by Monte Proser and Joseph Kipness. Opens Thursday, Oct. 9. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Allegro—The new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, directed by Agnes de Mille and produced by the Theatre Guild. Annamary Dickey and John Conte head the cast. Opens Friday, Oct. 10. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Anna Lucasta—A return engagement of Philip Yordan's all-Negro play, with Isabelle Cooley, Warren Coleman, and other members of the old cast. Produced by John Wildberg and directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—The usual mélange of cowboys, irascible horses, and formidable Brahma bulls, along with Gene Autry and his horse Champion, both of whom are even-tempered. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Children's Entertainment—Josh White and Josh White, Jr., who is six, in a program of folk songs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A.,

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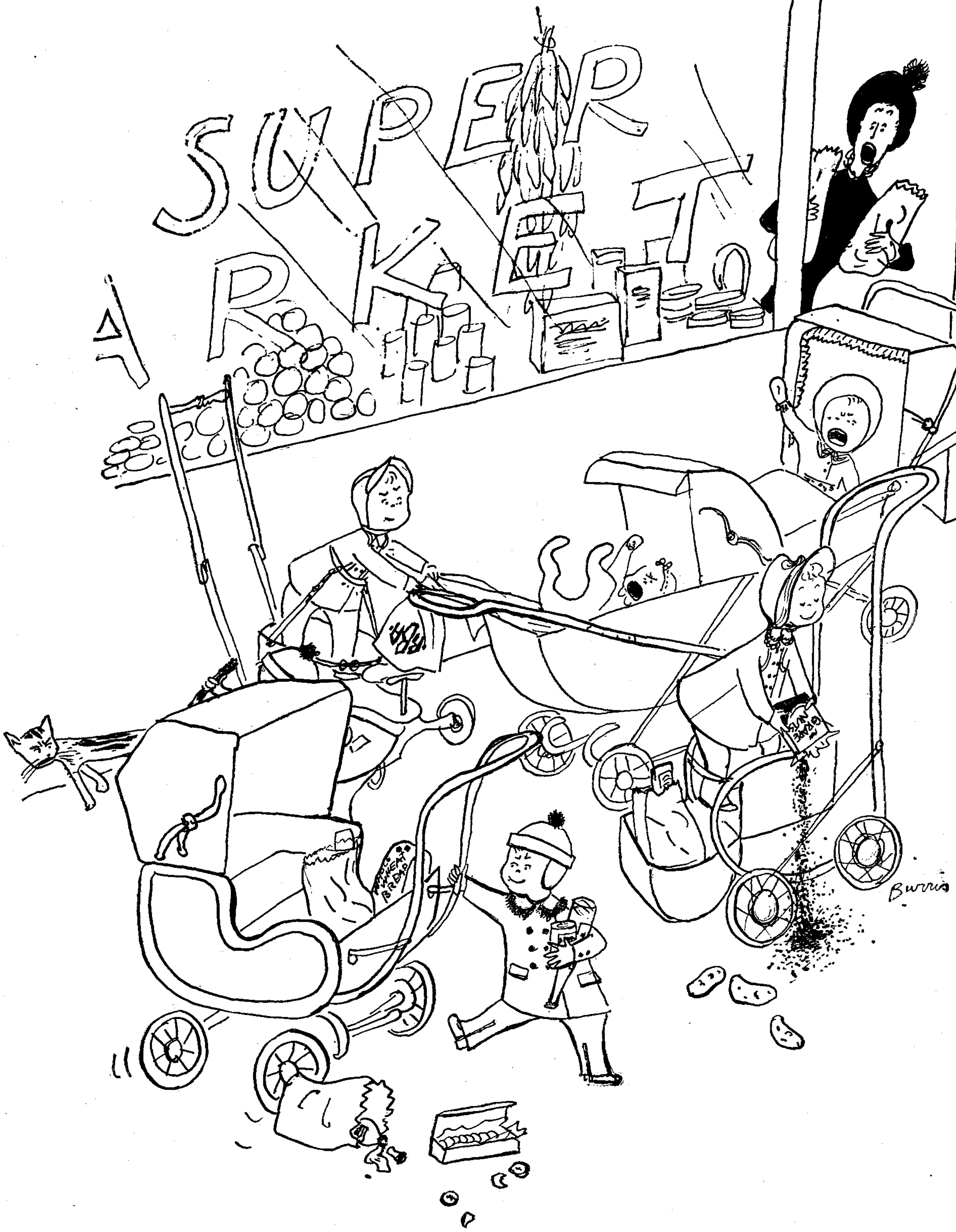
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Sunday afternoon, Oct. 5, at 3:30.) . . . ¶ Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturdays at 11 A.M. at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—Every now and then, if you listen hard, you can hear a New York Central train rumble by underneath this sunken garden. Basil Fomeen's orchestra is much more audible, and sounds better, too.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Two orchestras provide dance music at dinner and supper in the dignified Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, for those of us who can't get to Paris. Abbey Albert's orchestra supplies dance music.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—As much of a fixture in Ivy League curricula as Freshman English. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Interior decoration that some people don't believe even when they do see it. Piano music during dinner, and Joel Shaw's dance orchestra afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room offers Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band playing for dancing all evening, and Señor Wences, a ventriloquist talking through his *ventre*, at dinner and supper. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is making a nine-day stopover at the Persian Room in honor of the Plaza's fortieth anniversary, and will be on hand at dinner and supper through Wednesday, Oct. 8. On Thursday, Liberace, the piano player, will take over. Dance music by Hal Kanner's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has returned to its prewar elegance this year; evening dress is required on the dance floor. Paul Sparr's orchestra. . . . ¶ The Maisonette will reopen on Tuesday, Oct. 7, with a small show at dinner and supper and two dance orchestras. Evening dress will be required on opening night, but not at other times.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dwight Fiske, a fun-loving Rover Boy and prankish as ever, backed up by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jean Sablon sings in the Sert Room at suppertime, and there is dancing all evening to the orchestras of Nat Brandwynne and Mischa Borr. Opening night, Thursday, Oct. 2, is a benefit for the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation; for tickets, call the maître d'hôtel. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano by Cy Walter after nine o'clock, and by Les Crosley at cocktails and dinner. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, playing jauntily for dancing in a well-groomed setting. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Ferrante and Teicher, playing the piano after ten. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Jules Lande's dance orchestra until nine. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley's piano music after nine. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): The Joe Mooney Quartet, turning out their quiet, skillful music after ten in the practically pitch-dark Raleigh Room. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A pleasant, if not particularly lively, corner, with a small orchestra for dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Melancholy balalaikas, strenuous dancing, and a man who fools around with flaming daggers. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fiesta time in the Village includes a fast-moving Spanish show and plenty of ardent rumbas for the amateur Latin. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Nellie Lutcher, a merry and uproarious singer of songs in the manner of a merrier and more uproarious era; Dorothy Jarnac; and Dave Martin's orchestra.

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BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Ray Bolger, who dances as though he had been put together by an amateur anatomist, along with the usual deafening show. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis has only to brush a piece of lint from his lapel to start the initiate laughing themselves into a collapse. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, a wonderful old party who, some say, is even funnier today than he was at the Diamond Jubilee.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A flossy bandbox containing such fetching trinkets as Alice Pearce, Amanda Lane, the Three Flames, and the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, topping off a new show. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This familiar basement offers Chippie Hill, a blues singer of the old school, along with the Jimmy Shirley Trio, and Don Frye at the piano; dancing. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A weather-beaten belfry, presided over by Spivy herself, warming her wits at the piano. Sheila Barrett is here, too. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Amiable spoofing by Louise Howard.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell, and a couple of associates, all trying to blow each other down. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, with other students of the art dropping in to take a hand. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Freddie Ohms, Ernie Caceres, and their colleagues, huffing and puffing with animation. Monday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's trio. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Charlie Ventura's orchestra. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Ella Fitzgerald will be succeeded on Thursday, Oct. 9, by Lester Young's band. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR**, 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): A quintet headed by Roy Eldridge, and Stuff Smith's trio; jam sessions on Tuesday evenings.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Claude Thornhill's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Orrin Tucker's orchestra.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

Marjorie Bishop—Mainly landscapes and still-lifes, done in an agreeably straightforward fashion. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Oct. 11.)

Groups—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: A show of new work by the gallery's group and guest artists; weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; through Oct. 17. . . . **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Ralph Rosenborg and other artists affiliated with this establishment; through Oct. 3. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Twenty-second annual fall showing, with a new picture by each of the gallery's members; through Oct. 18. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: Recent oils and water colors by Joseph DeMartini, Andrew Wyeth, and others of this house's group; through Oct. 11. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Oils and water colors by Dong Kingman, William Thon, Isabel Bishop, and others; through Oct. 11. . . . **NEW-AGE**, 138 W. 15th St.: The work of some new artists supplementing that of Julian Levi, Helen Ratkai, and other gallery regulars; weekdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10; through Oct. 4. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Recent paintings by Mario Carreño, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Stuart Davis, and other members of the school's art faculty; Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., and Sundays, 1 to 4 P.M.; through Oct. 18. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by Max Weber, Milton Avery, and other present-day painters, and some nineteenth-century French pieces; through Oct. 3.

J. M. Hanson—Semi-abstract figure paintings, emphasizing design somewhat at the expense of feeling. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 4.)

Hugh Kappel—Lively abstract oils, and splashy water colors in a style often reminiscent of Marin's. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Oct. 8.)

John Masteller—Paintings that strive for wit and imagination, sometimes with success and sometimes falling flat. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Oct. 11.)

Jacob Getlar Smith—Pleasant New England water colors, by an artist who likes to experiment with the effect of rocks and houses set against distance. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 4.)

John Stephan—Abstract paintings, restrained in feeling and rhythmic in design. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 11.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: Annual Pepsi-Cola show; through Nov. 2. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57th St.: Kaethe Kollwitz; through Nov. 1. . . . **NIERENDORF**, 53 E. 57th St.: Paul Klee; through Nov. 1. . . . **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57th St.: National Association of Women Artists; through Oct. 11. . . . **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Minna Citron; through Oct. 18. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57th St.: Henri Laurens; through Oct. 18. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Horace Pippin; through Oct. 11. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Irene Hamar; through Oct. 18. . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Carlyle Brown; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **NORLYST**, 59 W. 56th St.; through Oct. 15. **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Oct. 25. **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 18.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan collection of paintings by thirteen contemporary British artists, including Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, and John Tunnard; through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibition of paintings, drawings, and photographs by Ben Shahn; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs in a retrospective show of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect; through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan show, including paintings by Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 14.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Oils, sculptures, and water colors from the Museum's permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 12.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "Werther." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 3, at 8:45: "Salome." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 5, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 9, at 8:45: "Ariadne." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "Werther." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "Eugene Onegin." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York City Symphony—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Monday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 6-7, at 8:30.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Opening performances of the season—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, Oct. 9, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Oct. 10, at 2:30. (Carnegie Hall.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Gertrude Ribla, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

French Boys' Choir—Thirty-five boy singers from Paris, directed by the Abbé Maillet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—Town Hall—Eddie Condon's first concert of the season, with Cozy Cole, Joe Sullivan, Max Kaminsky, and others. (Saturday afternoon, Oct. 4, at 5:30.) . . . ¶ Nellie Lutcher and Joe Bushkin's orchestra, presented by Fred Robbins. (Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 11:30.) . . . ¶ Another Fred Robbins gathering, this time with Wingy Manone, Cozy Cole, Jack Lesberg, and others. (Saturday evening, Oct. 11, at 11:30.)

RECITALS

Daniel Ericourt—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday evening, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

Toska Tolces—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 3, at 8:30.)

Persinger-Britt Trio—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Edouard Nies-Berger—Conducting a chamber orchestra and playing the organ. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

Josh White—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Saturday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:40.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday afternoon, Oct. 5, at 3. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday evening, Oct. 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Berl Senofsky—Violin. (Town Hall. Monday afternoon, Oct. 6, at 3.)

Franz Rupp—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 8, at 8:40.)

Gunnar Johansen—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—World Series: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, and, if necessary, Saturday, Oct. 4, at 1:30 P.M., all at Ebbets Field.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 4**: Army vs. Colorado, at West Point, at 2 P.M.; Brooklyn College vs. N.Y.U., at the Polo Grounds, at 8:30 P.M.; Harvard vs. Boston University, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Navy vs. Columbia, at Annapolis, at 2 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 2:30 P.M.; Syracuse vs. Dartmouth, at Syracuse, at 2 P.M.; Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 11**: Army vs. Illinois, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M.; Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 2:30 P.M.; Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M.; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 2 P.M.; Fordham vs. Penn State, at the Polo Grounds, at 2 P.M.; Navy vs. Duke, at Baltimore, at 2 P.M.; Rutgers vs. Princeton, at New Brunswick, at 2:30 P.M.; Virginia vs. Harvard, at Charlottesville, at 3 P.M.

Dog Shows—Devon Dog Show Association. (Paoli, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 4.) . . . ¶ Chester Valley Kennel Club. (Newtown Square, Pa., Sunday, Oct. 5.)

Horse Shows—Rhode Island Horse Show. (Providence, R.I., Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 2-5.) . . . ¶ Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va., Friday through Sunday, Oct. 3-5.) . . . ¶ Rock Spring Horse Show. (West Orange, N.J., Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 4-5.) . . . ¶ Hutchinson Horse Show. (New Rochelle, N.Y., Sunday, Oct. 5.) . . . ¶ Harrison Horse Show. (Harrison, N.Y., starting Saturday, Oct. 11.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 4.) . . . ¶ Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 11.)

Polo—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M.

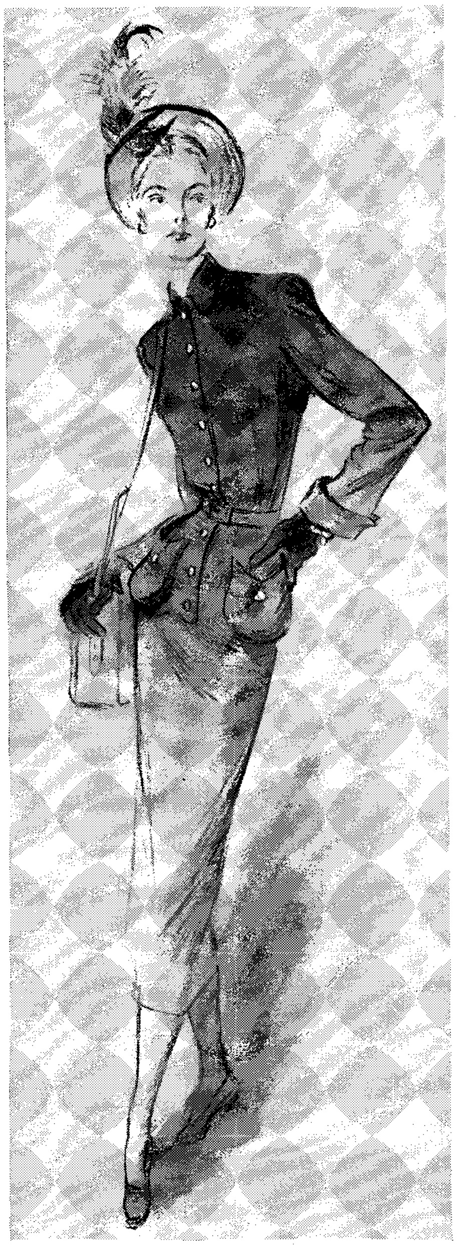
Racing—At **GARDEN STATE**: Weekdays at 2 P.M.; through Saturday, Oct. 11. The Vineland Handicap, Oct. 4; the Trenton Handicap, Oct. 11. (A special train to the track leaves Penn Station weekdays at 10:50 A.M.) . . . **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Saturday, Oct. 11. The Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Oct. 2; the Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Oct. 4; the Ladies Handicap, Oct. 7; the Sysonby Mile, Oct. 9; the Champagne Stakes and the New York Handicap, Oct. 11.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.; through Oct. 18. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Stratford Shoals Race. (New Rochelle Yacht Club, New Rochelle, N.Y., Friday, Oct. 10.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—About six hundred visitors are admitted to each plenary meeting of the General Assembly. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, early on the day before you want to go. Trains leave Penn Station at half-hour intervals for the special United Nations stop at Flushing Meadow. . . . ¶ Committees of the General Assembly meet at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers, and about twice that number of visitors continue to be admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on



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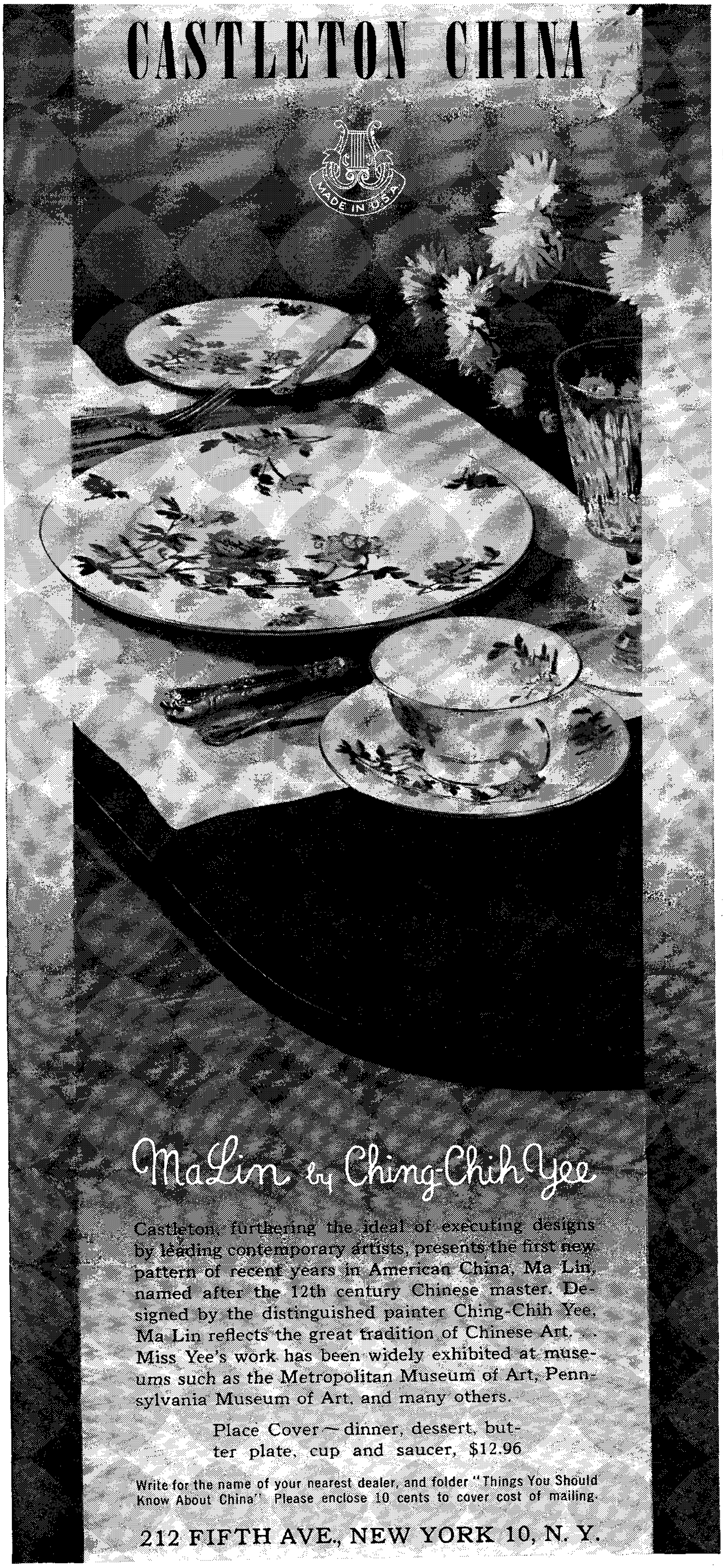

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

DANBURY FAIR—The usual conglomeration of Connecticut goats, devil's-food cakes, 4-H Club members, and quilts, this year augmented by a family of Eskimos, who, it seems logical to suppose, must have been on their way somewhere else. (Danbury, Conn., through Sunday, Oct. 5, from 8:30 A.M. to 8 P.M.)

NEW PASSENGER TRAIN—A spectacular, double-decked, experimental teaser, showing that even railroads have their dreams. It has plenty of bars and telephones, and a glass roof for peering at mountains or tops of tunnels, and if it ever gets into the time tables, you'll know the postwar world is here. (New York Central tracks, at West End Ave. and 61st St., Thursday through Monday, Oct. 2-6, from 2 to 9 P.M.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES EXPOSITION—Hundreds of items of various degrees of longevity, ranging from sitting hens of milk glass to a wedding gown of Brussels lace, scoured out of attics, dusted off, and lined up for this annual affair. (Waldorf-Astoria, through Friday, Oct. 3, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Autumn Skies." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century English and American furniture, owned by Mrs. Hope Aspell and others. (Auction, Thursday, Oct. 2, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ All sorts of objects of art, from Egyptian antiquities to Georgian silver, from the collections of the late Harry K. Thaw and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, Oct. 2, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ English eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century furniture and decorations, owned by Mrs. Elizabeth H. Baldwin and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 4, and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 6-8, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 9-11, at 2 P.M.)

ELECTION REGISTRATION—To vote in the November city and state elections, you must register at your polling place, which will be open Monday through Friday, Oct. 6-10, from 5 to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 11, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—C.B.S. Symphony, Bernard Herrmann conducting, Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Izler Solomon conducting, Saturday, Oct. 4, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Jascha Heifetz, violin, Monday, Oct. 6, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Baseball: The World Series, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2-3, and, if it turns out that way, Saturday, Oct. 4, at 1:15 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Football: Army vs. Colorado, Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2 P.M., WHN, WNYC; Tulane vs. Georgia Tech, Saturday, Oct. 4, at 3 P.M., WNBC; Northwestern vs. U.C.L.A., Saturday, Oct. 4, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ.

DRAMA—Full-length plays recorded by the B.B.C.: "Hedda Gabler," Friday, Oct. 3; and Shaw's "The Man of Destiny," Friday, Oct. 10; both at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 1:15 P.M., WJZ.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BOXING—Matches at Madison Square Garden every Friday, starting Oct. 31.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 18: Army vs. Virginia Tech, at West Point; Cornell vs. Navy, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; N.Y.U. vs. West Virginia, at Yankee

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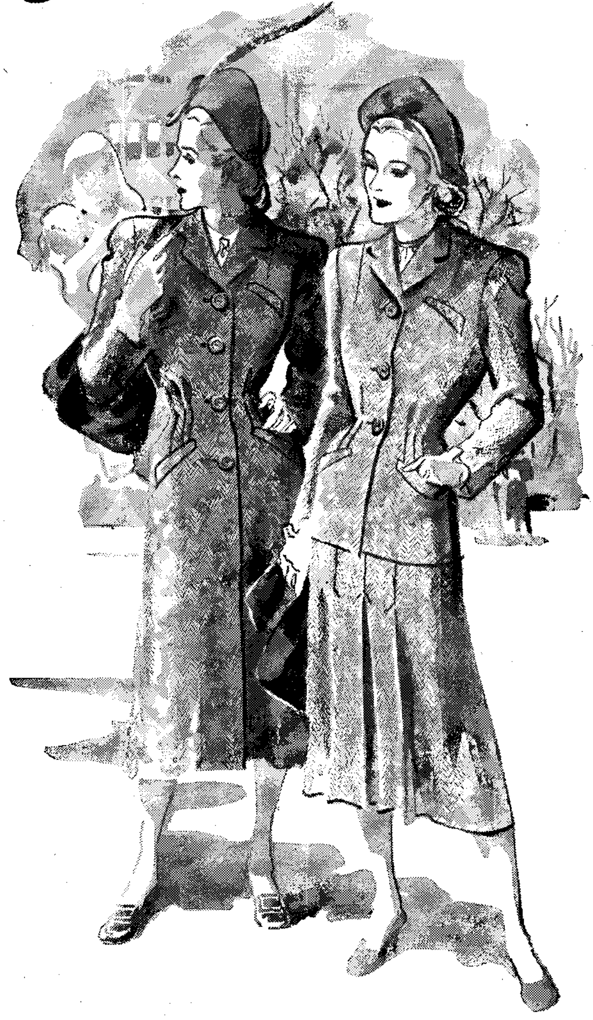

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stadium; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick; Yale vs. Wisconsin, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 25: Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field; Colgate vs. Brown, at Hamilton; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton; Yale vs. Springfield, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 1: Army vs. Washington and Lee, at West Point; Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge; Notre Dame vs. Navy, at Cleveland; Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton; Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 8: Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge; Navy vs. Georgia Tech, at Baltimore; N.Y.U. vs. Bucknell, at Yankee Stadium; Notre Dame vs. Army, at South Bend; Pennsylvania vs. Virginia, at Philadelphia; Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Boston, Oct. 29; Rangers vs. Detroit, Nov. 1; Rangers vs. Toronto, Nov. 2.

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show, Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 21-25. . . . ¶ Presidential Horse Show, Washington, D.C., Oct. 30-Nov. 2. . . . ¶ National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 4-11.

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Nov. 1.

POLO—At Bostwick Field, Sundays, through Oct. 19; Meadowbrook, Sundays, through Oct. 12; Blind Brook Polo Club, Sundays, through Oct. 26.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Yankees, Oct. 12; Dodgers vs. Buffalo, Oct. 17; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Oct. 31. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Oct. 19; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Oct. 26; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Nov. 9. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Nov. 2; Yankees vs. San Francisco, Nov. 9.

RACING—United Hunts, at Belmont, Oct. 13-14; Jamaica, Oct. 15-28; Empire City at Jamaica, Oct. 29-Nov. 11; Pimlico, Oct. 30-Nov. 13.

MUSIC—At CARNEGIE HALL: Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 7 and 28; Mischa Elman, Oct. 19; Fritz Kreisler, Nov. 1; Marian Anderson, Nov. 9. . . . TOWN HALL: Rosalyn Tureck, Oct. 22 and 29 and Nov. 5; Conrad Thibault, Oct. 24; New Friends of Music, opening concert of the season, Nov. 2; Giuseppe de Luca, Nov. 7; Efrem Zimbalist, Nov. 8. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER: New York City Opera, through Nov. 16; New York City Symphony, Leonard Bernstein conducting, through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Ferruccio Tagliavini, at Hunter College, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Opera season opens Nov. 10.

BALLET—Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, with their company, Metropolitan Opera House, Oct. 18-19.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open within the next six weeks or so—"This Time Tomorrow," a play by Jan de Hertog, produced by the Theatre Guild. Sam Jaffe has the leading role. . . . ¶ Judith Anderson and John Gielgud in "Medea," Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of Euripides' play. . . . ¶ John van Druten's new play, "The Druid Circle," with a cast headed by Leo G. Carroll. Produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. . . . ¶ "An Inspector Calls," by J. B. Priestley. The cast, directed by Cedric Hardwicke, includes Thomas Mitchell, Melville Cooper, and Doris Lloyd. . . . ¶ John Loder, Vicki Cummings, and June Lockhart in "For Love or Money," a comedy by F. Hugh Herbert. . . . ¶ A new play by Terence Rattigan, "The Winslow Boy." The cast includes Frank Allenby, Alan Webb, and Valerie White.

OTHER EVENTS—Chrysanthemum show at the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, Oct. 24-26. . . . ¶ The Horticultural Society's annual autumn exhibition, Hotel Pennsylvania, Nov. 6-8. . . . ¶ Columbus Day, Sunday, Oct. 12; banks are closed on Monday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Navy Day, Monday, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Election Day, Tuesday, Nov. 4.

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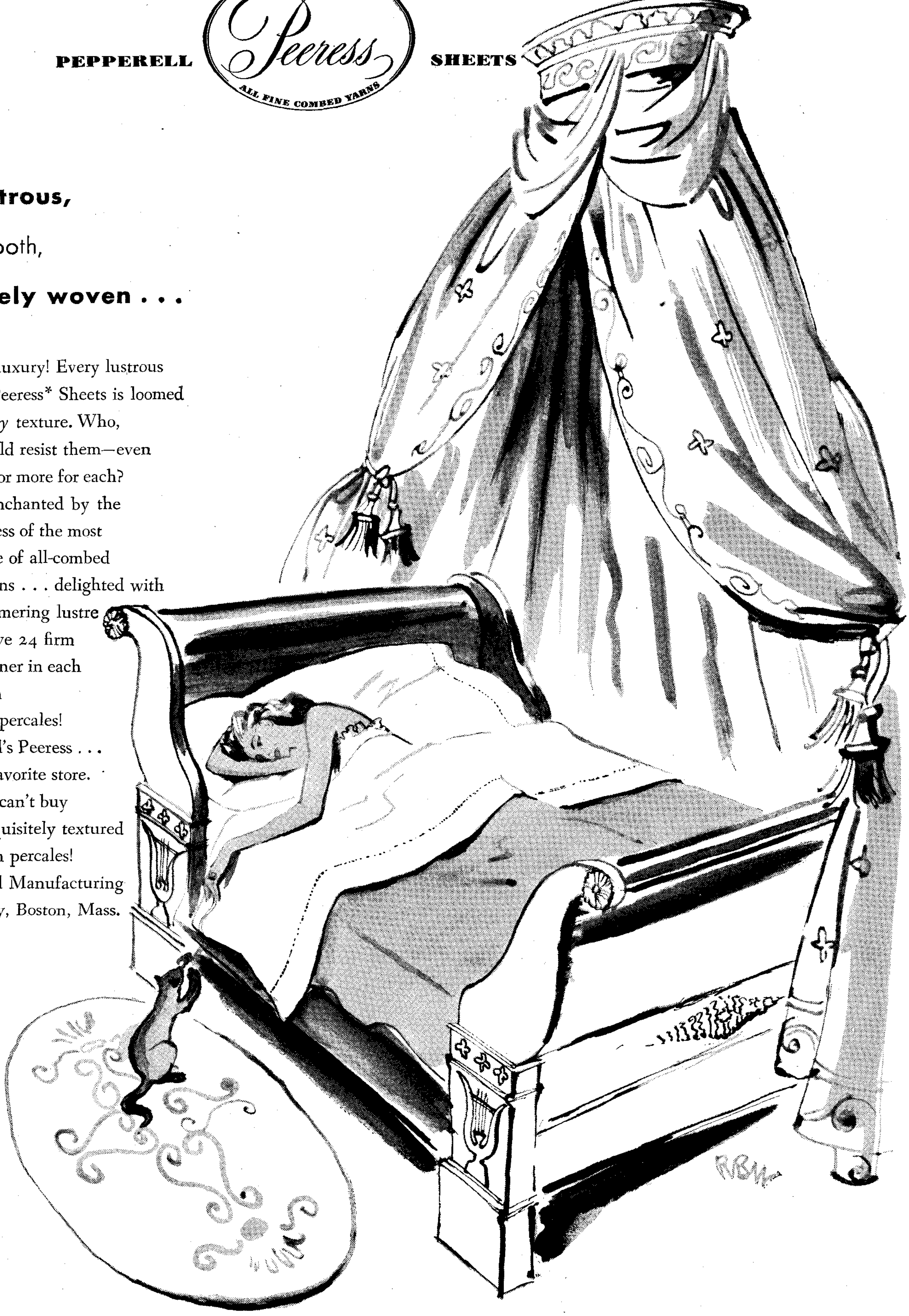
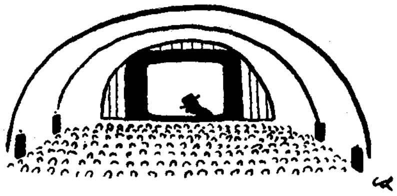


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Crossfire—A film in which the murder of a Jew starts an exploration of anti-Semitism that is often strongly effective. Robert Ryan is outstanding as a typical American Fascist, and Sam Levene is altogether persuasive as the victim. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

The Hucksters—This interpretation of the Frederic Wakeman novel contains some funny stuff, but grows awfully lumpy, just as the book did, when it tries to deal with romance. Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Adolphe Menjou, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Oct. 5.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 6.)

Kiss of Death—In spite of its silly title, an exciting and brutal gangster film. The cast includes Victor Mature and Richard Widmark, who plays a singularly ferocious gunman. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349; through Oct. 8.)

Life with Father—A careful and wholly enjoyable transfer of the play to the screen. William Powell and Irene Dunne look very handsome in Technicolor. (Warner, B'way at 51st, CI 7-5545.)

The Macomber Affair—Hemingway's tale of a disturbing lady and a couple of gentlemen out shooting in Africa, softened up by Hollywood but still good. With Joan Bennett, Gregory Peck, and Robert Preston. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Oct. 4.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; Oct. 3-6.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 4-7.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 5-7.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; starting Oct. 8.)

Open City—A powerful Italian piece concerning the wartime underground in Rome. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Outlaw—The saga of Billy the Kid, as loosely interpreted by Howard Hughes, which adds up to a frequently hilarious burlesque of all boots-and-saddle dramas. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell are responsible for most of the wry humor of the picture but Jane Russell and Jack Buetel do their bit, too, even though quite unconsciously. (Broadway, B'way at 53rd, CI 7-2887.)

Perils of Pauline—Betty Hutton whooping, whirling, and generally knocking herself out in an often funny attempt to relive a few of the interesting moments in the life of Pearl White. Also with Constance Collier, Billy De Wolfe, and William Demarest. (State, B'way at 45th, BR 9-1957; through Oct. 8.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting Oct. 8.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Hollywood has added considerable confusion to James Thurber's story, but Danny Kaye helps to compensate for any inadequacies with some fine foolish turns. Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter are also on hand. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Shoe-Shine—A simple told tragedy of two Roman boys who get mixed up in the city's black market during the American occupation. In Italian. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

Tawny Pipit—A gently humorous English film dealing with the hardships of keeping a pair of extremely rare birds safe and contented while they nest outside an English village. The piece includes a lot of comical ornithologists and a proper quota of good-hearted rural idiots, and it manages to be whimsical without being sticky. Bernard Miles heads the cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 8.)

The Black Swan (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Oct. 6-7.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. An English picture, with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3-6.... ¶ Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; Oct. 4-6.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 5-7.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 5-6.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, BR 9-3839.)

The Life and Loves of Beethoven (1937)—Harry Baur as the composer. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 7.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; Oct. 4-6.)

Storm in a Teacup (1938)—A Scottish village and a flock of dogs. A British comedy, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Sara Allgood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3-6.... ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Oct. 8.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh (seems to be her week) and Laurence Olivier playing Emma and Lord Nelson. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; through Oct. 3.... ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; and Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 4.... ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Oct. 5.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Oct. 4-7.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; starting Oct. 8.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz bringing music to the lower East Side. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 5-6.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charles Chaplin. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 5-7.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—Raimu in the French comedy about a village seduction. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; through Oct. 3.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Anderson play. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Oct. 2, at 3, 5:30, and 8 P.M.: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), with Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet.... ¶ Oct. 3-4, at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Oct. 5, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.: "The Lower Depths" (1936), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.... ¶ Starting Oct. 6, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Grand Illusion" (1937), with Jean Gabin and Erich von Stroheim. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
THE OUTLAW.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Desire Me," Greer Garson, Robert Mitchum.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Fun and Fancy Free," Walt Disney film.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
Through Oct. 8: **KISS OF DEATH.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Oct. 8: "Down to Earth," Rita Hayworth, Larry Parks.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Through Oct. 6: "The Long Night," Barbara Bel Geddes, Henry Fonda.
From Oct. 7: "Magic Town," James Stewart, Jane Wyman.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Desert Fury," Lizabeth Scott, John Hodiak, Burt Lancaster.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CROSSFIRE.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Foxes of Harrow," Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara, Victor McLaglen.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Oct. 8: **PERILS OF PAULINE.**

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Oct. 2: "Dark Passage," Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.
From Oct. 3: "The Unsuspected," Joan Caulfield, Claude Rains, Audrey Totter.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Spirit of West Point," Doc Blanchard, Glenn Davis.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Singapore," Fred MacMurray, Ava Gardner.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through Oct. 3: **THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER**, revival.
From Oct. 4: "The Girls in Småland" (in Swedish).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
TAWNY PIPIT.

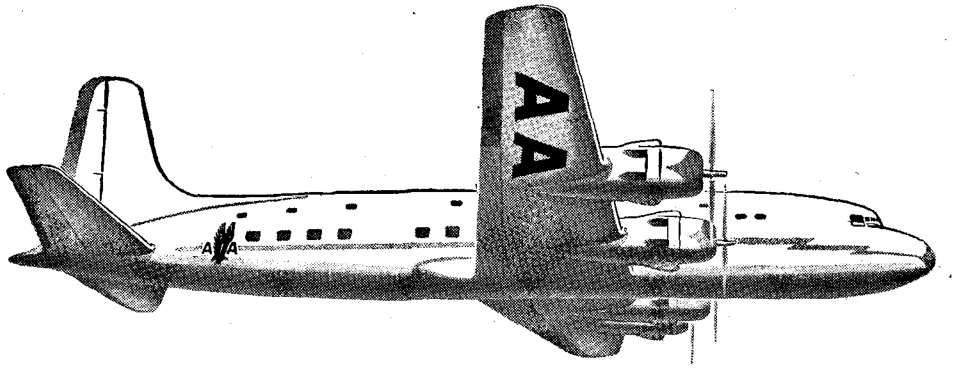
Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Frieda," David Farrar.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"Russian Ballerina" (in Russian).

Studio 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
"The Blue Veil" (in French), Gaby Morlay.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"I Know Where I'm Going," Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.



10 REASONS WHY

American leads the way in experience

✓ **IN PASSENGERS CARRIED**
For ten years, American has led all domestic airlines in total passengers carried!

✓ **IN PASSENGER MILES FLOWN**
Since 1937, American has led all domestic airlines in number of passenger miles flown!

✓ **IN FLIGHTS FLOWN**
American, day-in and day-out, makes more scheduled flights than any other airline!

✓ **IN NUMBER OF AIRCRAFT**
American leads all domestic airlines in number of airliners in service!

✓ **IN ENGINEERING RESEARCH**
No other airline can match American's research facilities nor equal the technical knowledge of its engineering staff!

✓ **IN PERSONNEL TRAINING**
American excels all airlines in intensified, thorough personnel training!

✓ **IN TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHTS**
During the first six months of 1947, American flew more transatlantic flights than any other airline!

✓ **IN DC-6 SERVICE**
American has the greatest number of DC-6 aircraft in operation!

✓ **IN AIRFREIGHT SERVICE**
American was the first airline to operate Airfreight service!

✓ **...AND, FOR THE FUTURE**
...for even greater leadership, American has on order more DC-6 and Convair transports than any other airline!

For reservations and information call your nearest American Airlines office or your travel agent.

AMERICAN AIRLINES

Handy to have on hand!

Kayser gloves! They're Kayser's famous hand-sewn, double-woven cotton "Marvelour" gloves! They look so marvelously like luscious suede—wear and wash so superbly! Black, brown, beige, white, at the nicest stores, style 1201 . . . 2.25

Be wiser-buy **KAYSER**

HOSIERY • GLOVES • UNDERTHINGS • LINGERIE

Some take to plaids, some take to solids —but all men take to a Celanese* lining, strong smooth fabric of synthetic yarn that will match the hardiest of tweeds for wear.

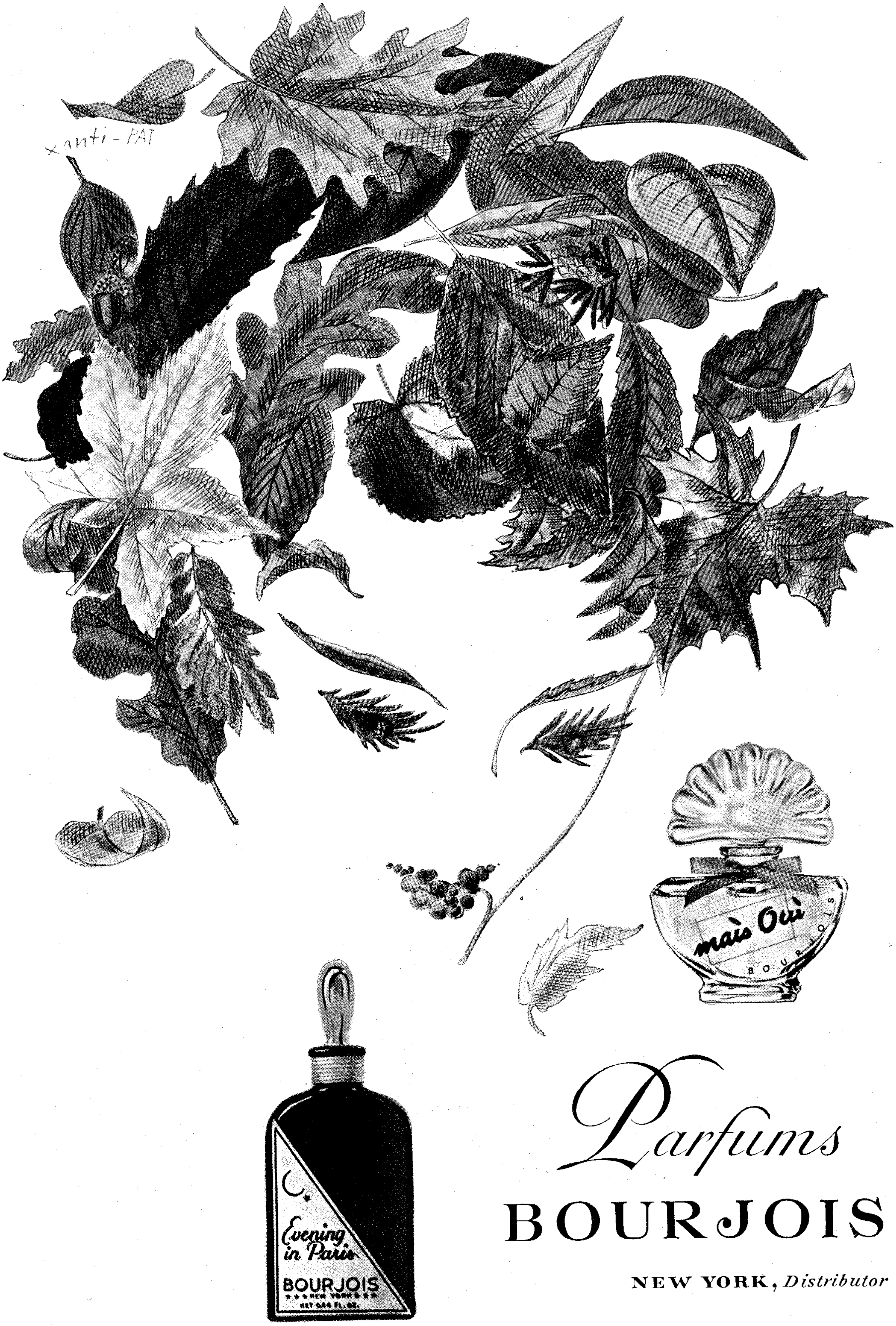
Celanese Corporation of America, N.Y. 16

INSIDE STORY
OF FINE TAILORING

A Celanese* Lining of Synthetic Yarn

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

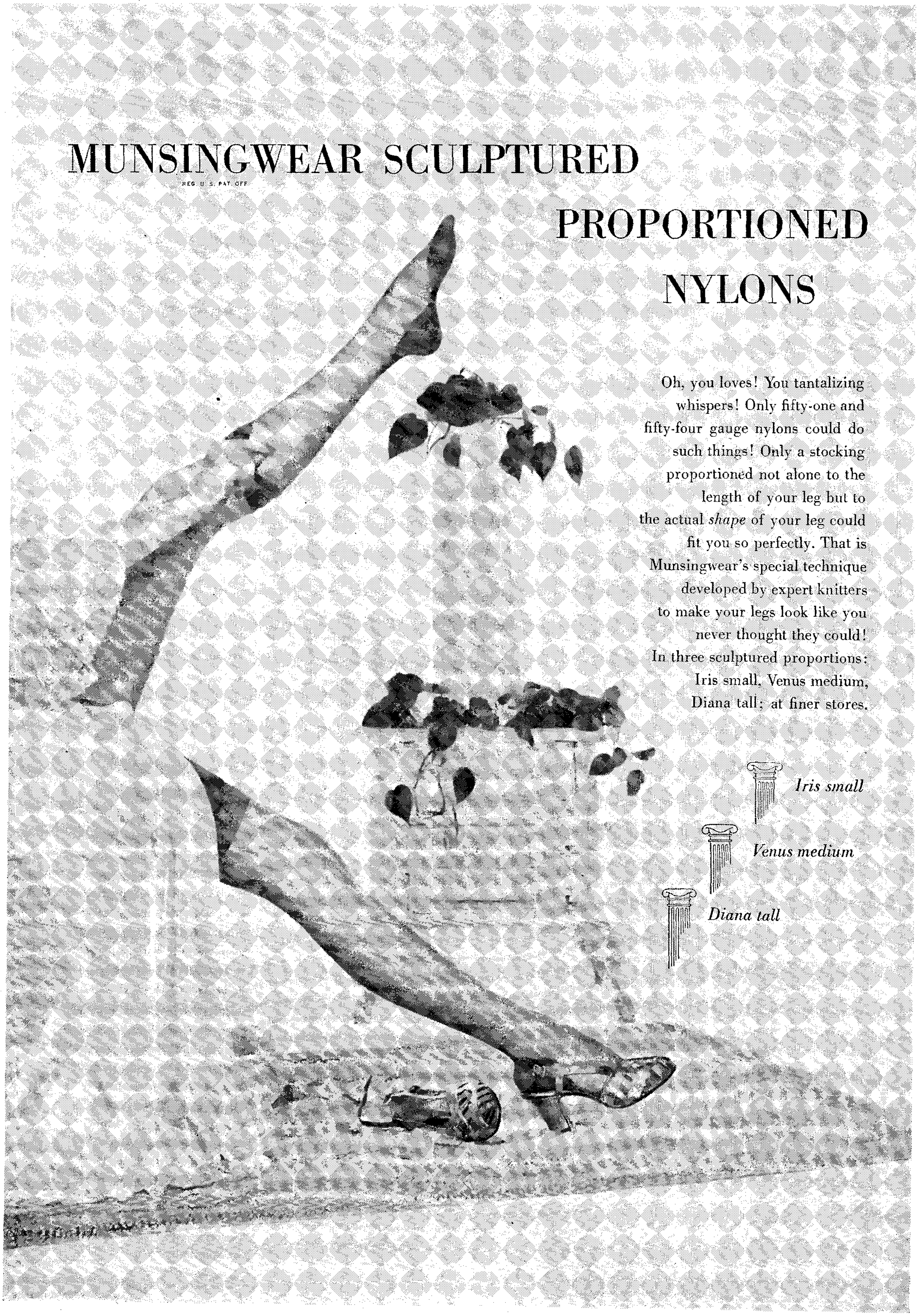
x anti-PAT


mais Oui
BOURJOIS
Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS
NEW YORK
NET 0.64 FL. OZ.

Parfums

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK, *Distributor*



MUNSINGWEAR SCULPTURED PROPORTIONED NYLONS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Oh, you loves! You tantalizing whispers! Only fifty-one and fifty-four gauge nylons could do such things! Only a stocking proportioned not alone to the length of your leg but to the actual *shape* of your leg could fit you so perfectly. That is Munsingwear's special technique developed by expert knitters to make your legs look like you never thought they could! In three sculptured proportions: Iris small, Venus medium, Diana tall; at finer stores.

Iris small

Venus medium

Diana tall

women with a sense of style prefer firth

DRESS BY PAULINE TRIGÈRE

HAT BY JOHN-FREDERICS

INTAGLIO . . . Firth's superb hand-carved Chenille . . . made to your individual order . . . in any color you wish . . . in any shape you wish . . . in any size you wish . . . in any one of a number of beautiful sculptured designs. The ultimate in fine floor coverings.

Rugs **FIRTH** *Carpets* *New York: 295 Fifth Avenue*

Intoxication

D'ORSAY

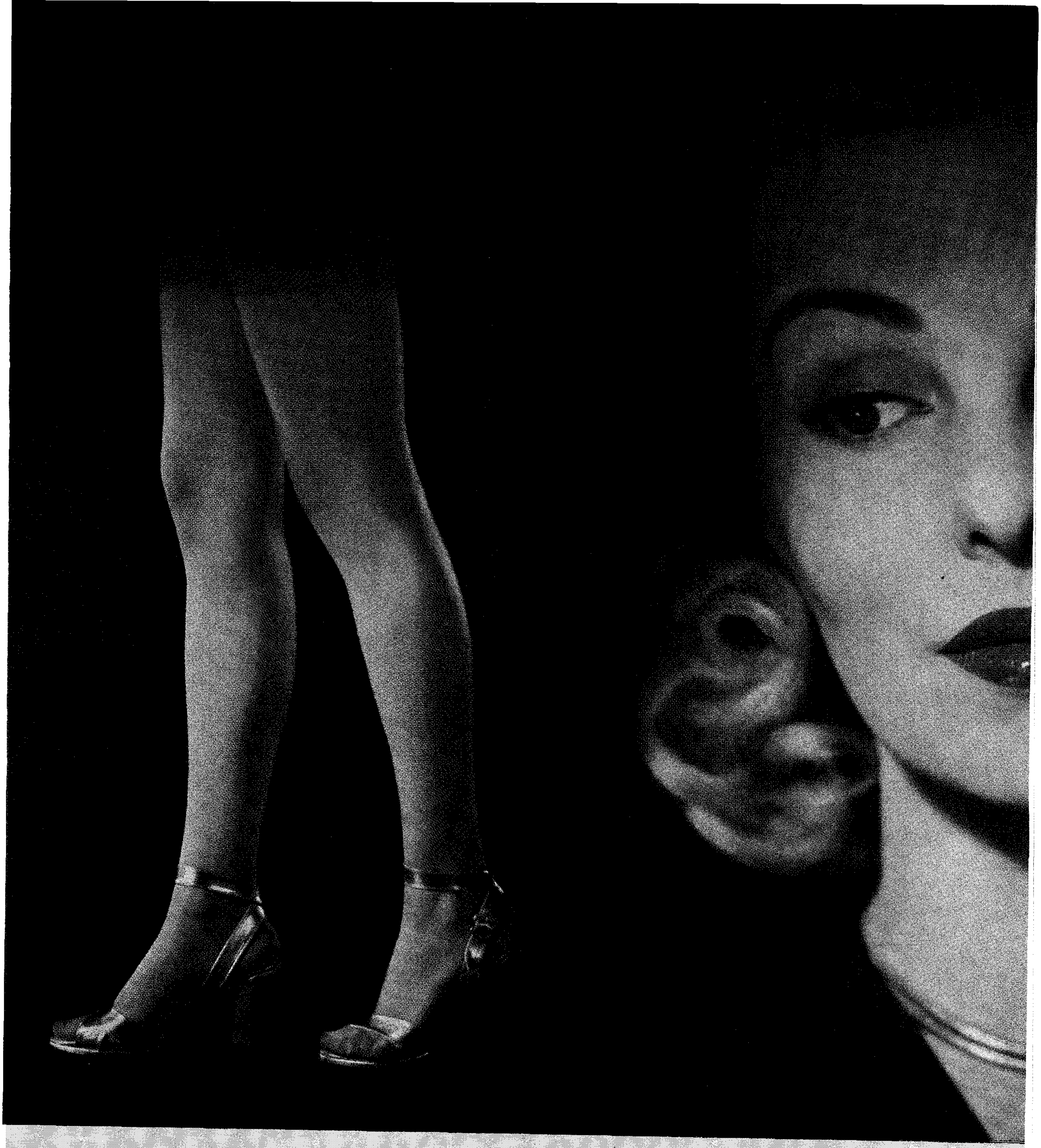
it goes to your heart!

CREATORS OF
BELLE DE JOUR
LE DANDY
DUO

WILLIAM WARD

Enka Rayon

David Westheim adds the highlight of moire to his wrapped skirt afternoon dress in Mallinson's Crepe Delorah woven with Enka Rayon. B. Altman, New York
Raphael Weill, San Francisco • Gimbel's, Pittsburgh • Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago
American Enka Corporation, 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

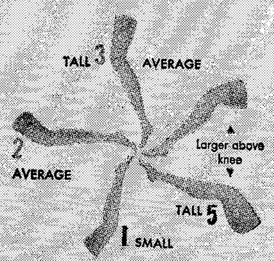


EYE CATCHERS... Artfully clinging, entrancingly smooth...they're NoMend nylons. Choose *your* personal type from among NoMend's proportioned "Famous 5." Or, ask for NoMend's *no-seam* nylons, in 3 leg types.

DEPEND ON NoMend* *FOR BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

NoMEND'S **FAMOUS 5*** LEG TYPES


TALL 3
AVERAGE
2 AVERAGE
Larger above knee
TALL 5
1 SMALL

ONE IS EXACTLY YOURS!

Short, short success story

Take a pretty girl.

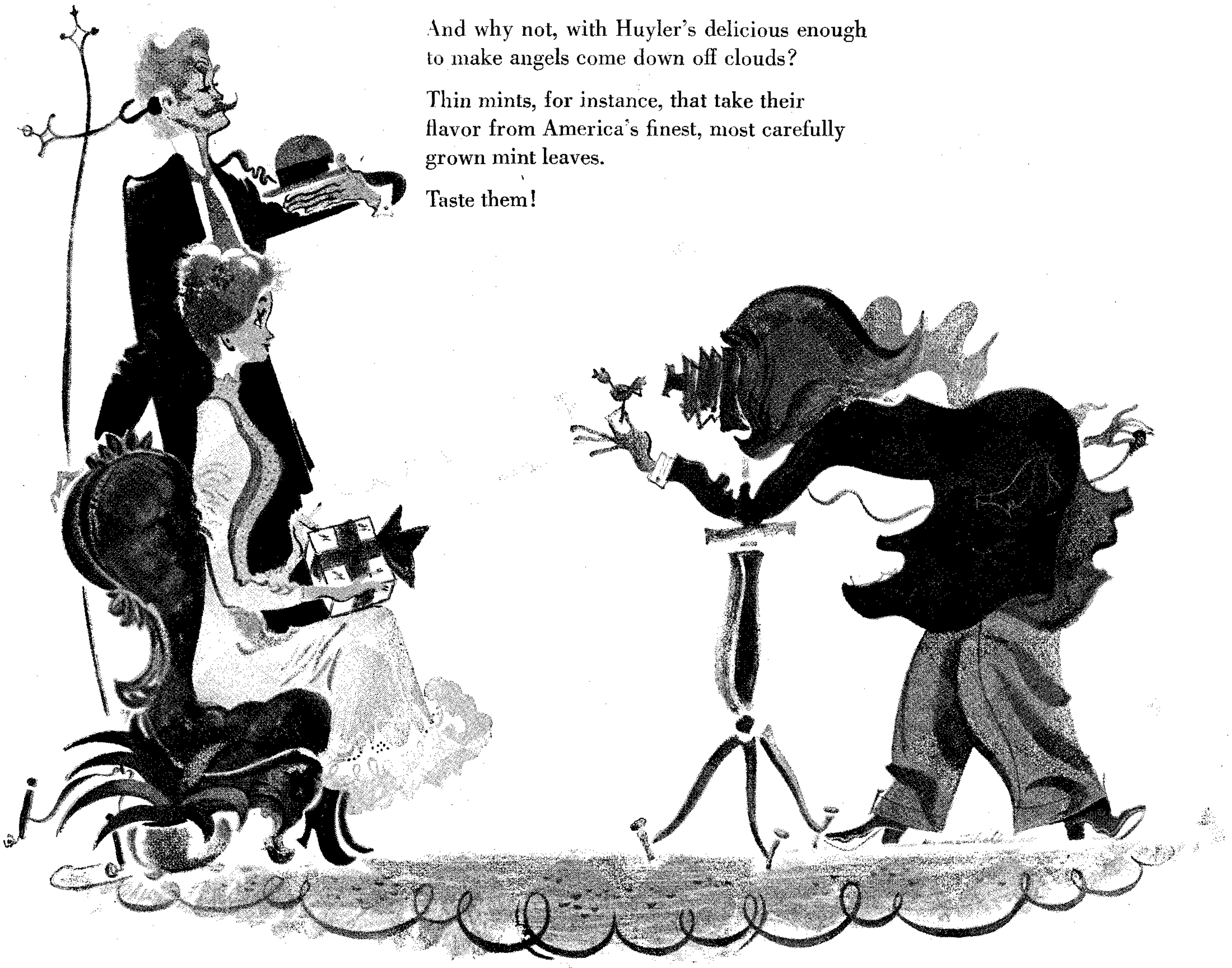
Add a man.

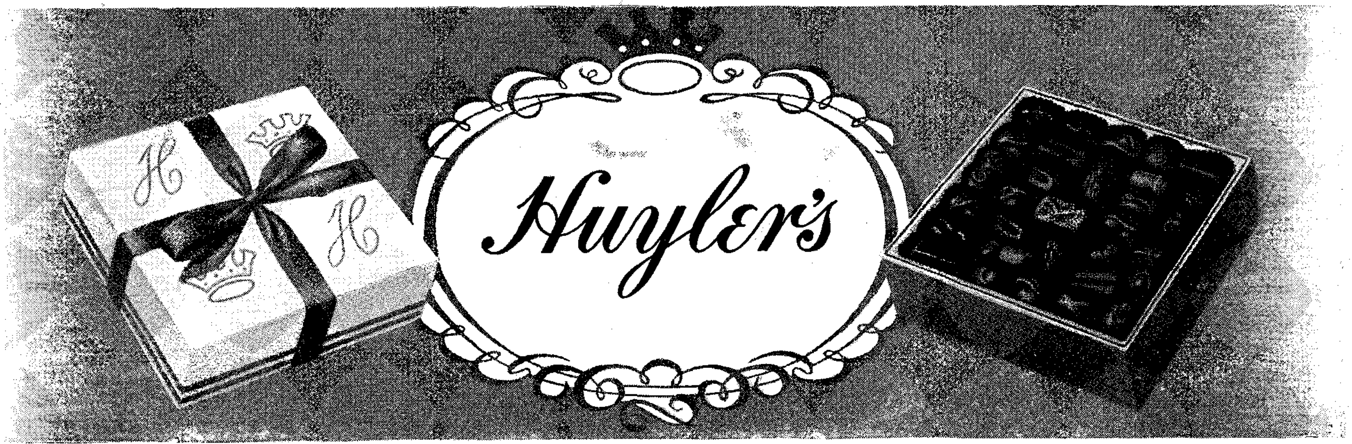
Add Huyler's, the joy of 70 years of belles and beaux, and you practically always wind up with a picture like this.

And why not, with Huyler's delicious enough to make angels come down off clouds?

Thin mints, for instance, that take their flavor from America's finest, most carefully grown mint leaves.

Taste them!





Makers of Fine Confections Since 1876

NEW YORK • ALBANY • CHICAGO • DETROIT • BOSTON • BALTIMORE • NEWARK • PHILADELPHIA • WASHINGTON
ATLANTIC CITY • GRAND RAPIDS • CLEVELAND • MIAMI • ASK IN YOUR FAVORITE CANDY AND DEPARTMENT STORES AND THEATRES

What every woman knows... about a man's suit!

MAN, you have to hand it to a woman! She knows more than *anybody* about clothes . . . including yours!

If you'd listen, she'd give you a liberal education about, say, the rayon lining of your suit. How it can help you look better dressed, feel better dressed, and save you money.

She'd tell you that a properly woven rayon lining is strong and soft . . . to help your suit hold its shape and still feel comfortable, to keep seams from parting and still allow it to "drape" properly.

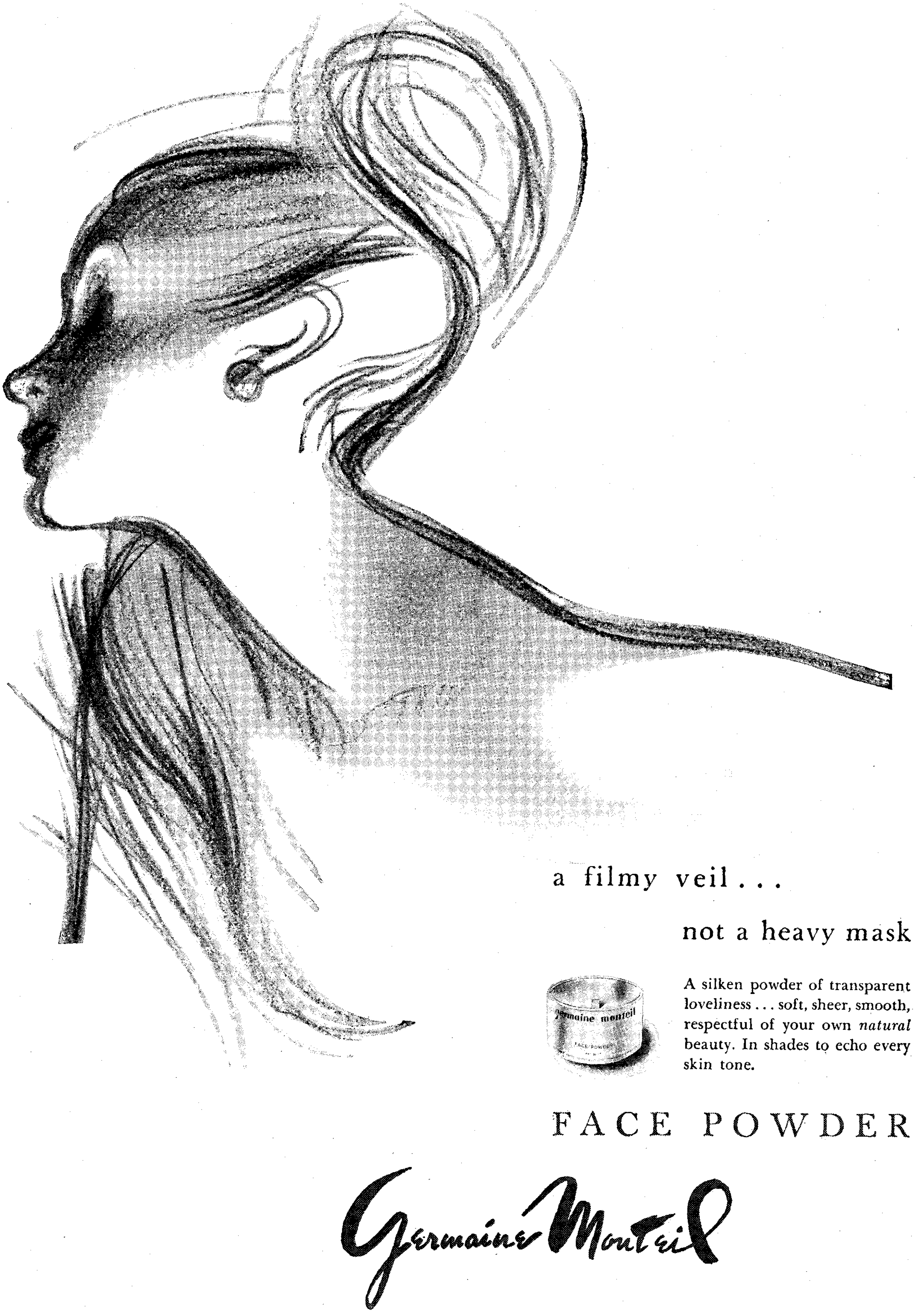
She knows that rayon can be lastingly dyed, and made strongly resistant to shrinkage and perspiration harm. She also knows that smooth-surfaced rayon fibers make a coat slip easily on and off. And she'll say that a good rayon lining, though inexpensive, is a safe bet to outlast your suit.

Engineers of American Viscose Corporation—the nation's largest producer of rayon—work closely with textile manufacturers to make rayon more serviceable in lining materials . . . and a host of other fabrics for the everyday things that all of us use.

Just ask any woman.

ANOTHER
Avisco®
DEVELOPMENT

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



a filmy veil . . .

not a heavy mask

A silken powder of transparent loveliness . . . soft, sheer, smooth, respectful of your own *natural* beauty. In shades to echo every skin tone.

FACE POWDER

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

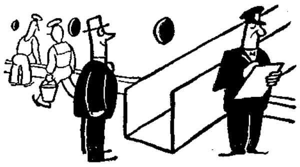
One World Note: Among the several concerns that manufactured bayonets for the United States Army during the war was Kinfolks, Inc.

Pie in the Sky Note: Unemployment-compensation checks issued by the New York State Department of Taxation and Finance are decorated with drawings of farmland, factories, mountains, and waterfalls, and have printed across the top, in repeated hyperbole, "New York State Has Everything, New York State Has Everything, New York State Has Everything . . ."

Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Speaker of the House of Representatives, told a press conference the other day he had "pretty good information" that, despite anyone's statements to the contrary, Europe was not in any immediate danger from hunger, that crops were coming along all over Europe, and that he had no reason to believe relief would be needed before Congress met in January. This is the first we have heard of "pretty good information" in several years—in fact, since 1939, when a prominent senator told his colleagues that he had some to the effect that there couldn't possibly be a war in Europe. We don't know whom Speaker Martin got *his* information from, but we bet it's the same man the senator got his from, and that after a long vacation for his health he is now back in Washington, doing business beside the same old cuspidor.

We went through the September issue of *Good Housekeeping* the other evening, impelled to see how the American Home is doing in this time of breakdown, and were brought to the rude realization that the pattern of anarchy extends even to that sanctuary. Most noticeably, the children in the advertisements have got completely out of control. On one page, a smug rebel of about eight or ten months, in the pay of a soap concern, is declaring to a cowed parent, "Take a bath without Stork? Never!" On another, an infant with the raised forefinger and unctuous righteousness of a traffic-court judge is asserting that a certain kind of baby pants is his "first choice." On another, an upstart of two is insufferably boasting of his play suit, "Oh, baby! It's a Scout-Tex." Then there is a precocious kiddy, employed by the Bell System, commanding, "Say 'please,' " and, finally, a young tattletale is shown, in a series of pictures, checking up on his mother's housework. The child discovers that she's mopping with only soap and water, no Lysol, and, muttering indignantly, "Your *skip*ping might let me get *sick!*," rushes to the telephone to snitch to his father. Our conclusion is that the American Home is in for bad trouble if the little bastards who are overrunning it aren't stopped while there is still time.

A war veteran in our office had a pleasant reunion a few days back with the M.V. Rangitiki, 16,998 tons. This man had travelled from Britain to North Africa aboard the Rangitiki in a somewhat anxious convoy in November, 1942, and had last seen her at Mers-el-Kébir, Algeria, where he disembarked. The Rangitiki's visit here was unusual, since her customary peacetime run is between Auckland, New Zealand, and London, via the Panama Canal, a trajectory that generally consumes thirty-four days each way. She carries passengers and frozen meat from New Zealand, and passengers and whatever cargo she can get on the return voyage. Our man would probably have missed her if a friend hadn't called him up and told him that she was in port. The friend was in bed with the flu and hence was reading all the paper, including the shipping news. "I just wanted to tell someone who had been on her," he said, "and I remember you were." Immediately nostalgic, our man took a taxi down to the pier at the foot of Fourteenth Street where she lay. When he got to the gangplank, only a customs guard, a couple of sailors performing languid chores, and half a dozen passengers in deck chairs were visible. The Rangitiki, which had been slate gray when he last saw her, was back in her peacetime colors—black hull, white superstructure, and yellow funnels. She looked small next to the towering pier. From the low mole at Mers-el-Kébir, she had seemed monstrous tall.



Our fellow had a turn about the deck before he went below. He noted that there was now a sort of palm garden, with wicker chairs and tables, in the spot abaft the deckhouse where he remembered swarms of energetic young Air and Medical Corps officers hurling medicine balls at each other and him. A printed notice listed bar hours for the Veranda Café, and a sign on a wood-and-glass windbreak said, "24 lengths of deck—1 mile; 12 times around—1 mile." On the bulletin board were charts showing the results of deck-tennis tournaments and a notice giving details of activities in the ship's nursery.

After his twelfth-of-a-mile once around the deck, our man went inside and descended a staircase. On the second landing, he met the purser, a Mr. Swift, whom he remembered from the voyage in 1942 for a bald head, a rosy face, a downward-curving white mustache, and an extremely crusty manner. Mr. Swift was astonishingly cheerful on meeting our man. He broke out a grin of recognition and shook hands vigorously. Observing our fellow's surprise, he said, "I only put on that cross look at sea. Saves trouble. People see you smiling, they think you're silly, begin asking for things—what? I have a brother, purser on our sister ship, the Rangitata. I call people on the telephone, say I'm Mr. Swift, they ask, 'Are you the *nice* Mr. Swift or Mr. Swift of the Rangitiki?' Rather puts me out, but I still think my way's best."

Mr. Swift remembered the Mers-el-Kébir trip well—second, he said, because of the extraordinary secrecy that had preceded it; third, because the Rangitiki had carried more military personnel than on any other voyage (just under three thousand, including the whole Roosevelt Hospital unit from New York); and, fourth, because Ernie Pyle had been aboard. "But, first," he said, "because I had just been married." After the Rangitiki had left our man and Pyle and the three thousand military personnel at Mers-el-Kébir, Mr. Swift said, she had carried more troops to Africa, then gone to Argentina for a cargo of frozen meat to take back to England. Then she had been put into the New York-Liverpool troop-ferry service. She has been plying steadily between Britain and the Antipodes since the war, and has never had a chance to refit. "We're almost like a troopship still," Mr. Swift said, "except that we're carrying civilians. The staterooms are still rigged to sleep four or six passengers apiece, and we have dormitories in what used to be the troop holds. We brought three hundred and seventy-nine passengers to New York this trip. We have four hundred still aboard for England, and we're going to get a couple of hundred others before sailing. But the old girl will go into the yard for reconversion at the end of this trip. She'll be there for six or eight months, probably, and I'll have a chance to get acquainted with my wife."

Rangitiki is the name of a New Zealand river and, according to Mr. Swift, is Maori for Big Chief Pick-Your-Feet-Up. This refers to a legend about a chief who carried off a colleague's wife and had to wade a river with her. Mr. Swift said he has no idea what Rangitata means. "You'll have to ask my brother Edward, the nice one, about that," he said. "I'm Richard. There was another brother, Walter, a purser, too, but he was lost off Freetown when his ship was torpedoed."

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Incidental Intelligence: There's been a sign in the window of a drugstore in New Haven reading, "Enjoy One of Our Cool Grape Sodas Inspired by 'The Grapes of Wrath,' Now at Loew's Poli College Theatre."

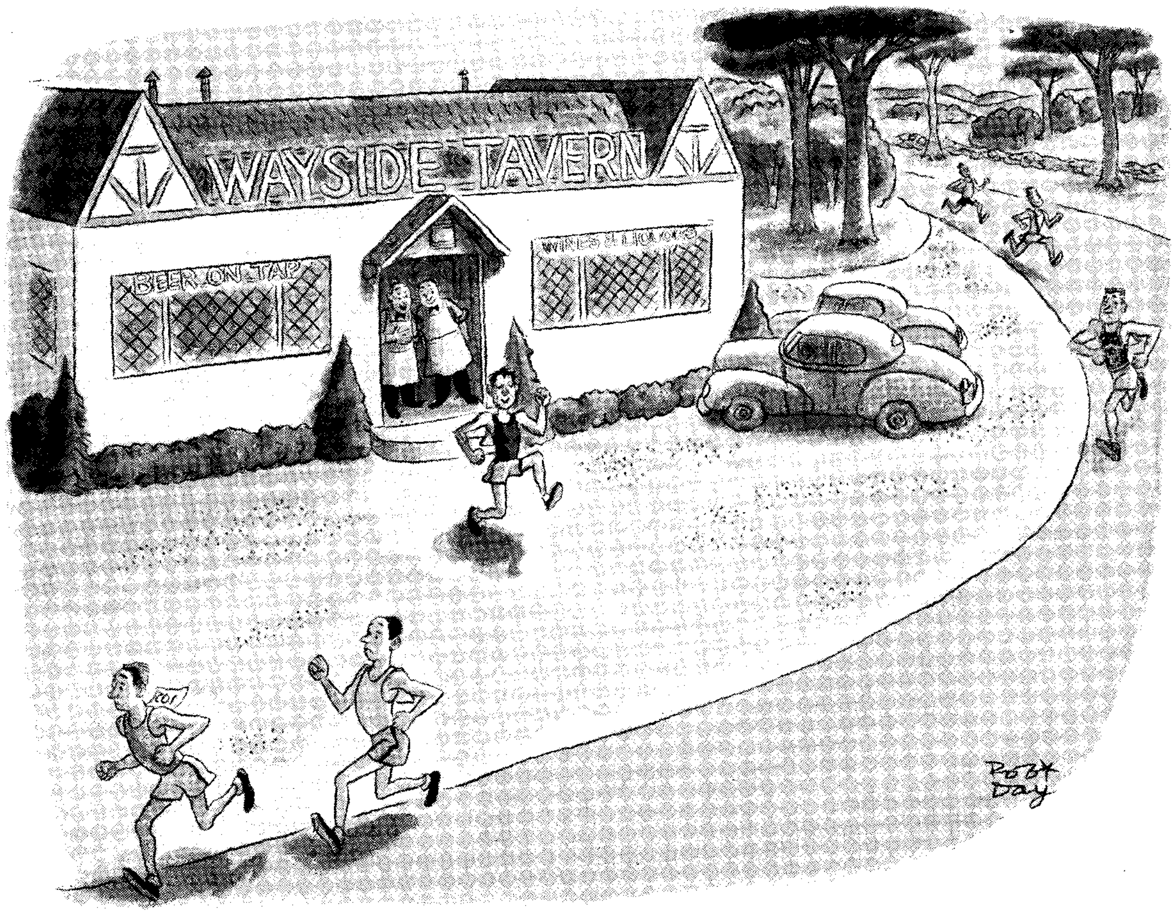
The slogan of Davidson's, a grocery in Red Bank, New Jersey, is "The Better Super Market."

Specialist

Mack Shopnick, a plump, dark-haired young man with a slight resemblance to a barn owl, recently advertised himself in *Variety* as "The World's Most Famous Unknown Orchestra Leader," and we decided to ask him why. Turns out that he claims the title by virtue of the fact that he is the foremost arranger of radio jingles, or singing commercials, and not only arranges the music but conducts the iron-nerved orchestras that are called upon to play it. Such is Mr. Shopnick's success, despite his galling anonymity, that jingles arranged by him are heard on the air at least fifty thousand times a week, and some of the top composers of jingles refuse to work with anyone else. When we talked with him a while ago, we found him eager to demonstrate, as is the wont of neglected artists, that his is an incomparably difficult specialty. For one thing, jingles have to be arranged for "spots" varying in length from fifteen to sixty seconds, and they have to fit precisely. If a recording should run a second short, the sponsor would be losing a second every time it was played, and if it should run a second long, the broadcasting companies would make him pay for it; a fifteen-second record must be fifteen seconds on the nose. Furthermore, a jingle must have what Shopnick calls balance; that is, the proper apportioning of the various sounds employed—instruments, voices, whistles, foghorns, bird noises, and so on. The desired balance is generally determined by the radio program director, who gives the arranger specific percentages. "Mama, Mama, Won't You Larvex Me," for example, is known as a sixty-forty jingle—sixty per cent instrumental and forty per cent vocal.

Different advertising agencies have different ideas as to how big a production a jingle should get. Ford's agency gave Mr. Shopnick a twelve-man band, a sixteen-voice choir, a soloist, and a couple of announcers to record "Bring

Your Ford Back Home," which runs a minute. "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot," however, which is easily the most successful jingle ever written, has been given "intimate" productions in all its fifteen current versions. The most popular of these was recorded by a mere male quartet accompanied by a guitar. For reasons that Shopnick claims are unfathomable, WQXR has a ban on even the cutest of cute jingles—"cute" is the highest praise that can be given a jingle—but the Pepsi-Cola song, played on a celeste and without a vocal refrain, is considered outside the scope of the ban, and dogged symphony lovers who stay tuned to WQXR hear it three or four times a day.



"We must look in the paper tomorrow and see where he finishes."

A few jingles have become genuine, non-radio-commercial hits. The best example is "Chiquita Banana," of which Shopnick made the original arrangement and recording. "Chiquita Banana" started out as a one-minute commercial for the United Fruit Company. It became a big disc-jockey, dance-band, juke-box hit, attaining such eminence that it was used as a so-called "public-service" commercial in connection with a plea to send food abroad. Such triumphs lend dignity to the jingle profession, Mr. Shopnick feels, and hasten the decline of what he considers downright silly jingles. New possibilities of the jingle as a musical form are constantly being discovered, and to show the variety of uses to which it can be put, Shopnick rattled off a list of contented clients, among them the Golden Guernsey Milk Company, Rath's Black Hawk meat, Dentyne, the Du Barry Success School, Bromo-Seltzer, Carter's Little Liver Pills, and the supporters of a new constitution for the State of New Jersey. As far as Shopnick knows, the presence of jingles in the political field dates from 1944, when he was called on to arrange a number of Roosevelt campaign jingles. Shopnick is inclined to concede, though, that there was more than jingles behind Roosevelt's victory over Dewey, for, after all, Mead was unable to beat Dewey for the governorship last year even with the aid of a cute Shopnick-arranged jingle entitled "Break a Promise Every Day," sung to the tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

Shopnick does his arranging in an apartment on West Twenty-third Street, where he and his wife live. He has no office but gives the illusion of having one by subscribing to a telephone-answering service. His recording is done in studios provided by the advertising agencies, usually in one of the buildings that house radio stations. Normally, the orchestras are also engaged by the agencies, but Shopnick is asked to bring his own on occasion, in which case he recruits his musicians from a group he uses every now and then, by calling them at their homes, by visiting certain bars, and by standing on the sidewalk in front of 1265 Sixth Avenue, where Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians has its headquarters.

Unsettling

A MIGRATING couple heading south with the robins put up the other night in an old, honorable, ramshackle country hotel. It looked so combustible that the man of the pair instinctively put out his cigarette as he climbed the front steps. He was by no means reassured when he and his wife were shown to a third-floor room of which one of the principal features was a dusty tangle of ropes and webbing hanging from a peg on the wall beneath a sign reading:

> FIRE ESCAPE
> This escape can be turned end for end. Put the webbing under both arms and throw the coil of rope out of the window, take hold of the rope with one hand, when clear from the building and ready to start, loosen the hand and gradually descend with all ease. Be sure to screw bolt into shoulder.

Our Own Baedeker

YEMEN, which, along with Pakistan, has just been granted membership in the United Nations, was once Sheba, where the Queen came from. Officially, its name is The Yemen, or Al Yemen. It occupies the southwest corner of the Arabian peninsula and has about one-thirteenth of the area and half of the population of all Arabia—seventy-five thousand square miles and five million people, all Moslems except for some fifty thousand Yemenite Jews, who may be the oldest Jewish colony outside Palestine. Scholars believe they are the descendants of a contingent that settled there in the tenth century B.C. because of a certain commercial scheme of King Solomon's. Yemen means "to the right," which is where it is if you're standing somewhere in upper Arabia looking south. Herodotus enthusiastically called it God's Land, and the Romans called it Arabia Felix, meaning Happy Arabia, to distinguish it from the less agreeable desert country of the peninsula. Yemen consists largely of highlands and has a pleasant climate and abundant rainfall.

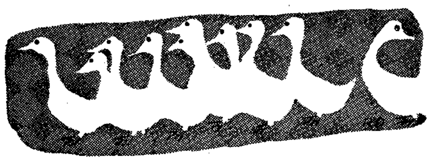
The Turks got control of Yemen in the sixteenth century and held it, on and off, until the first World War. During the twenties, Yemen fought, and lost, a short war with Saudi Arabia, and one of her towns was bombed by the British in a border dispute. Last year, the United States and Yemen concluded an agreement whereby each recognized the other's independence. We have no consulate there, however, nor has any other country, and Yemen hasn't got a consulate anywhere in the world. It's an aloof country. A foreigner must have personal permission from the imam, or king, to enter it. The present imam is known as the Imam Yahya ben Muhammad ben Hamid ed Din and is about eighty. He is a priest-king and claims descent from Mohammed through the Prophet's son-in-law, Ali. His family has held the imamate for a thousand years. An imam is supposed not to leave the country, and the current imam has never so much as seen the shoreline of it. A conservative old party, he forbade the use of radios until 1938. He tells archeologists who seek to dig up the rich ruins that presumably lie buried all about him that as long as they stay buried, they're safe; no hurry about it. The Imam has had thirty-four children, of whom thirteen sons and five daughters survive. The son who is attending the General Assembly here is No. 4. He wears London tweeds. The eldest son, who took up Western sports, like football and swimming, was drowned in the Red Sea during a swimming meet, and the Imam thereupon forbade Western sports. All the Imam's subjects have access to him, and the crush is usually heavy. Petitioners have been known to set fire to their turbans to attract his attention.

San'a, capital of Yemen, is considered the most beautiful city in the Near East. It has changed little in the last two hundred years. It lies at an altitude of eight thousand feet, has around sixty thousand inhabitants, is surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, and has many six- and eight-story buildings. The palace of an early king is said to have had twenty stories. No elevators then, no elevators now. There are a few telephones in San'a, but they're generally out of order. Residents of the city always wear flowers. They throw their garbage outside the walls, where it is devoured by dogs, kites, and vultures. About eighty-five per cent of the inhabitants have trachoma, partly because it's spread by the use of communal mascara applicators. Women are completely veiled. Yemen prints postage stamps, but mainly for the philately market, as domestic mail is rolled up like a cigarette and transported in the turban of a servant. Slander is punished by cutting out the tongue, theft by cutting off a hand, and adultery by burying the culprit up to his or her neck in sand and stoning him or her to death.

Coffee is supposed to have originated in Yemen, and Mocha is the name of what was once the world's greatest coffee port, in southern Yemen. It has fallen into ruin in recent years, and the port of Hodeida handles the country's imports and exports. Besides coffee, the latter include hides, raisins, and grain. Marauding baboons are a constant menace to Yemenite farms. The Yemenite vice is the chewing of *qat* (pronounced "cut"), a shrub leaf said to taste like a styptic pencil. *Qat* makes the mind alert, and gives energy and a sense of power. Users get talkative and eventually giddy. Its special qualities were discovered only four or five centuries ago, long after the death of the Prophet, and it is not proscribed, as is wine. A Yemenite was once asked if he thought the Prophet wouldn't have forbidden it if he'd known about it, and he replied, "No doubt, but, praise be to Allah, he *didn't* know about it."

Mature

STROLLING alertly along Forty-third Street, one of our agents heard, or *thought* he heard, a deep, impatient voice call out behind him, "Aw, you think you own the whole street because you got that dolly to play with!" Our man turned to seek an explanation of this strange cry, and was relieved to find that the voice was real and that the parties concerned were two of Stern's shipping-department employees, one of whom had apparently just avoided running a dolly loaded with heavy cartons into the other's shin.



Kill Them All

ONE thing leads to another, and, having dealt with the subject of rat extermination on Riker's Island in these columns, we found ourself interviewing Mr. Nathan N. Sameth, who has a staggering plan to wipe out all the rats in the world—or, at the very least, in the country—and all the mice along with them. At eighty-one, he is still the head of the Sameth Exterminating Company, although not as active as he once was, and the employer of a hundred and twenty-five top-flight pest killers. In his time, he has been responsible for the elimination of trillions of rats. (We must keep in mind that one pair of rats can produce three hundred and fifty million descendants in an average lifetime, three years.) Mr. Sameth's outfit now handles about a quarter of the exterminating business in the city, but he realizes that it is barely holding its own against rats and mice, and this has inspired him to dedicate himself to a plan for the eradication of the enemy. He explained it to us in his office last Thursday. "This is a big proposition," he said, "a very big proposition. Wipe out the rat and every year you save two billion dollars, which is what the stuff is worth that he destroys. To repair the damage he causes takes the equivalent of the constant work of two hundred and fifty thousand men. But the mouse is even more expensive. Where a rat will eat something right up and have done with it, a mouse will nibble here and there and ruin many times as much as he eats."

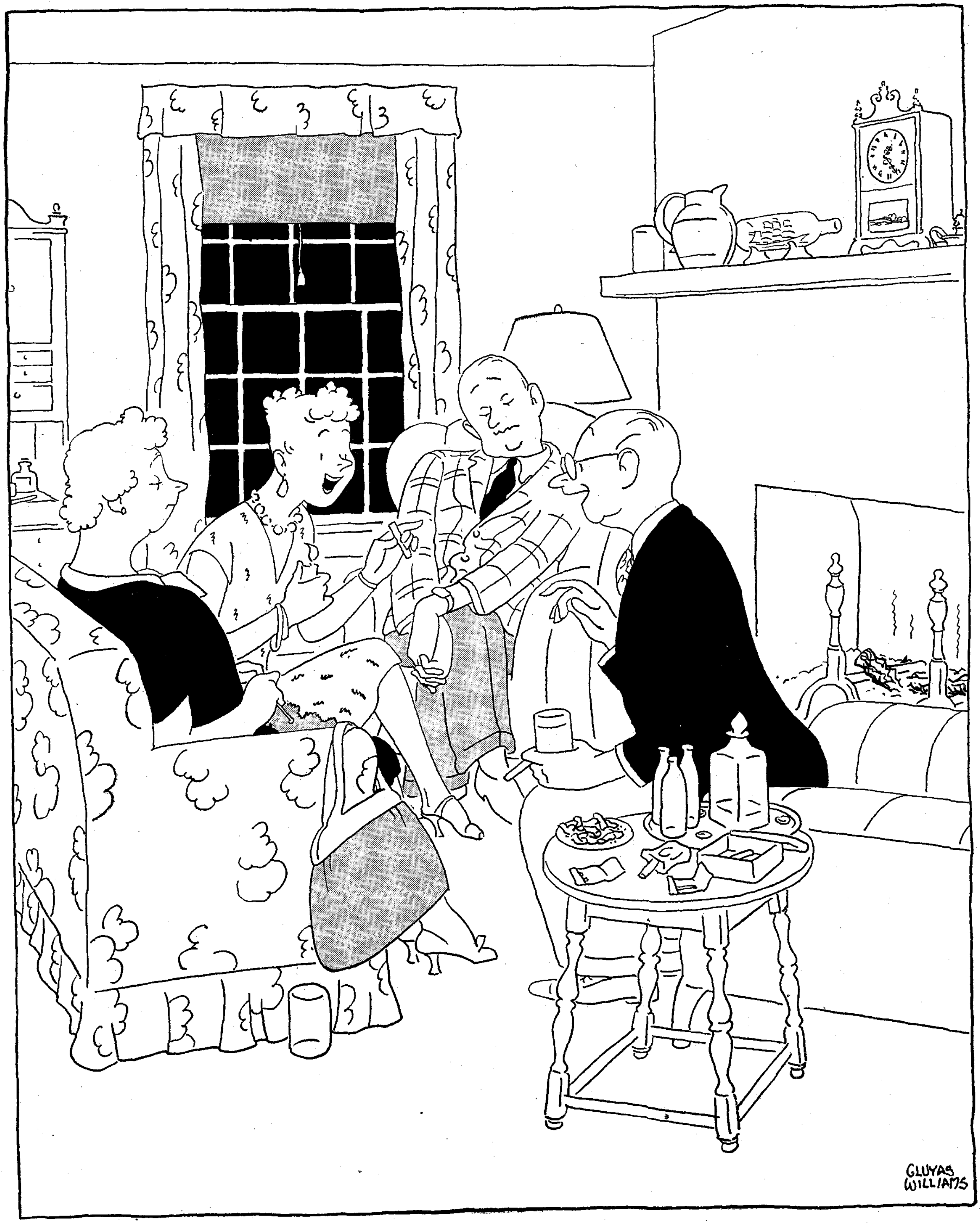
Mr. Sameth didn't venture an estimate of the amount of mouse damage. He pointed out that if either the rat or the mouse were valuable, there wouldn't be any problem at all. "They'd go the way of the buffalo," he said. "But as it is, you've got to pay somebody like me to get rid of them. Now, this plan of mine is simple—no tricks, no death ray, no Pied Piper business. We kill the rats just the way we've been doing it: gas them, poison them, trap them, club them, shoot them. But no hit-or-miss. We establish a National Rat Commission in Washington, with the health officers of every state as honorary members, to promote a war on rats. Then we form a parent company—a regular

corporation, so there won't be any political nonsense—to provide advice, material, and assistance to all communities that ask for it. And, finally, we pass city and state ordinances outlawing rats and mice. This means that if you have rats or mice on your premises—and there would be inspections to check up on this—you'll have to get rid of them or pay a fine. If you can kill them yourself, well and good. If you can't, you've got to hire somebody that can. This wouldn't be one of those one- or two-week campaigns; it would be a ten- or fifteen-year fight and require the services of more than a hundred thousand men. Most of these could be veterans with some disability. A man with one eye or one arm makes as good a rat killer as anybody else. These exterminators would be hired by local companies from the parent company."

At his age, Mr. Sameth has no aspiration to become generalissimo of the rat drive he proposes, but he would be available as an adviser, and he would doubtless have constructive suggestions to offer, for he has been active against vermin for more than sixty years. He came here from Hungary in his teens and almost at once got a job selling roach-and-bedbug killers. Soon afterward, he began work under a legendary figure in pest destruction, Cockroach Friedman, who built a two-hundred-thousand-dollar mausoleum in Cypress Hills Cemetery for his family and now rests in it beside his son-in-law, Joe Weber, of Weber and Fields. In 1905, Mr. Sameth started his own company, using the word "exterminating" in its name. That was the first time it had appeared as part of a firm name in the industry. The local vermin men had all called themselves ratcatchers up to then. Five years later, when they formed a trade organization, they called themselves the New York Exterminators. "We used to meet at the old Broadway Central Hotel," Mr. Sameth recalled, "where there were plenty of rats. We were supposed to exchange trade secrets, but about the only thing anybody ever let out was that the sure way to kill a roach is to step on him." Mr. Sameth had a lot to do with the enactment of a state law providing that in New York City buildings have to be rat-free before they can be torn down, and currently he's operating under the provisions of that measure to kill the rats in the tenements on the new United Nations site. His company is now engaged by thousands of railroads, hotels, restaurants, and apartment buildings, which pleases him greatly, but he's much prouder of the fact that back in 1915 he was asked to lecture on vermin control to the first public-health class ever held in the United States, at N.Y.U. "Imagine!" he said to us. "A ratcatcher, with no education to speak of, teaching all those college fellows."

Handicap

A YOUNG lady reports that she recently applied for a job with one of those big corporations that have their main offices in Rockefeller Center. She answered a number of questions put to her by a brisk young personnel man, and lightly sketched her rather informal secretarial background. As he shuffled his papers preparatory to advising her that she'd hear from him if anything developed, she noted that he had set down across the top of her sheet the bleak pronouncement "Takes shorthand in longhand."


GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE VISITING PUBLIC

The night-blooming guests, who grow brighter and fresher with each passing hour.

TORCH SONG

AFTER Jack Lorey had known Joan Harris in New York for a few years, he began to think of her as The Widow. She always wore black, and he was always given the feeling, by a curious disorder in her apartment, that the undertakers had just left. This impression did not stem from malice on his part, for he was fond of Joan. They came from the same city in Ohio and had reached New York at about the same time in the middle thirties. They were the same age, and during their first summer in the city they used to meet after work and drink Martinis in places like the Brevoort and Charles', and have dinner and play checkers at the Lafayette.

Joan went to a school for models when she settled in the city, but it turned out that she photographed badly, so after spending six weeks learning how to walk with a book on her head she got a job as a hostess in a Longchamps. For the rest of the summer she stood by the hatrack, bathed in an intense pink light and the string music of heartbreak, swinging her mane of dark hair and her black skirt as she moved forward to greet the customers. She was then a big, handsome girl with a wonderful voice, and her face, her whole presence, always seemed infused with a gentle and healthy pleasure at her surroundings, whatever they were. She was innocently and incorrigibly convivial, and would get out of bed and dress at three in the morning if someone called her and asked her to come out for a drink, as Jack often did. In the fall, she got some kind of freshman executive job in a department store. They saw less and less of each other and then for quite a while stopped seeing each other altogether. Jack was living with a girl he had met at a party, and it never occurred to him to wonder what had become of Joan.

Jack's girl had some friends in Pennsylvania, and in the spring and summer of his second year in town he often went there with her for weekends. All of this—the shared apartment in the Village, the illicit relationship, the Friday-night train to a country house—were what he had imagined life in New York to be, and he was intensely happy. He was returning to New York with his girl one Sunday night on the Lehigh line. It was one of those trains that move slowly across the face of New Jersey, bringing back to the city hundreds of people, like the victims of an immense and strenuous picnic, whose faces are blazing and whose muscles are lame. Jack and his girl, like most of the other passengers, were overburdened with vegetables and flowers. When the train stopped in Pennsylvania Station, they moved with the crowd along the platform, toward the escalator. As they were passing the wide, lighted windows of the diner, Jack turned his head and saw Joan. It was the first time he had seen her since Thanksgiving, or since Christmas. He couldn't remember.

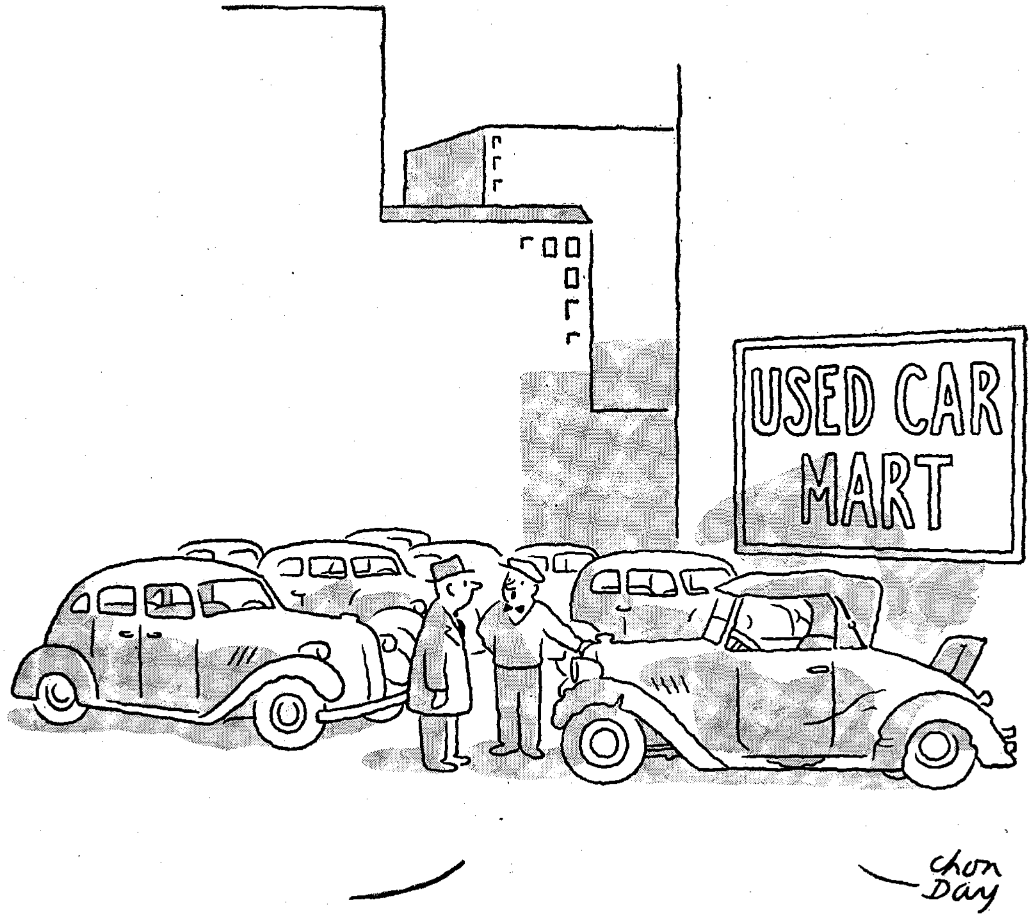
Joan was with a man who had obviously passed out. His head was in his arms on the table, and an overturned highball glass was near one of his elbows. Joan was shaking his shoulders gently and speaking to him. She seemed to be vaguely troubled, vaguely amused. The waiters had cleared off all the other tables and were standing around Joan, waiting for her to resurrect her escort. It troubled Jack to see in these straits a girl who reminded him of the trees and the lawns of his home town, but there was nothing he could do to help. Joan continued to shake the man's shoulders, and the crowd pressed Jack past one after another of the diner's windows, past the malodorous kitchen, and up the escalator.

He saw Joan again, later that summer, when he was having dinner in a Village restaurant. He was with a new girl, a Southerner. There were many Southern girls in the city that year. Jack and his belle had wandered into the restaurant because it was convenient, but the food was terrible and the place was lighted with candles. Halfway through dinner, Jack noticed Joan on the other side of the room, and when he had finished eating, he crossed the room and spoke to her. She was with a tall man who was wearing a monocle. He stood, bowed stiffly from the waist, and said to Jack, "We are very pleased to meet you." Then he excused himself and headed for the toilet. "He's a count, he's a Swedish count," Joan said. "He's on the radio, Friday afternoons at four-fifteen. Isn't it exciting?" She seemed to be delighted with the count and the terrible restaurant.

Sometime the next winter, Jack moved from the Village to an apartment in the East Thirties. He was crossing Park Avenue one cold morning on his way to the office when he noticed, in the crowd, a woman he had met a few times at Joan's apartment. He spoke to her and asked about his friend. "Haven't you heard?" she said. She pulled a long face. "Perhaps I'd better tell you. Perhaps you can help." She and Jack had breakfast in a drugstore on Madison Avenue and she unburdened herself of the story.

The count had a program called "The Song of the Fiords," or something like that, and he sang Swedish folk songs. Everyone suspected him of being a fake, but that didn't bother Joan. He had met her at a party and, sensing a soft touch, had moved in with her the following night. About a week later, he complained of pains in his back and said he must have some morphine. Then he needed morphine all the time. If he didn't get morphine, he was abusive and violent. Joan began to deal with those doctors and druggists who peddle dope, and when they wouldn't supply her, she went down to the bottom of the city. Her friends were afraid she would be found some morning stuffed in a drain. She got pregnant. She had an abortion. The count left her and moved to a flea bag near Times Square, but she was so impressed by then with his helplessness, so afraid that he would die without her, that she followed him there and shared his room and continued to buy his narcotics. He abandoned her again, and Joan waited a week for him to return before she went back to her place and her friends in the Village.

It shocked Jack to think of the innocent girl from Ohio having lived with a brutal dope addict and traded with criminals, and when he got to his office that morning, he telephoned her and made a date for dinner that night. He met her at Charles'. When she came into the bar, she seemed as wholesome and calm as ever. Her voice was sweet, and reminded him of elms, of lawns, of those glass arrangements that used to be hung from porch ceilings to



"Let's put it this way. How many cars today have a rumble seat?"

tinkle in the summer wind. She told him about the count. She spoke of him charitably and with no trace of bitterness, as if her voice, her disposition, were incapable of registering anything beyond simple affection and pleasure. Her walk, when she moved ahead of him toward their table, was light and graceful. She ate a large dinner and talked enthusiastically about her job. They went to a movie and said goodbye in front of her apartment house.

THAT winter, Jack met a girl he decided to marry. Their engagement was announced in January and they planned to marry in July. In the spring, he received, in his office mail, an invitation to cocktails at Joan's. It was for a Saturday when his fiancée was going to Massachusetts to visit her parents, and when the time came and he had nothing better to do, he took a bus to the Village. Joan had the same apartment. It was a walkup. You rang the bell above the mailbox in the vestibule and were answered with a death rattle in the lock. Joan lived on the third floor. Her calling card was in a slot on the mailbox, and above her name was written the name Hugh Bascomb.

Jack climbed the two flights of carpeted stairs, and when he reached Joan's apartment, she was standing by the open door in a black dress. After she greeted Jack, she took his arm and guided him across the room. "I want you to meet Hugh, Jack," she said.

Hugh was a big man with a red face and pale-blue eyes. His manner was courtly and his eyes were inflamed with drink. Jack talked with him for a little while and then went over to speak to someone he knew, who was standing by the mantelpiece. He noticed then, for the first time, the indescribable disorder of Joan's apartment. The books were in their shelves and the furniture was reasonably good, but the place was all wrong, somehow. It was as if things had been put in place without thought or real interest, and for the first time, too, he had the impression that there had been a death there recently.

As Jack moved around the room, he felt that he had met the ten or twelve guests at other parties. There was a woman executive with a fancy hat, a man who could imitate Roosevelt, a grim couple whose play was in rehearsal, and a newspaperman who kept turning on the radio for news of the Spanish Civil War. Jack drank Martinis and talked with the woman in the fancy hat. He looked out of the window at the back yards and the ailanthus trees and heard, in the distance, thunder exploding off the cliffs of the Hudson.

Hugh Bascomb got very drunk. He began to spill liquor, as if drinking, for him, were a kind of jolly slaughter and he enjoyed the bloodshed and the mess. He spilled whiskey from a bottle. He spilled a drink on his shirt and then tipped over someone else's drink. The party was not quiet, but Hugh's hoarse voice began to dominate the others. He attacked a photographer who was sitting in a corner explaining camera techniques to a homely woman. "What did you come to the party for if all you wanted to do was to sit there and stare at your shoes?" Hugh shouted. "What did you come for? Why don't you stay at home?"

The photographer didn't know what to say. He was not staring at his shoes. Joan moved lightly to Hugh's side. "Please don't get into a fight now, darling," she said. "Not this afternoon."

"Shut up," he said. "Let me alone. Mind your own business." He lost his balance, and in struggling to steady himself he tipped over a lamp.

"Oh, your lovely lamp, Joan," a woman sighed.

"Lamps!" Hugh roared. He threw his arms into the air and worked them around his head as if he were bludgeoning himself. "Lamps. Glasses. Cigarette boxes. Dishes. They're killing me. They're killing me, for Christ's sake. Let's all go up to the mountains, for Christ's sake. Let's all go up to the mountains and hunt and fish and live like men, for Christ's sake."

People were scattering as if a rain had begun to fall in the room. It had, as a matter of fact, begun to rain outside. Someone offered Jack a ride uptown, and he jumped at the chance. Joan stood at the door, saying goodbye to her routed friends. Her voice remained soft, and her manner, unlike that of those Christian women who in the face of disaster can summon new and formidable sources of composure, seemed genuinely simple. She appeared to be oblivious of the raging drunk at her back, who was pacing up and down, grinding glass into the rug, and haranguing one of the survivors of the party with a story of how he, Hugh, had once gone without food for three weeks.

IN July, Jack was married in an orchard in Duxbury, and he and his wife went to West Chop for a few weeks. When they returned to town, their apartment was cluttered with presents, including a dozen after-dinner coffee cups from Joan. His wife sent her the required note, but they did nothing else.

Late in the summer, Joan telephoned Jack at his office and asked if he wouldn't bring his wife to see her; she named an evening the following week. He felt guilty about not having called her, and accepted the invitation. This made his wife angry. She was an ambitious girl who liked a social life that offered rewards, and she went unwillingly to Joan's Village apartment with him.

Written above Joan's name on the mailbox was the name Franz Denzel. Jack and his wife climbed the stairs and were met by Joan at the open door. They went into her apartment and found themselves among a group of people for whom Jack, at least, was unable to find any bearings.

Franz Denzel was a middle-aged German. His face was pinched with bitterness or illness. He greeted Jack and his wife with that elaborate and clever politeness that is intended to make guests feel that they have come too early or too late. He insisted sharply upon Jack's sitting in the chair in which he himself had been sitting, and then went and sat on a radiator. There were five other Germans sitting around the room, drinking coffee. In a corner was another American couple, who looked uncomfortable. Joan passed Jack and his wife small cups of coffee with whipped cream. "These cups belonged to Franz's mother," she said. "Aren't they lovely? They were the only things he took from Germany when he escaped from the Nazis."

Franz turned to Jack and said, "Perhaps you will give us your opinion on the American educational system. That is what we were discussing when you arrived."

Before Jack could speak, one of the German guests opened an attack on the American educational system. The other Germans joined in, and went on from there to describe every vulgarity that had impressed them in American life and to contrast German and American culture generally. Where, they asked one another passionately, could you find in America anything like the Mitropa dining cars, the Black Forest, the pictures in Munich, the music in Bayreuth? Franz and his friends began speaking in German. Neither Jack nor his wife nor Joan could understand German, and the other American couple had not opened their mouths since they were introduced. Joan went happily around the room, filling everyone's cup with coffee, as if the music of a foreign language were enough to make an evening for her.

Jack drank five cups of coffee. He was desperately uncomfortable. Joan went into the kitchen while the Germans were laughing at their German jokes, and he hoped she would return with some drinks, but when she came back, it was with a tray of ice cream and mulberries.

"Isn't this pleasant?" Franz asked, speaking in English again.

Joan collected the coffee cups, and as she was about to take them back to the kitchen, Franz stopped her.

"Isn't one of those cups chipped?"

"No, darling," Joan said. "I never let the maid touch them. I wash them myself."

"What's that?" he asked, pointing at the rim of one of the cups.

"That's the cup that's always been chipped, darling. It was chipped when you unpacked it. You noticed it then."

"These things were perfect when they arrived in this country," he said.

Joan went into the kitchen and he followed her.

Jack tried to make conversation with the Germans. From the kitchen there was the sound of a blow and a cry.

Franz returned and began to eat his mulberries greedily. Joan came back with her dish of ice cream. Her voice was gentle. Her tears, if she had been crying, had dried as quickly as the tears of a child. Jack and his wife finished their ice cream and made their escape. The wasted and unnerving evening enraged Jack's wife, and he supposed that he would never see Joan again.

JACK's wife got pregnant early in the fall, and she seized on all the prerogatives of an expectant mother. She took long naps, ate canned peaches in the middle of the night, and talked about the rudimentary kidney. She chose to see only other couples who were expecting children, and the parties that she and Jack gave were temperate. The baby, a boy, was born in May, and Jack was very proud and happy. The first party he and his wife went to after her convalescence was the wedding of a girl whose family Jack had known in Ohio.

The wedding was at St. James', and afterward there was a big reception at the River Club. There was an orchestra dressed like Hungarians, and a lot of champagne and Scotch. Toward the end of the afternoon, Jack was walking down a dim corridor when he heard Joan's voice. "Please don't, darling," she was saying. "You'll break my arm. *Please* don't, darling." She was being pressed against the wall by a man who seemed to be twisting her arm. As soon as they saw Jack, the struggle stopped. All three of them were intensely embarrassed. Joan's face was wet and she made an effort to smile through her tears at Jack. He said hello and went on without stopping. When he returned, she and the man had disappeared.

WHEN Jack's son was less than two years old, his wife flew with the baby to Nevada to get a divorce. Jack gave her the apartment and all its furnishings and took a room in a hotel near Grand Central. His wife got her decree in due course, and the story was in the newspapers. Jack had a telephone call from Joan a few days later.

"I'm awfully sorry to hear about your divorce, Jack," she said. "She seemed like *such* a nice girl. But that wasn't what I called you about. I want

your help, and I wondered if you could come down to my place tonight around six. It's something I don't want to talk about over the phone."

He went obediently to the Village that night and climbed the stairs. Her apartment was a mess. The pictures and the curtains were down and the books were in boxes. "You moving, Joan?" he asked.

"That's what I wanted to see you about, Jack. First, I'll give you a drink." She made two Old-Fashioneds. "I'm being evicted, Jack," she said. "I'm being evicted because I'm an immoral woman. The couple who have the apartment downstairs—they're charming people, I've always thought—have told the real-estate agent that I'm a drunk and a prostitute and all kinds of things. Isn't that fantastic? This real-estate agent has always been so nice to me that I didn't think he'd believe them, but he's cancelled my lease, and if I make any trouble, he's threatened to take the matter up with the store, and I don't want to lose my job. This nice real-estate agent won't even talk with me any more. When I go over to the office, the receptionist leers at me as if I were some kind of dreadful woman. Of course, there have been a lot of men here and we sometimes are noisy, but I can't be expected to go to bed at ten every night. Can I? Well, the agent who manages this building has apparently told all the other agents in the neighborhood that I'm an immoral and drunken woman, and none of them will give me an apartment. I went in to talk with one man—he seemed to be such a nice old gentleman—and he made me an indecent proposal. Isn't it fantastic? I have to be out of here on Thursday and I'm literally being turned out into the street."

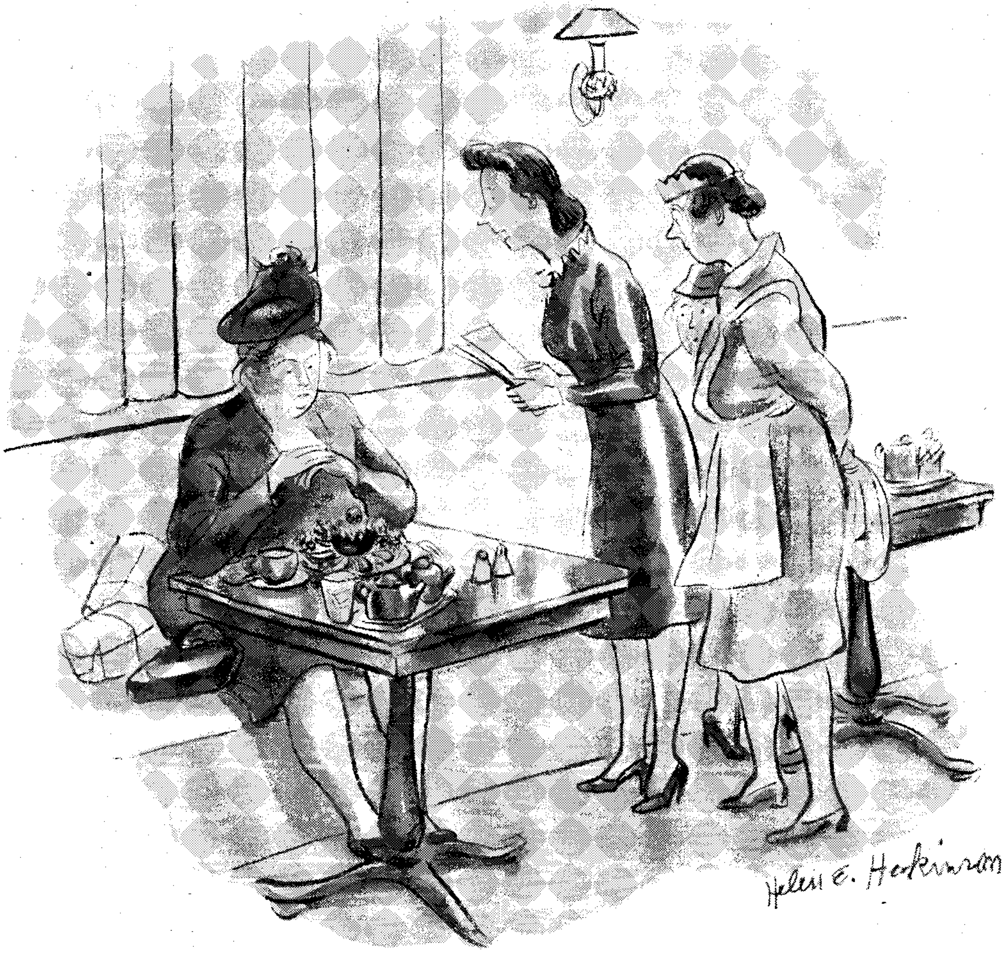
Joan seemed as serene and innocent as ever while she described this scourge of agents and neighbors. Jack listened carefully for some sign of indignation or bitterness or even urgency in her recital, but there was none. He was reminded of a torch song, of one of those forlorn and touching ballads that had been sung neither for him nor for her but for their older brothers and sisters by Marion Harris. Joan seemed to be singing her wrongs.

"They've made my life miserable," she went on quietly. "If I keep the radio on after ten o'clock, they telephone the agent in the morning and tell him I had some kind of orgy here. One night when Phillip—I don't think you've met Phillip; he's in the Royal Air Force; he's gone back to England—one night when Phillip and some other people were here, they called the police. The police came bursting in the door and talked to me as if I were I don't know what and then looked in the bedroom. If they think there's a man up here after midnight, they call me on the telephone and say all kinds of disgusting things. Of course, I can put my furniture into storage and go to a hotel, I guess. I guess a hotel will take a woman with my kind of reputation, but I thought perhaps you might know of an apartment. I thought—"

It angered Jack to think of this big, splendid girl's being persecuted by her neighbors, and he said he would do what he could. He asked her to have dinner with him, but she said she was busy.

Having nothing better to do, Jack decided to walk uptown to his hotel. It was a hot night. The sky was overcast. On his way, he saw a parade in a dark side street off Broadway near Madison Square. All the buildings in the neighborhood were dark. It was so dark that he could not see the placards the marchers carried until he came to a street light. Their signs urged the entry of the United States into the war, and each platoon represented a nation that had been subjugated by the Axis powers. They marched up Broadway, as he watched, to no music, to no sound but their own steps on the rough cobbles. It was for the most part an army of elderly men and women—Poles, Norwegians, Danes, Jews, Chinese. A few idle people like himself lined the sidewalks, and the marchers passed between them with all the self-consciousness of enemy prisoners. There were children among them dressed in the costumes in which they had, for the newsreels, presented the Mayor with a package of tea, a petition, a protest, a constitution, a check, or a pair of tickets. They hobbled through the darkness of the loft neighborhood like a mortified and destroyed people, toward Greeley Square.

In the morning, Jack put the

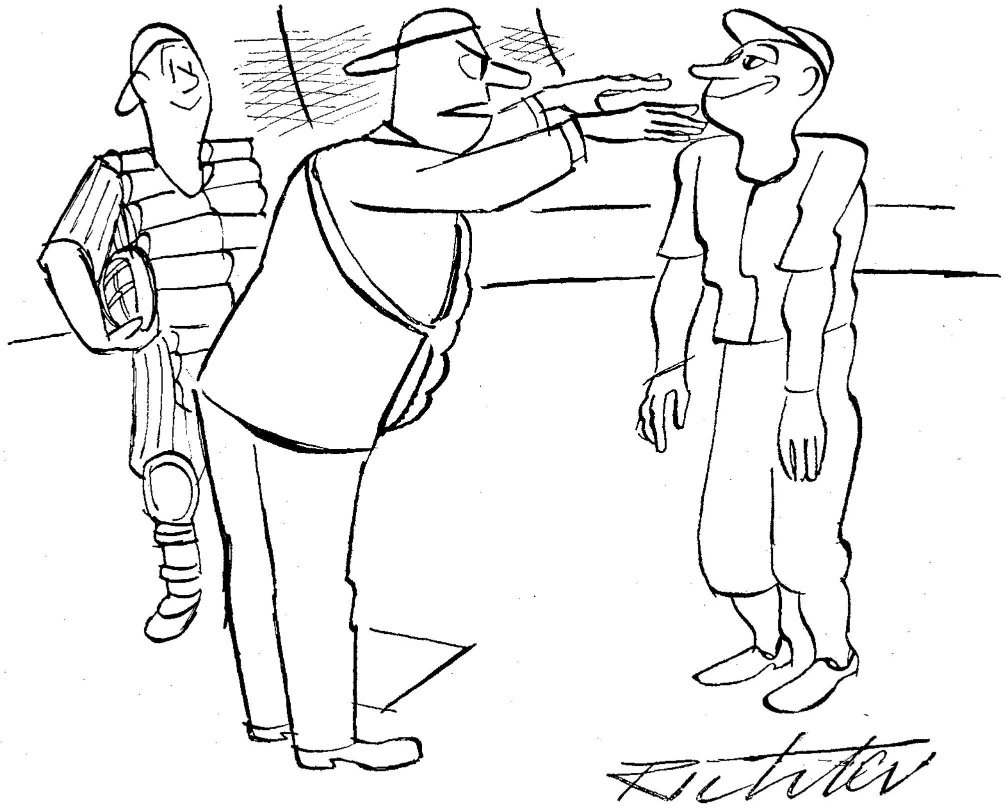


"Just what is it you don't like about the October Fantasy salad?"

problem of finding an apartment for Joan up to his secretary. She started phoning real-estate agents, and by afternoon she had found a couple of available apartments in the West Twenties. Joan called Jack the next day to say that she had taken one of the apartments and to thank him.

Jack didn't see Joan again until the following summer. It was a Sunday evening; he had left a cocktail party in a Washington Square apartment and had decided to walk a few blocks up Fifth Avenue before he took a bus. As he was passing the Brevoort, Joan called to him. She was with a man at one of the tables on the sidewalk. She looked cool and fresh, and the man appeared to be respectable. His name, it turned out, was Pete Bristol. He invited Jack to sit down and join in a celebration. Germany had invaded Russia that weekend, and Joan and Pete were drinking champagne to celebrate Russia's changed position in the war. The three of them drank champagne until it got dark. They had dinner and drank champagne with their dinner. They drank more champagne afterward and then went over to the Lafayette and then to two or three other places. Joan had always been tireless in her gentle way. She hated to see the night end, and it was after three o'clock when Jack stumbled into his apartment. The following morning he woke up haggard and sick, and with no recollection of the last hour or so of the previous evening. His suit was soiled and he had lost his hat. He didn't get to his office until eleven. Joan had already called him twice, and she called him again soon after he got in. There was no hoarseness at all in her voice. She said that she had to see him, and he agreed to meet her for lunch in a sea-food restaurant in the Fifties.

He was standing at the bar when she breezed in, looking as though she had taken no part in that calamitous night. The advice she wanted concerned selling her jewelry. Her grandmother had left her some jewelry, and she wanted to raise money on it but didn't know where to go. She took some rings and bracelets out of her purse and showed them to Jack. He said that he didn't know anything about jewelry but that he could lend her some money. "Oh, I couldn't borrow money from you, Jack," she said. "You see, I want to get the money for Pete. I want to help him. He wants to open an advertising agency, and he needs quite a lot to begin with." Jack didn't press her to accept his offer of a loan after that, and the project wasn't mentioned again during lunch.



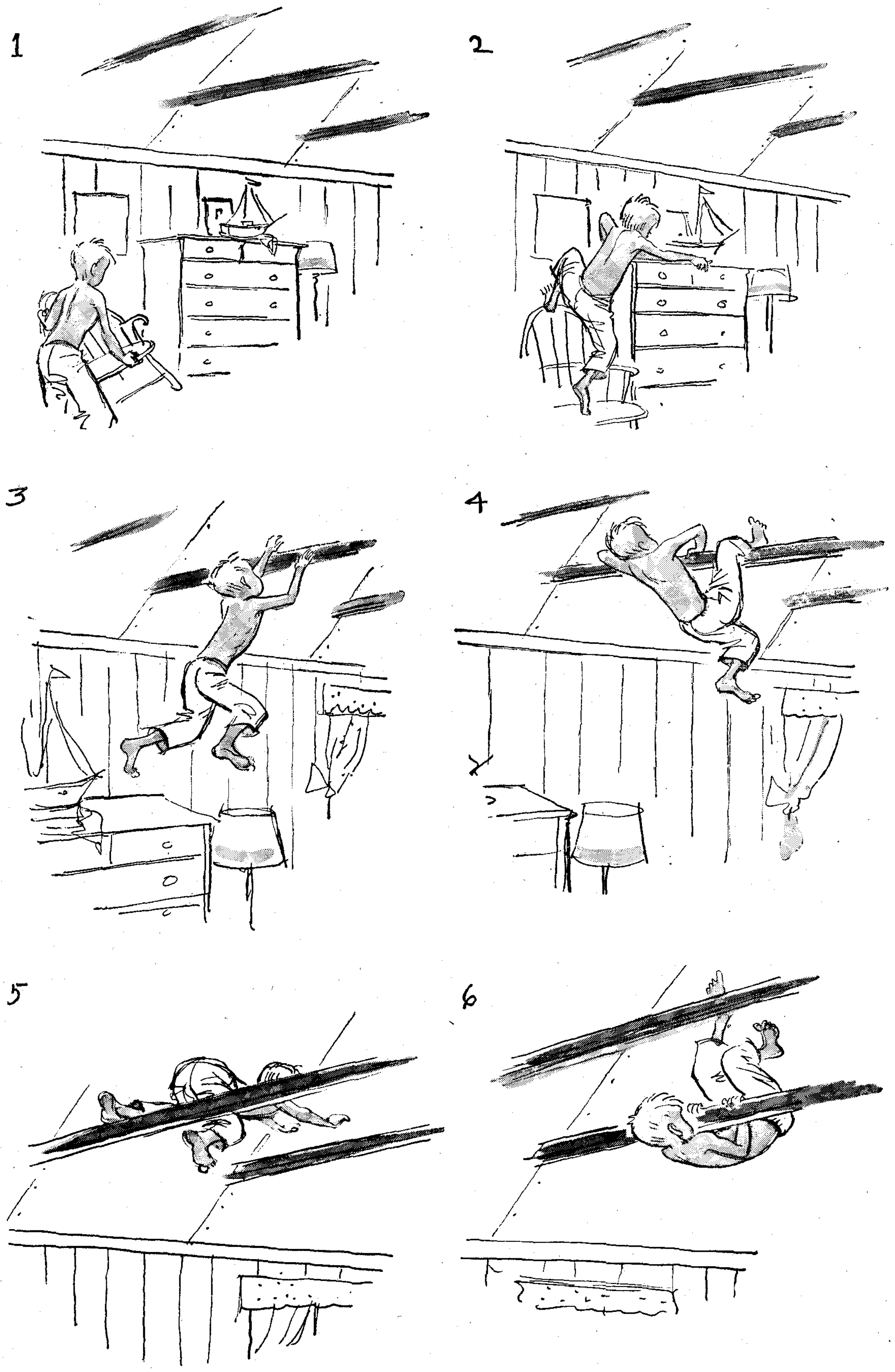
"You will not argue. You are out. You will walk quietly back to your dugout."

He next heard about Joan from a young doctor who was a friend of theirs. "Have you seen Joan recently?" the doctor asked Jack one evening when they were having dinner together. He said no. "I gave her a checkup last week," the doctor said, "and while she's been through enough to kill the average mortal—and you'll never know what she's been through—she still has the constitution of a virtuous and healthy woman. Did you hear about the last one? She sold her jewelry to put him into some kind of a business, and as soon as he got the money, he left her for another girl, who had a car—a convertible."

Jack was drafted into the Army in the spring of 1942. He was kept at Fort Dix for nearly a month, and during this time he came to New York in the evening whenever he could get permission. Those nights had for him the intense keenness of a reprieve, a sensation that was heightened by the fact that on the train in from Trenton women would often press upon him dog-eared copies of *Life* and half-eaten boxes of candy, as though the brown clothes he wore were surely cerements. He telephoned Joan from Pennsylvania Station one night. "Come right over, Jack," she said. "Come right over. I want you to meet Ralph."

She was living in that place in the West Twenties that Jack had found for her. The neighborhood was a slum. Ash cans stood in front of her house, and an old woman was there picking out bits of refuse and garbage and stuffing them into a perambulator. The house in which Joan's apartment was located was shabby, but the apartment itself seemed familiar. The furniture was the same. Joan was the same big, easygoing girl. "I'm so glad you called me," she said. "It's so good to see you. I'll make you a drink. I was having one myself. Ralph ought to be here by now. He promised to take me to dinner." Jack offered to take her to Cavanagh's, but she said that Ralph might come while she was out. "If he doesn't come by nine, I'm going to make myself a sandwich. I'm not really hungry."

Jack talked about the Army. She



talked about the store. She had been working in the same place for—how long was it? He didn't know. He had never seen her at her desk and he couldn't imagine what she did. "I'm terribly sorry Ralph isn't here," she said. "I'm sure you'd like him. He's not a young man. He's a heart specialist who loves to play the viola." She turned on some lights, for the summer sky had got dark. "He has this dreadful wife on Riverside Drive and four ungrateful children. He—"

The noise of an air-raid siren, lugubrious and seeming to spring from pain, as if all the misery and indecision in the city had been given a voice, cut her off. Other sirens, in distant neighborhoods, sounded, until the dark air was full of their noise. "Let me fix you another drink before I have to turn out the lights," Joan said, and took his glass. She brought the drink back to him and snapped off the lights. They went to the windows, and, as children watch a thunderstorm, they watched the city darken. All the lights nearby went out but one. Air-raid wardens had begun to sound their whistles in the street. From a distant yard came a hoarse shriek of anger. "Put out your lights, you Fascists!" a woman screamed. "Put out your lights, you Nazi Fascist Germans. Turn out your lights. Turn out your lights." The last light went off. They went away from the window and sat in the lightless room.

In the darkness, Joan began to talk about her departed lovers, and from what she said Jack gathered that they had all had a hard time. Nils, the suspect count, was dead. Hugh Bascomb, the drunk, had joined the Merchant Marine and was missing in the North Atlantic. Franz, the German, had taken poison the night the Nazis bombed Warsaw. "We listened to the news on the radio," Joan said, "and then he went back to his hotel and took poison. The maid found him dead in the bathroom the next morning." When Jack asked her about the one who was going to open an advertising agency, she seemed at first to have forgotten him. "Oh, Pete," she said after a pause. "Well, he was always very sick, you know. He was supposed to go to Saranac, but he kept putting it off and put-

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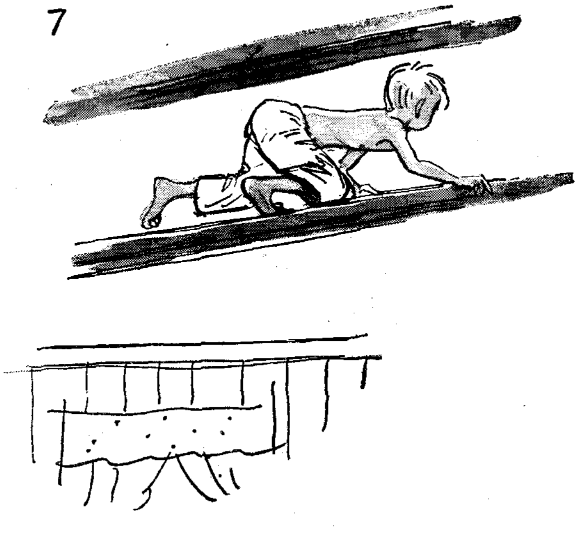

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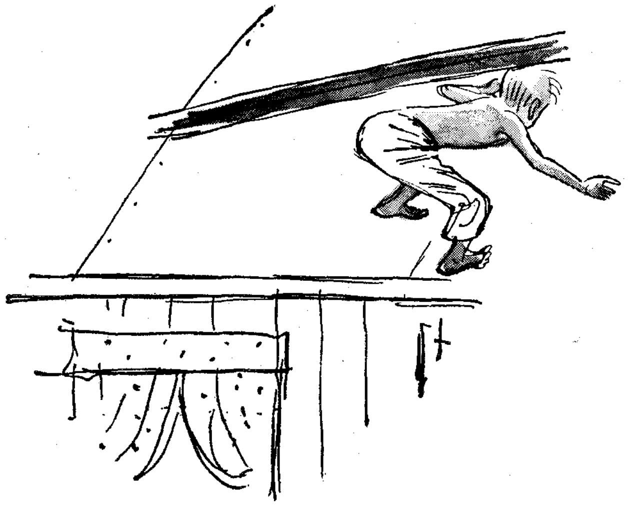

ting it off and—" She stopped talking when she heard steps on the stairs, hoping, he supposed, that it was Ralph, but whoever it was turned at the landing and continued to the top of the house. "I wish Ralph would come," she said, with a sigh. "I want you to meet him." Jack asked her again to go out, but she refused, and when the all-clear sounded, he said goodbye.

Jack was shipped from Dix to an infantry training camp in the Carolinas and from there to an infantry division stationed in Georgia. He had been in Georgia three months when he married a girl from the Augusta boarding-house aristocracy. A year or so later, he crossed the continent in a day coach and thought sententiously that the last he might see of the country he loved was the desert towns like Barstow, that the last he might hear of it was the ringing of the trolleys on the Bay Bridge. He was sent into the Pacific and returned to the United States twenty months later, uninjured and apparently unchanged. As soon as he received his furlough, he went to Augusta. He presented his wife with the souvenirs he had brought from the islands, quarrelled violently with her and all her family, and, after making arrangements for her to get an Arkansas divorce, left for New York.

Jack was discharged from the Army at a camp in the East a few months later. He took a vacation and then went back to the job he had left in 1942. He seemed to have picked up his life at approximately the moment when it had been interrupted by the war. In time, everything came to look and feel the same. He saw most of his old friends. Only two of the men he knew had been killed in the war. He didn't call Joan, but he met her one winter afternoon on a crosstown bus.

Her fresh face, her black clothes, and her soft voice instantly destroyed the sense—if he had ever had such a sense—that anything had changed or intervened since their last meeting, three or four years ago. She asked him up for cocktails and he went to her apartment the next Saturday afternoon. Her room and her guests reminded him of the parties she had given when she had first come to New York. There was a woman with a fancy hat, an elderly doctor, and a man who stayed close to the radio, listening for news from the Balkans. Jack wondered which of the men belonged to Joan and decided on an Englishman who kept coughing into a handkerchief that he pulled out of his sleeve. Jack was right. "Isn't Stephen brilliant?" Joan asked him a little later, when they were alone in a corner. "He knows more about the Polynesians than anyone else in the world."

Jack had returned not only to his old job but to his old salary. Since living costs had doubled and since he was paying alimony to two wives, he had to draw on his savings. He took another job, which promised more money, but it didn't last long and he found himself out of work. This didn't bother him at all. He still had money in the bank, and anyhow it was easy to borrow from friends. His indifference was the consequence not of lassitude or despair but rather of an excess of hope. He had the feeling that he had only recently come to New York from Ohio. The sense that he was very young and that the best years of his life still lay before him was an illusion that he could not seem to escape. There was all the time in the world. He was living in hotels then, moving from one to another every five days.

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IN the spring, Jack moved to a furnished room in the badlands west of Central Park. He was running out of money. Then, when he began to feel that a job was a desperate necessity, he got sick. At first, he seemed to have only a bad cold, but he was unable to shake it and he began to run a fever and to cough blood. The fever kept him drowsy most of the time, but he roused himself occasionally and went out to a cafeteria for a meal. He felt sure that none of his friends knew where he was, and he was glad of this. He hadn't counted on Joan.

Late one morning, he heard her

speaking in the hall with his landlady. A few moments later, she knocked on his door. He was lying on the bed in a pair of pants and a soiled pajama top, and he didn't answer. She knocked again and walked in. "I've been looking everywhere for you, Jack," she said. She spoke softly. "When I found out that you were in a place like this I thought you must be broke or sick. I stopped at the bank and got some money, in case you're broke. I've brought you some Scotch. I thought a little drink wouldn't do you any harm. Want a little drink?"

Joan's dress was black. Her voice was low and serene. She sat in a chair beside his bed as if she had been coming there every day to nurse him. Her features had coarsened, he thought, but there were still very few lines in her face. She was heavier. She was nearly fat. She was wearing black cotton gloves. She got two glasses and poured Scotch into them. He drank his whiskey greedily. "I didn't get to bed until three last night," she said. Her voice had once before reminded him of a gentle and despairing song, but now, perhaps because he was sick, her mildness, the mourning she wore, her stealthy grace, made him uneasy. "It was one of those nights," she said. "We went to the theatre. Afterward, someone asked us up to his place. I don't know who he was. It was one of those places. They're so strange. There were some meat-eating plants and a collection of Chinese snuff bottles. Why do people collect Chinese snuff bottles? We all autographed a lampshade, as I remember, but I can't remember much."

Jack tried to sit up in bed, as if there were some need to defend himself, and then fell back again, against the pillows. "How did you find me, Joan?" he asked.

"It was simple," she said. "I called that hotel. The one you were staying in. They gave me this address. My secretary got the telephone number. Have another little drink."

"You know you've never come to a place of mine before—never," he said. "Why did you come now?"

"Why did I come, darling?" she asked. "What a question! I've known you for thirty years. You're the oldest friend I have in New York. Remember that night in the Village when it snowed and we stayed up until morning and drank whiskey sours for breakfast? That doesn't seem like twelve years ago. And that night—"

"I don't like to have you see me in a place like this," he said earnestly. He touched his face and felt his beard.

"And all the people who used to imitate Roosevelt," she said, as if she had not heard him, as if she were deaf. "And that place on Staten Island where we all used to go for dinner when Henry had a car. Poor Henry. He bought a place in Connecticut and went out there by himself, one weekend. He fell asleep with a lighted cigarette and the house, the barn, everything burned. Ethel took the children out to California." She poured more Scotch into his glass and handed it to him. She lighted a cigarette and put it between his lips. The intimacy of this gesture, which made it seem not only as if he were deathly ill but as if he were her lover, troubled him.

"As soon as I'm better," he said, "I'll take a room at a good hotel. I'll call you then. It was nice of you to come."

"Oh, don't be ashamed of this room, Jack," she said. "Rooms never bother me. It doesn't seem to matter to me where I am. Stanley had a filthy room in Chelsea. At least, other people told me it was filthy. I never noticed it. Rats

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THE LITTLE DUCK

New England and North East have the same initials.
Ours is a northeast corner with a southeast exposure.
Many a time the papers tell how Laramie, Wyoming, is in the grip of a blizzard,
And Medicine Hat, Alberta, has gone to thirty-five below,
And Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, where they make Carnation Condensed Cream from Contented Cows, is four feet under snow,
And tomorrow we will catch it, because that Pressure Area is moving right along this way—
And then we *don't* get it, or, at most, only the feeble flip of it as it skims the Laurentian Highlands,
All because of Shawondasee,
Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Ruler of the gentle South Wind,
Who has edged up from Bermuda,
Drifted over the Hampton tide flats
And the green Pawtuckaway Hills.

But Shawondasee is not dependable.
Sometimes he is busy with the makings of a Caribbean hurricane,
Or keeping tryst with the spirit of Lanier in the marshes of Glynn.
Then we may get a sea turn, when the world is only two hundred yards in radius,
And beyond that gray circumference an infinity of fog,
With a slow-spreading mist that is almost rain
Traipsing all over New England's kitchen floors.
Then it is that we who dwell a scant league or two inshore
Know it is quite possible the sea will get us all someday—
May heave itself negligently over the thimble rocks,
Over the saurian backs of the kelp-covered ledges of Wallace Sands,
Over the stone walls of the little fields of West Rye,
Over the ponds and old mills of Durham and South Lee and Wadleigh Falls,
Washing New Hampshire out like a schoolboy's slate, all ready to begin again.
Why, bless us, all we need is a bit more wind, a bit more *vis a tergo*,
The right phase of the moon, and the thing is done.

Well, on one particular day, let's see what did happen.
Out at Odiorne's Point, it begins to look like a sea record:
Stones as big as your fist, as big as your head,
Scattered around on the tarred road,
Sand unstinted all over Highway 1-A—the very idea!
Here and there are inland pools never seen before,
Still farther in, garages that have dragged anchor in their first storm,
And cottages whose porches were overambitious, playing host to the ocean.
Here are the Rye Ledges. Let's look around.
Does it dawn on you that the only hurt things are the human things?

The sedgy yellow grass simply bent with the tide,
But this contraption called a cottage has fallen askew. Why?
Because it opposed culture to nature. It thrust up a rigid pattern of insistent form, gendered in the brain of a carpenter, and it went down in nervous collapse when the ocean drew a long breath.
Here is a fifty-ton rock that has stood upright at the seaward end of that long rift where picnic parties have made fires for years.
It was "always" there; it was a symbol of the immutable.
Now it has settled on its side athwart the chasm; it will "always" be like that for the picnic parties to come.
It looks just as much in its right place as it did before a thousand tons of water pushed it over.
Nothing has been deeply disturbed except the hot-dog stands and suchlike.

Now we are ready to look at something pretty special.
It is a duck riding the ocean a hundred feet beyond the surf.
No, it isn't a gull.
A gull always has a raucous touch about him.
This is some sort of duck, and he cuddles in the swells.
He isn't cold, and he is thinking things over.
There is a big heaving in the Atlantic,
And he is part of it.
He looks a bit like a mandarin, or the Lord Buddha meditating under the Bo tree,
But he has hardly enough above the eyes to be a philosopher.
He has poise, however, which is what philosophers must have.
He can rest while the Atlantic heaves, because he rests in the Atlantic.
Probably he doesn't *know* how large the ocean is.
And neither do you.
But he *realizes* it.
And what does he do, I ask you. He sits down in it.
He reposes in the immediate as if it were infinity—which it is.
That is religion, and the duck has it.
He has made himself part of the boundless, by easing himself into it just where it touches him.

The people of the Middle Ages were more like this duck than we are.
They took life as it presented itself, and ran it up in spires of Gothic.
They crossed few oceans, but they floated on the sea of time.
And a cat is more like this duck than we are.
We can radio to the moon and get back a pip for an answer,
But a cat can make a hearthrug a haven in the infinite,
Or launch four kittens into life in a cracker box by the furnace,
Purring with pride because she has tuned in on cosmic waves.

I like the little duck.
He doesn't *know* much,
But he has religion.

—DONALD C. BABCOCK

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used to eat the food I brought him. He used to have to hang the food from the ceiling, from the light chain."

"I'll call you as soon as I'm better," Jack said. "I think I can sleep now if I'm left alone. I seem to need a lot of sleep."

"You really *are* sick, darling," she said. "You must have a fever." She sat on the edge of his bed and put a hand on his forehead.

"How is that Englishman, Joan?" he asked. "Do you still see him?"

"What Englishman?" she said.

"You know. I met him at your house. He kept a handkerchief up his sleeve. He coughed all the time. You know the one I mean."

"You must be thinking of someone else," she said. "I haven't had an Englishman at my place since the war. Of course, I can't remember everyone." She turned and, taking one of his hands, linked her fingers in his.

"He's dead, isn't he?" Jack said. "That Englishman's dead." He pushed her off the bed, and got up himself. "Get out," he said.

"You're sick, darling," she said. "I can't leave you alone here."

"Get out," he said again, and when she didn't move, he shouted, "What kind of an obscenity are you that you can smell sickness and death the way you do?"

"You poor darling."

"Does it make you feel young to watch the dying?" he shouted. "Is that the lewdness that keeps you young? Is that why you dress like a crow? Oh, I know there's nothing I can say that will hurt you. I know there's nothing filthy or corrupt or depraved or brutish or base that the others haven't tried, but this time you're wrong. I'm not ready. My life isn't ending. My life's beginning. There are wonderful years ahead of me. There are, there are wonderful, wonderful, wonderful years ahead of me, and when they're over, when it's time, then I'll call you. Then, as an old friend, I'll call you and give you whatever dirty pleasure you take in watching the dying, but until then, you and your ugly and misshapen forms will leave me alone."

She finished her drink and looked at her watch. "I guess I'd better show up at the office," she said. "I'll see you later. I'll come back tonight. You'll feel better then, you poor darling." She closed the door after her, and he heard her light step on the stairs.

JACK emptied the whiskey bottle into the sink. He began to dress. He stuffed his dirty clothes into a bag. He was trembling and crying with sickness and fear. He could see the blue sky from his window, and in his fear it seemed miraculous that the sky should be blue, that the white clouds should remind him of snow, that from the sidewalk he could hear the shrill voices of children shrieking, "I'm the king of the mountain, I'm the king of the mountain, I'm the king of the mountain." He emptied the ashtray containing his nail parings and cigarette butts into the toilet, and swept the floor with a shirt, so that there would be no trace of his life, of his body, when that lewd and searching shape of death came there to find him in the evening.

—JOHN CHEEVER

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A diva in the rear room of a building on New Britain Avenue, owned by Joseph Devevo, caught fire Friday evening at 7 p.m. The cause of the blaze was not determined.—*Farmington (Conn.) Valley Herald.*

Probably a spark from the divine flame.

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

"IT'S such a comfort, isn't it?" said Mrs. MacKaye, stretching out in an overstuffed chair, to the danger of her Lastex girdle, and putting her cocktail glass on the floor. Her hand, like the rest of her, was plump.

"What is?" asked Mrs. Sewall, without looking up from her book. The sisters were spending the afternoon together in Mrs. Sewall's apartment. They maintained a special relationship, unmannerly yet friendly, by not seeing each other very often, though they lived in the same suburb. Mrs. Sewall did not really care what her younger sister was talking about, but she was willing to give it half an ear. Mrs. MacKaye, on the other hand, seldom noticed whether she held Mrs. Sewall's attention or not; she usually talked for the love of talking.

"Growing up, I mean," said Mrs. MacKaye.

Something out of the ordinary in her tone made Mrs. Sewall look at her. "Growing up?" she said. "We're not growing up at this stage of the game, dear. We're growing old."

"It's all the same." Mrs. MacKaye spoke dreamily from the puffy depths of the chair. "Growing up or growing old, whichever you call it, is comfortable. Every year, one becomes more free. One loses the violence of childhood, and with it all the loves and hates that make life hideous."

Mrs. Sewall marked her page, closed the book, and took off her spectacles. She poured a fresh cocktail for herself from the shaker. "What brought this on?" she asked.

"The children," said Mrs. MacKaye. "I've been watching them, and I must say, Marge, it's hard to remember when we were like that. Everything *means* so much to young people. Such vehemence! Such passion and pain! Didn't Swinburne have a line about it?"

Mrs. Sewall smiled pityingly; she was childless. "More than a line," she said. "Mother, as well as Swinburne, is rather fluent on the subject, I believe. Can you reach me with your glass?"

"Thanks. I think Mother harps more on the difficulties of adolescence than of childhood. Also, she tends to take her own point of view rather than the adolescent's. Now, I—"

"You have always taken your own point of view," said Mrs. Sewall, "whether you were child or adolescent. Or mother." She sipped her drink, peering down at it with the air of a woman who has made her point and is now willing to forget it.

"You're a bully," said Mrs. MacKaye. "It's a luxury, being able to look back down the vista. You know it is. Lord, when I think of all we went through! I can remember you dissolved in tears and collapsed in tragedy across the bed. It was all about some beading on a taffeta party dress—it wasn't in the right place or something. You weren't acting, either. You meant every tear."

"Really? I don't remember." Mrs. Sewall laughed. "Are you sure? I can't remember a thing about it. What about the night we had the thunderstorm and you had left your doll out under the rosebush? That was hell, absolute hell. You kept us both awake all night, crying."

"Did I?" said Mrs. MacKaye dubiously. "I can't seem to recall that. Of course, I couldn't have been very big. You would remember better than I. A doll?"

"Matilda," said Mrs. Sewall.

A light came to Mrs. MacKaye. "Matilda! Why, of course, and she was all squooshy in the morning, a mass of pulp. Lord, yes! That was the most awful thing that ever happened to me. I can still remember the smell of wet papier-mâché. We had to bury her." She shuddered. "There, that's just what I was talking about," she added. "I should hate not to have outgrown that terrific capacity for emotion. It was so blind, and yet so furious."

"Furious is the word," said Mrs. Sewall. "Do you remember the day I tried to kill you? I nearly did it, too. Nurse got hold of me just in time."

"What had I done?"

"I don't know." Mrs. Sewall frowned thoughtfully. "I remember how *I* felt well enough, though. I was just one complete package of murderous intent. I've never felt anything with such clarity since then, such—I might almost call it purity. On the whole, it's as well I never did feel it again, or I'd be in prison somewhere, or executed."

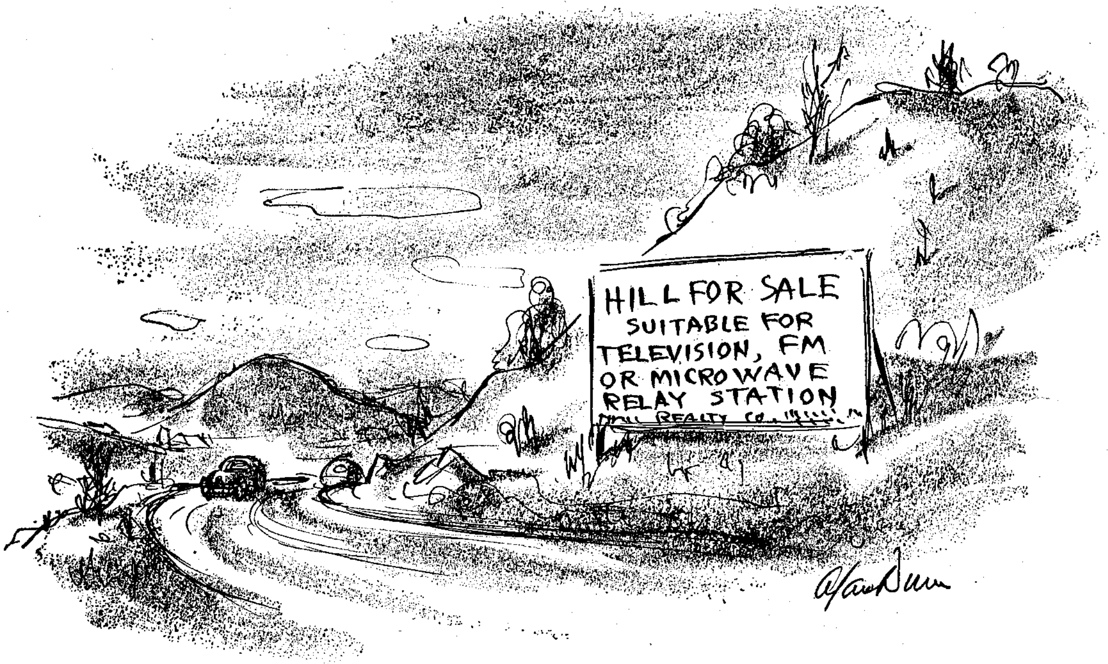
"I wonder what I had done," said Mrs. MacKaye. "And I wonder, too, what I do every day, now, that will live in the children's memories. Will their minds hold on to the pleasant things, I ask myself, or the punishments?"

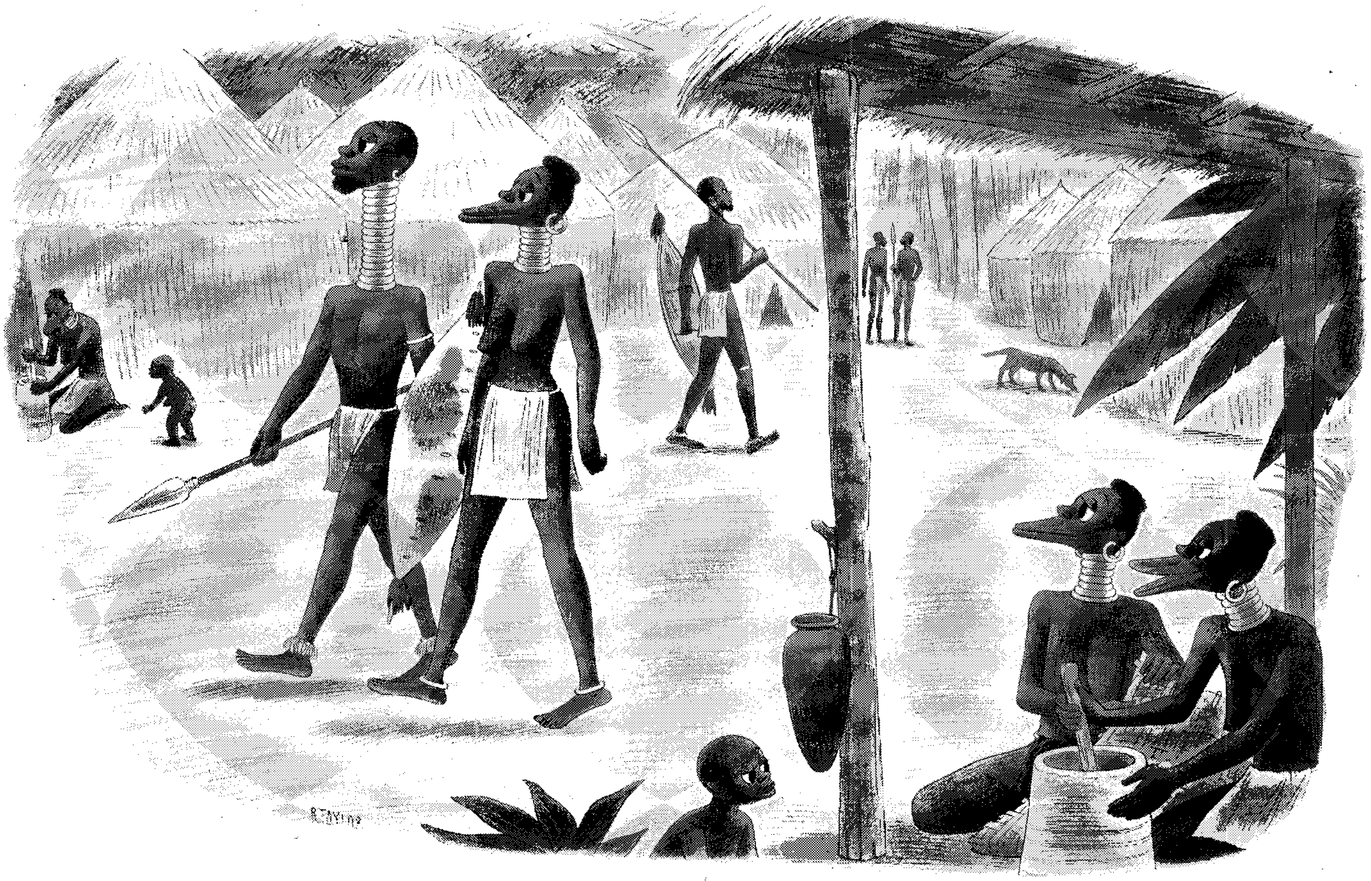
"The punishments, I suppose."

"I wonder," said Mrs. MacKaye. "I can't remember many of Mother's spankings. It's rather odd, now I think of it, that the only punishments that do come to mind are the unjust ones. Once, she slapped me for having broken a dish I didn't break, and again when she said I had kicked you secretly under the table, and I hadn't. It must have made a terrible impression on me at the time."

Mrs. Sewall sniffed. "It's too bad about you."

"Oh, I'm not *brooding* about it," said Mrs. MacKaye quickly. "That's just the point I'm making. Growing up





"Now he's taller than she is."

* * *

is comfortable because it means one has shed all those resentments that were so important once upon a time. Why, the very fact that I remember the undeserved spankings and not the ones I merited—"

"Psychiatry would have a term for that," Mrs. Sewall said. "Selective recall, or something. Have some more. There's just enough for one apiece, and it's mostly water."

"You make a good cocktail," said Mrs. MacKaye grudgingly.

"No thanks to my home training. What *did* they use to drink at parties when we were children?"

"Milk, surely, or cocoa."

"No, you idiot—the grown-up parties. And I don't mean Mother's afternoon ones. I know all about those."

"When we were brought in and then fed after shaking hands with the company," said Mrs. MacKaye in voluptuous tones. "Such wonderful stuff those ladies used to eat—cocoa with whipped cream, and big, soft cakes."

"There was certainly none of this modern nonsense about sandwiches first," said Mrs. Sewall. "They used lots of sugar in the whipped cream, do you remember?"

"I liked the charlotte russes best. Something happens to our palates, I suppose. Baked Alaska is the only thing that still tastes as heavenly to me as those charlotte russes did." Mrs. MacKaye drank the last of her cocktail and made a grimace, for she had temporarily forgotten the taste of alcohol. Mrs. Sewall put on her spectacles, picked up her knitting bag, and peered into its depths.

"Punch!" cried Mrs. MacKaye suddenly. "That was it. Fruit punch!"

Mrs. Sewall dragged a half-completed sock to the surface. She counted stitches soundlessly, her mind far adrift. "What on earth are you talking about?" she said, having finished the count on one needle.

"The guests drank punch. There was a big cut-glass bowl, and a lot of cut-glass cups hanging on hooks all the way around it. It was the most fascinating gadget I ever saw. Or did I dream it?"

"Eleven, twelve . . . Dreamed it, I should imagine. *I* don't remember anything like that. How would you know, anyway? We never went to parties at night."

"Don't be a dope. The punch bowl was in the pantry where they kept the dessert. I'm positive it was. Do you want to bet? Come on. We'll phone Mother and ask."

"Well, really, Letty," Mrs. Sewall said. "What difference does it make?" She wedged her thumbnail in between the stitches of her sock, moving them apart on the needle. "Keep quiet now," she said, "while I turn this heel."

Mrs. MacKaye picked up a magazine and riffled the pages listlessly for a few minutes, but her mind was not on the text. She wriggled about in her chair, as though there were more room to spare in it than there actually was. Finally, she turned around and put her legs over the chair arm, swinging her heels and sinking down until she rested on the small of her back. It was a strange attitude for a middle-aged woman in street clothes, and Mrs. Sewall glanced at her sister disapprovingly.

"That can't be very good for your hair," she said. "It isn't too good for the chair, either. What's the matter, dear—growing pains?"

"We nearly did go to a party at night one time," said Mrs. MacKaye. "It was in the bag, and then at the last minute we spoiled it. Remember?"

"No." Mrs. Sewall's tone was re-signed but indulgent. "No, I haven't your amazing memory for trifles."

"It was you spoiled it, really," continued Mrs. MacKaye. "You were bigger and should have known better—Nurse said so at the time. You must have been about ten. They were giving a Halloween party, and all downstairs was full of orange crêpe paper and black cats and witches and pumpkins. Most elaborate. And we were going to be allowed to stay up for a while." Mrs. MacKaye stared fixedly at Mrs. Sewall. "I can see you now," she added, "in a white, starched dress with your hair in corkscrew curls. You were in the leggy stage."

Mrs. Sewall patted her white hair, which was neatly waved. "I got bravely over it," she said. "I'm not leggy now. Hippy is the word, I think."

"Oh, well, *now*. I must have been a good deal shorter than you, and a lot rounder. Anyway, I know I had to look up to see your face. But I was all starched and white myself, and we both had button boots. Black patent leather."

"White or black stockings?" asked Mrs. Sewall.

"Oh, white. White for parties, every time. That was the whole point of what happened that day—we were dressed up early to be got out of the way. Surely you remember!"

"No," said Mrs. Sewall, shaking her head. "I don't."

"I can't understand it. Why, to my mind that was the big event of the era, that Halloween affair. The contretemps was entirely your fault."

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours." Mrs. MacKaye sat up, assuming a more seemly position. "We were dressed and ready long before suppertime, and they turned us out to play while they finished putting the decorations in place, and mixed the punch, and all that. We didn't want to go out, especially you. You were all for hiding upstairs on the sleeping porch and keeping an eye on the preparations for the party. You always did want to horn in on the grown-ups," continued Mrs. MacKaye, her tone cheerful and uncritical. "Of course, you were older than I, and terribly conscious of it."

"You're making the whole thing up," said Mrs. Sewall placidly. "It's that famous imagination of yours."

"I'm not. I remember it all perfectly clearly. The sleeping-porch plan was frustrated, so we ambled out into the back yard, where we should have stayed, playing in a ladylike manner in our white starch—only of course we didn't. We sneaked out the back gate. It was your idea. Don't you remember that?"

Mrs. Sewall shook her head.

"We joined up with some of those tough kids around the corner, among whom the Halloween spirit was running high," continued Mrs. MacKaye. "They'd already stuffed a couple of old stockings to drag along the sidewalk after dark, like snakes, and they had marked down the gates they were going to steal. When we came along, they'd begun to dress up for the night's work, like ghosts and scarecrows, with sheets and burnt cork and old hats and things. Ordinarily, we were considered too young for the gang, and we were flattered—at least, I was flattered—that they let us play with them that afternoon. I simply can't understand your forgetting all that, Marge. It was tremendous. Well, one thing led to another, and what with the excitement and the unusual encouragement from the sidelines, we dressed up, too. We smeared ourselves all over with burnt cork." Mrs. MacKaye paused and peered hopefully at her sister, but Mrs. Sewall still looked bland and untouched by memory.

"If nothing else, I should think our reception when we returned home would have been painted indelibly on the tablets of your mind," said Mrs. MacKaye. "Does one paint on tablets, by the way?"

"One carves," said Mrs. Sewall. "Sphinxes, and men in profile, with spears—you know, heliographs."

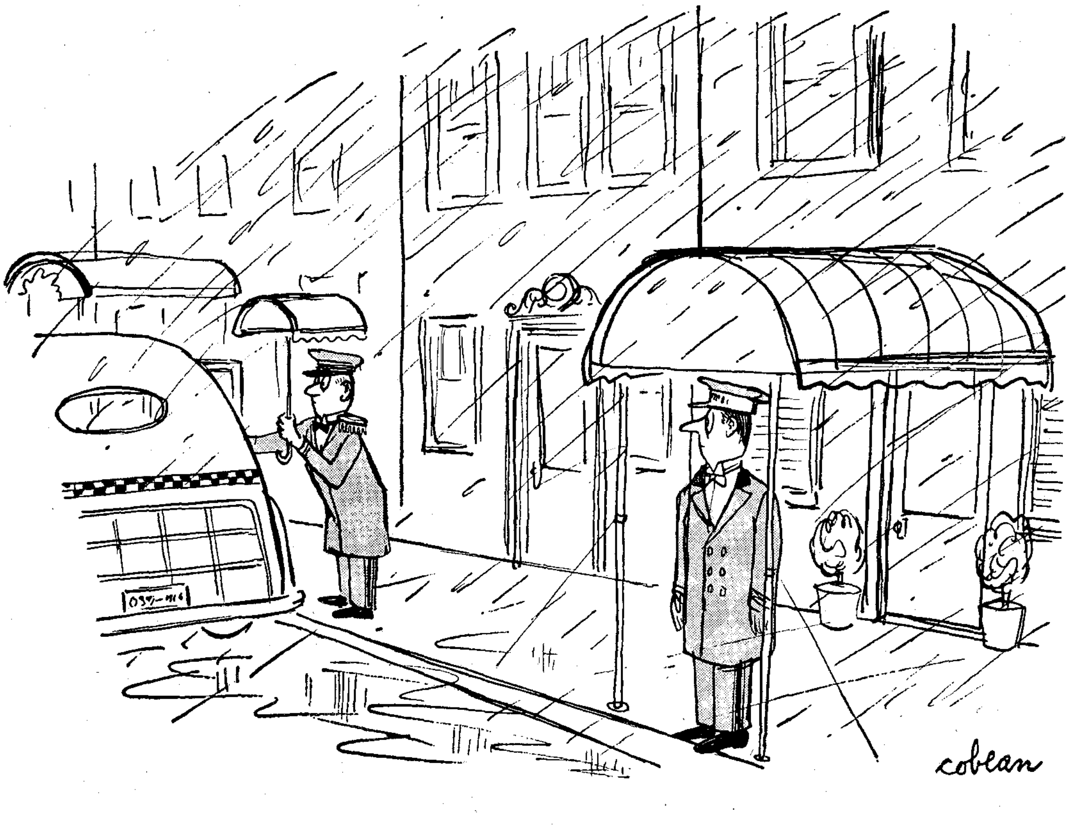
"That doesn't sound quite right, somehow. But all this has nothing to do with Halloween. Where was I? Oh, yes, at the spankings."

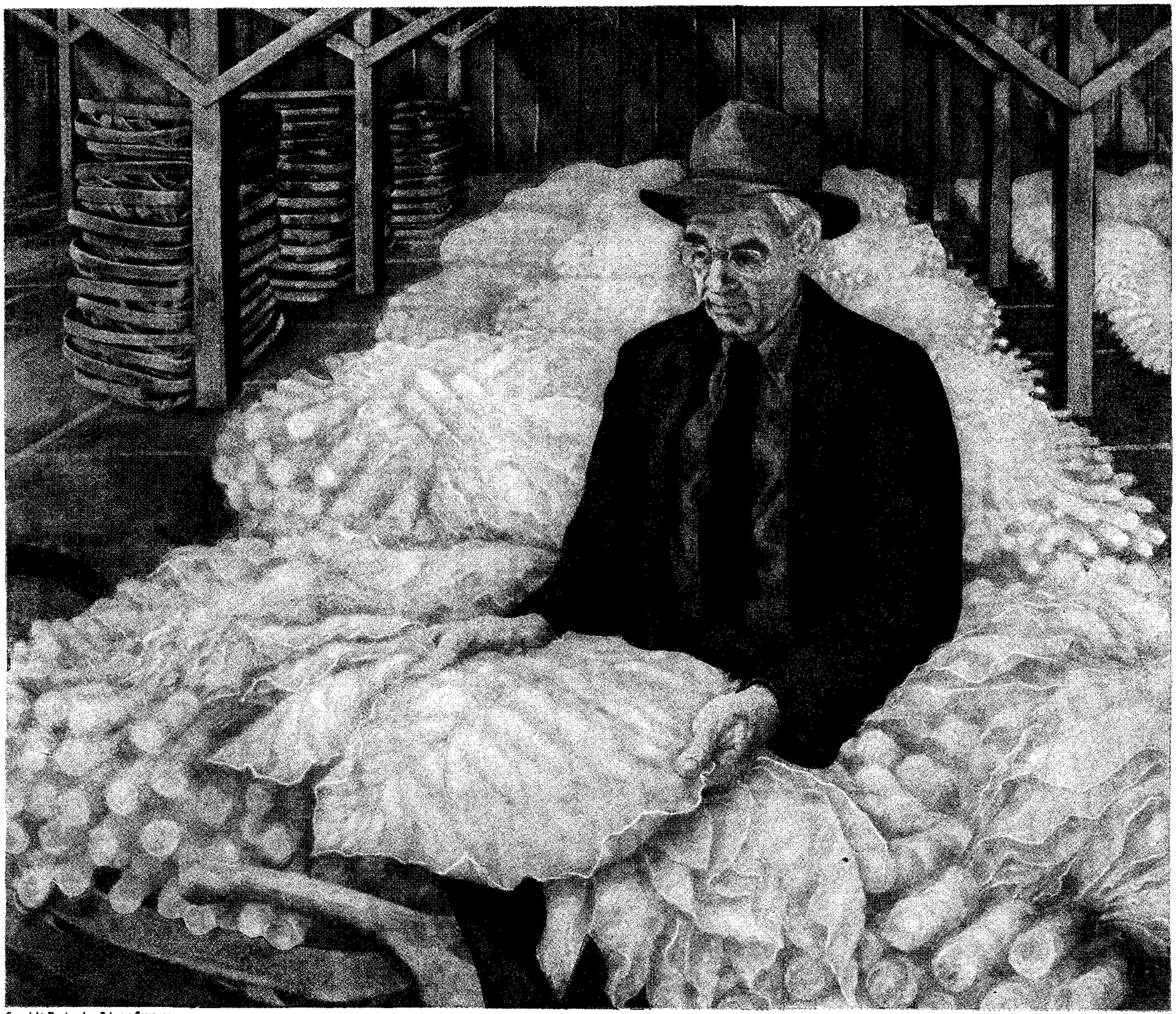
"Heavens, was I still being spanked at the age of ten?"

"Were you not!" cried Mrs. MacKaye enthusiastically. "Mother herself did it, with the back of a hairbrush. Both of us were spanked, though I think she blamed you more than she did me. She held the theory that you usually took the initiative in such matters, and how right she was!"

"Not necessarily," said Mrs. Sewall. "Not always." Her protest, however, was calm and lazy, and she didn't miss a stitch in her knitting.

"We were then put to bed," continued Mrs. MacKaye. "It was the most vindictive thing she could have done, after all our high expectations of the party. No doubt, though, she was high-strung and nervous after all those preparations, and perhaps, also, we had no more starched white clothes. I was very bitter that night, and so were you. But time heals all wounds." Mrs. MacKaye put her hands behind her head and smiled at the ceiling. "Time, the great healer," she murmured. "It's a wonderful thing. Look at you, sitting there knitting like the great lump





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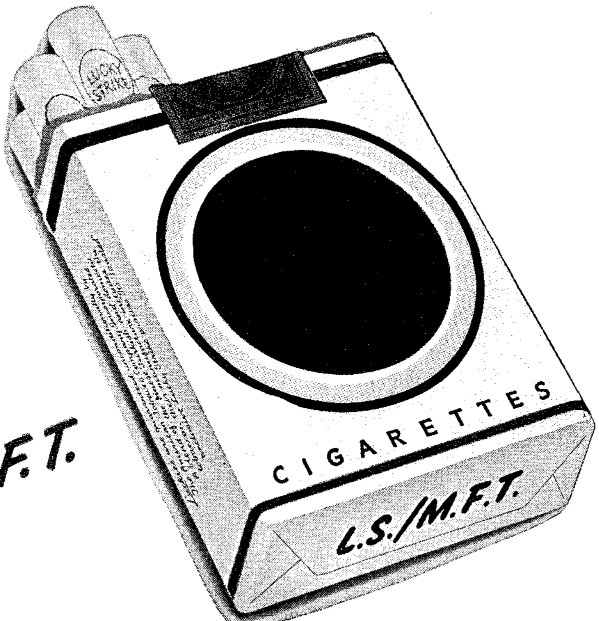
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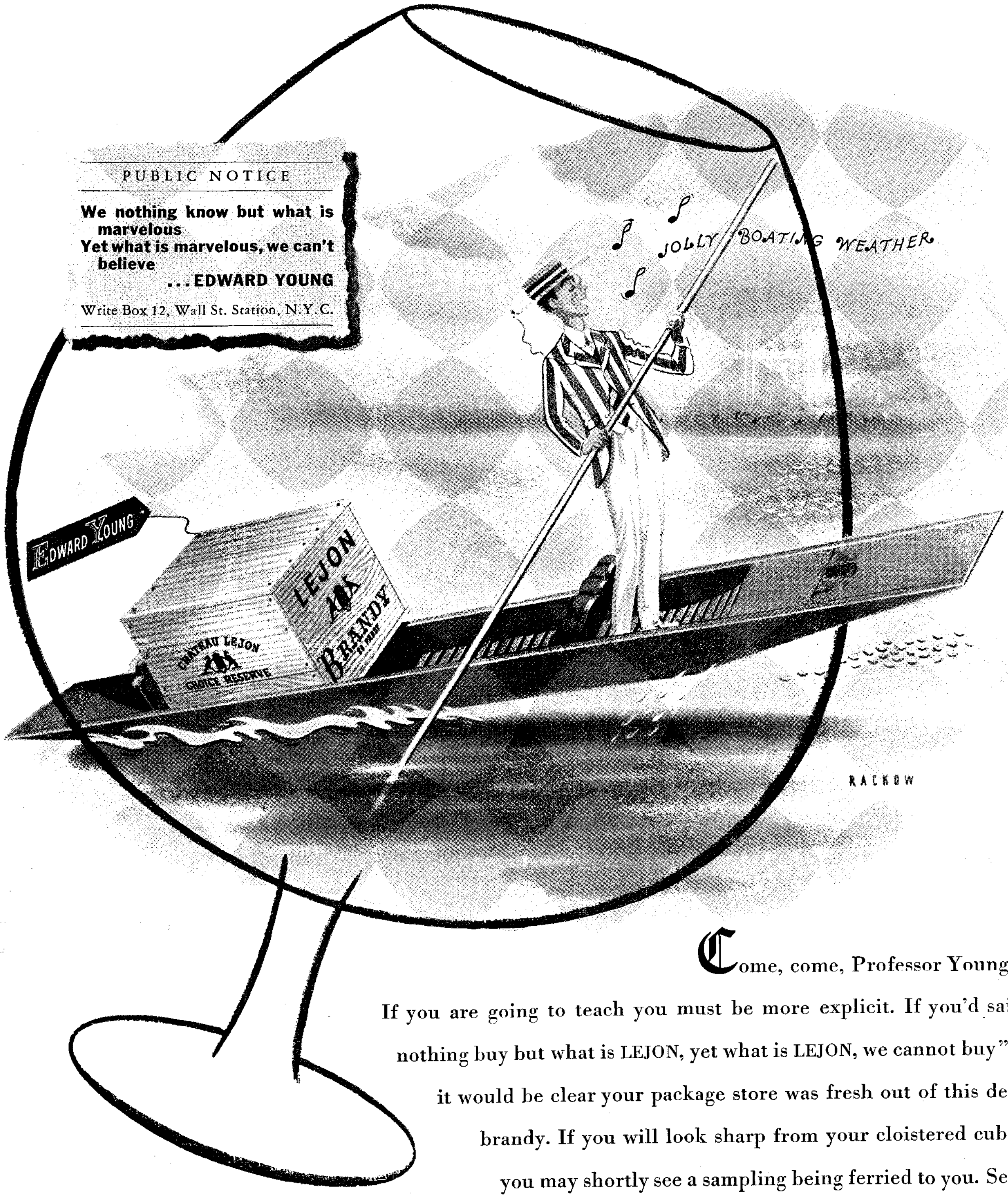
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you are. Nobody would think you once broke your heart over a Halloween party."

THERE was a long, long silence. Mrs. Sewall finished turning the heel of the sock. "How old am I?" she suddenly asked.

"Forty-seven," said her younger sister. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm just thinking out loud," said Mrs. Sewall. "I'm counting. By the terms of the agreement, I think I am now free to speak. Mother told me at the time never, never to let you know, but I'm morally certain she didn't mean it literally. She only meant I must wait until you and I had attained the age of discretion."

"What *are* you talking about?" Mrs. MacKaye asked.

"The Halloween party," said Mrs. Sewall.

Mrs. MacKaye waited, her eyebrows arched high.

"I didn't really forget," said Mrs. Sewall. "I can remember it quite as well as you. I can even go you one better. Your dress was white piqué, very thick, with scallops on the skirt, and mine was muslin, inherited from Cousin Jenny. They were both pretty horrible to look at when we came home with the burnt cork on our faces and legs and arms, and the full enormity of the business didn't break upon us until we were in bed. Then we cried and sobbed and howled for hours, of course."

"But why did you pretend—"

"I'm coming to that," said Mrs. Sewall, knitting away. "There's a sequel. We both cried and sobbed and howled, and after a while you went to sleep, but I didn't. It was before my bedtime, I suppose, and no doubt I took the whole thing harder than you did in any case. My dignity was hurt."

"Never mind your dignity," said Mrs. MacKaye. "What happened?"

"I must have cried for hours," Mrs. Sewall said. "I was still sobbing away on the pillow when Mother came upstairs for something, and she heard me through the door and looked in. Well—"

"Yes?"

"Now, don't hurry me, Letty. You're always so impatient." Mrs. Sewall had broken a knitting needle, and she rummaged in her bag until she found another. "There," she said, settling back. "Well, Mother was so sorry for me that she relented. Those things always did blow over in a hurry with Mother, you know. She had to deal out the punishment right away, while she

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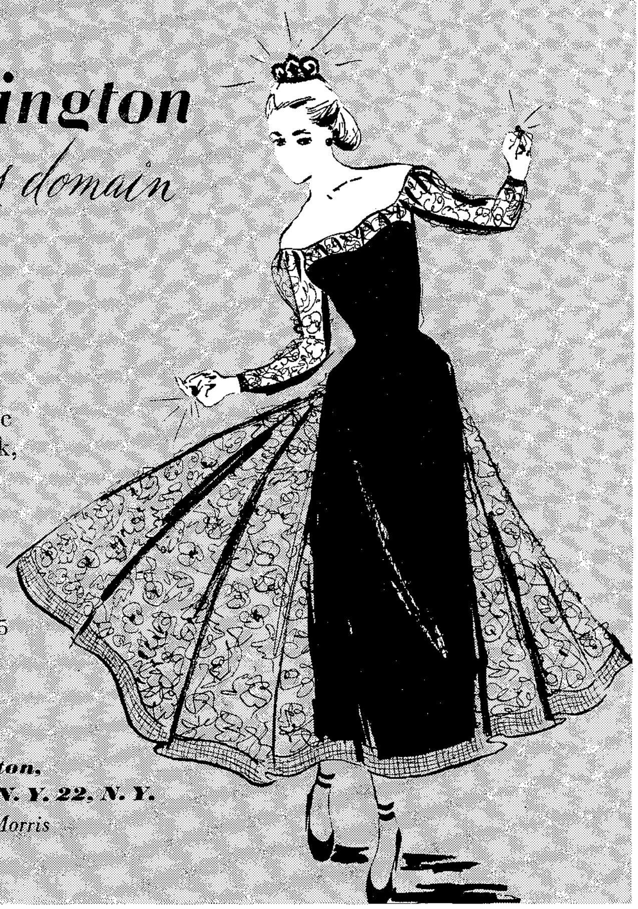

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was angry, or not at all. So—she let me get up."

"She *did*? And never woke me?"

"Oh, well, you were younger, you know, and you were so sound asleep. It would have been a pity. Only, knowing you"—Mrs. Sewall darted a keen glance at Mrs. MacKaye through her spectacles—"she made me promise never to mention it, because you would have said she was playing favorites. So I went to the party after all."

Mrs. MacKaye sat rigid in her chair.

"I didn't stay very long, of course," added Mrs. Sewall, a trace of anxiety in her tone. "Just long enough to shake hands all around, you know, and eat a cake or something. Now, Letty—"

"You've kept this from me all these years?" demanded Mrs. MacKaye.

"I wouldn't say kept it from you, exactly. I haven't given it a thought for more than thirty years. It was only—"

"Mother, too," said Mrs. MacKaye, her voice shaking. "Well, I must say . . ." She stood up abruptly, looking around. "Where's my bag?" she said.

"Letty, don't be foolish. What are you going to do?"

Mrs. MacKaye, clutching her bag and gloves, strode to the door. "I'm going to see Mother," she said. "Right now." She marched out through the doorway and slammed the front door after her. A vase wobbled on the mantelpiece.

"Dear, dear," murmured Mrs. Sewall. Automatically, she counted stitches. On her lips was a smile of which she was not aware, a smile that had been many years breaking through.

—EMILY HAHN

•

Fulfillment of a desire for self-improvement seems to be one of the strongest psychological gratifications that comes from drinking Postum. While some people may go no further than drinking Postum in attempting to improve themselves, those who develop a more complete program are more apt to continue drinking it and to ascribe the overall benefits they experience to the drinking of Postum.—*From a memorandum from General Foods to all district managers.*

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a story by Alison Lurie in Junior Bazaar*]

They used to sit in study hall on winter afternoons, she with her elbows one through the other on the table . . .

THE THEATRE

NOTHING MUCH SO FAR

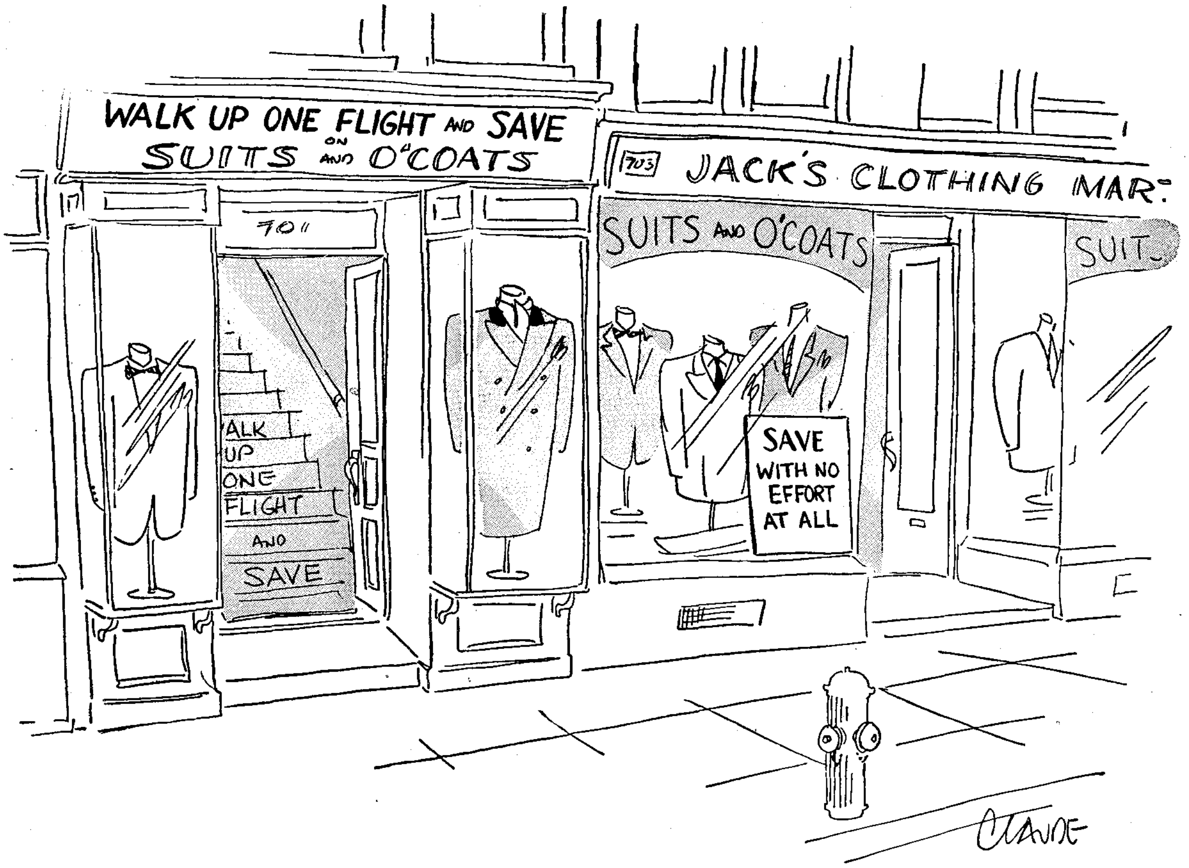
A GREAT many melodious and disciplined voices operate in "Our Lan'," and there can be no question about the high social purpose of the text, but beyond that I don't think much can be said for it. In fact, in many ways it is an excellent example of the melancholy truth that good morality does not necessarily produce good plays or even guarantee them freedom from an apparent cheapness and insincerity. "Our Lan' " says incontrovertible things about justice and dignity for the Negro, but since it does so very much in the manner of an 1890 melodrama discussing the rewards of chastity and the iniquity of mortgages, its political impact strikes me as negligible. As theatre, or entertainment as distinguished from propaganda, it is, I'm afraid, pretty dull and frequently absurd.

I didn't see Theodore Ward's play when it was offered in a simpler form last spring at the Henry Street Playhouse, so it is impossible for me to say whether the current version, at the Royale, is an improvement. On the whole, I am inclined to doubt it. The stage is decorated now with an elaborately formalized Georgia landscape, giving somewhat the effect that might have been obtained if Mrs. Tuckerman Draper had been turned loose on that set in "Tobacco Road" with orders to impart a little class to the joint; the keening of spirituals has, I understand, been augmented by several new numbers and given some professional polish; and Eddie Dowling, who directed, has managed things so that almost every scene involves some artistic and heroic grouping—a sea of upturned faces in the dying sun; a row of workmen, bent to the plow, toiling over a hilltop; someone silhouetted in a doorway, facing an angry mob. Portentous is probably the courteous word for it, but I can think of others. All these additions, though talented in themselves, have, I suspect, succeeded only in emphasizing the poverty of the script.

"Our Lan'," to get down to the facts, is laid on an island off the Georgia coast in 1865. Before the Civil War, it had been owned by a rich and villainous planter (Mr. Ward's villains, incidentally, are not diminished by any resemblance to human beings; they come right out of "Uncle Tom"), but now it is inhabited by a colony of Negroes, who have taken possession of it under the terms of General Sherman's promise of forty acres and a mule for every slave. The subsequent action, as far as I can tell without a refresher course, follows the history of the reconstruction period with reasonable fidelity. They have come bearing deeds to the land, given by the Freedmen's Bureau, and, in spite of the planter's hostility, they plant their crops and, indeed, seem on the way to establishing a microscopic utopia. After Lincoln's assassination, however, the situation changes. The deeds are repudiated by the government and the Negroes are offered contracts to work the land as tenants, with an option to buy it at the end of three years. When they refuse, suspecting a plot to reduce them to their former status, government troops first order them off the land and then, at the end, are preparing to shoot them down as trespassers. I may have distorted these facts a bit, since Mr. Ward's style is rather too florid and exclamatory to make for easy instruction, but essentially that's the background, and properly worked out, with living characters and a dignified and coherent story, it might have been used for an effective play. I'm sorry to say, however, that Mr. Ward seems to be very inadequately equipped as a playwright. His style, as noted, is almost impossible. In a scene, for instance, between the satanic planter and an Army captain, whose manly sympathies are with the Negroes, though his orders are to exterminate them, we get the following passage from a high-toned radio serial:

> "You don't change an ear of corn, Captain, by removing the husk."
>
> "No, sir, but you do change a man by striking off his chains."
>
> "That, Captain, is debatable."

His sense of drama is naïve—the actors bearing the tidings of Lee's surrender and Lincoln's death bound onto the stage, as incredibly apropos, as irre-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sistibly comic as similar messengers in a Shubert operetta—and his gift for more or less irrelevant decoration might be called disastrous, as exemplified in a love story embedded in the text clearly to relieve the tedium of economics. This is rather tangled for synopsis here—the heroine, a notably pliable girl, has been seduced by a rakish mulatto, but the hero makes an honest woman of her, causing her to remark gratefully that he is a warm wool blanket for her soul—but it strikes a note of sentimental imbecility almost beyond belief, not improved by the fact that one of the principals has reduced the art of acting to a series of abrupt, strangulated gestures suggesting almost anything but love. Altogether, except for the singing, I don't think you'll find much to reward you in "Our Lan'." It is a pity, because Mr. Ward's motives are certainly beyond reproach, and the cast recruited by Mr. Dowling has a talent and vitality that shouldn't be wasted on such stuff as this.

THERE are two ways you might define "I Gotta Get Out," a farce about horse racing, which gave up after a token resistance last week at the Cort. It was a book for a musical comedy, unhappily deprived of the music that might have taken your mind off the idiocy of the plot, and of the dancing girls who might have disguised the ancient, brassy flavor of the jokes. Or, more specifically, it was a revision of that old favorite on the same theme called "Three Men on a Horse," preserving something of the atmosphere and dialect of the original but leaving out the central character and consequently the whole point. However you look at it, it was a trial—even, I suspect, to that queer, obsessed race of people who can laugh or cry at practically anything involving their monomania. Of the twenty-eight actors employed in this foolishness, twenty had nothing much more taxing to do than tear up losing tickets and throw the pieces up in the air with expressions of humorous disgust. The eight who displayed their talents more bountifully included David Burns, Edith Meiser, Peggy Van Vleet, and Peggy Maley. Of them all, only Miss Maley, who seemed to be giving a vehement impersonation of Judy Holliday, had any visible fun.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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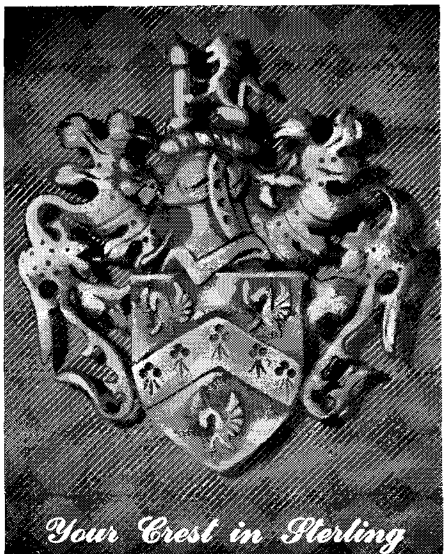
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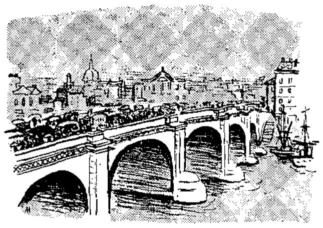
LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 24

LIKE all other Britons, Londoners have been sniffing the first unmistakable tang of autumn in the air and have begun to look gloomily ahead to winter. Even for the most resolute, it is hardly a cheering prospect. People now know that they will be worse fed, more shabbily clothed, more restricted in their movements from place to place and from job to job, and shorter of what fun there has been than they were during the freezing months of the fuel crisis early this year. The brightest spot in the situation at the moment, indeed, is the fact that they do know. Sir Stafford Cripps has suddenly become one of the most popular figures in the Government, for the odd reason that his recent speech to industry outlined these unpleasant truths without the usual timid sidestepping and without bobbing to the trade unions or any other special group.



The case, as it was put together by his first-rate legal mind, is certainly not comforting. There is now no excuse for anyone in this country (even that blessed and simple two per cent of the population who once admitted in a Gallup Poll that they had heard nothing about any economic crisis) to say that he has not been warned of the necessity of giving up just about everything. Already the shops are telling customers that when their stock of this or that commodity is exhausted, it will not be replaced. If the textile industry cannot overcome its labor difficulties by getting girls back to the looms, it is doubtful that the clothing-coupon allotment can be kept at its present rate of four coupons a month—just over a pair of good stockings for a woman or a little less than half a pair of shoes for a man. Most heartbreaking of all, thousands of families waiting for houses will have to keep right on waiting, because the necessary materials and men are being turned over to the export program.

This news could hardly be worse, but lots of English seem to feel gaspingly relieved to hear it. It is as though someone had at last shoved them into the water after endless vague talk about how cold it was going to be, and had pointed out a very distant raft that might eventually get them out of trouble. There has been plenty of grumbling, however, about the end of the basic petrol ration. After October 1st, many English will have to give up the one really relaxing pleasure brought by peace—getting into a car again and taking at least brief trips without thinking twice about it. The loss of this diversion seems to hurt more than all the other austerities together. Motorists may, though, use up whatever gas they have left over on pleasure driving until the last of November, and this has resulted in a scramble for five-gallon storage cans and a nimble trade in black-market petrol coupons, usually at sixpence each. Curiously, many of the most highly respectable citizens, who would bridle at the thought of dealing on the black market (by no means a normal part of existence here, as it is on the Continent), seem to develop a convenient haziness in their consciences on the matter of illegal petrol transactions, which they consider merely a little gray and perfectly justifiable. The Government has announced that special allowances will be given to anyone who can prove that his business or daily life depends on running a car. There is much discussion among country dwellers, among whom the cut has caused the most dismay, as to what action the local arm of the law will take if it catches their cars absent-mindedly parked outside a pub instead of standing, demurely and legally, in front of the railway station.

Many car owners feel that it would be fairer to effect the savings in dollars, which are not really immense, by cutting down still further on tobacco imports. This, they say, would spread the hardship over the whole population, rather than concentrating it on one class. It is more than probable that this suggestion will have to be adopted anyway, in addition to the petrol cut, now that it is obvious that things are as shockingly serious as they are.

Talk about discrimination against one class is strikingly on the increase among the well-to-do, who consider the ending of the basic ration yet another blow aimed at their privileges by the appeasers of the workers. Though it is just possible that one or two of the workers may own cars, too, and be anxious to keep them on the road, a lot of English believe bitterly and sincerely that this economy and the accompanying ban on foreign travel for pleasure are part of a general social-levelling scheme. The widespread use of terms like "spiv"

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and "drone" to denote citizens who are not doing a job that a stevedore would recognize as hard work has certainly not discouraged this sort of talk, irritating, and even dangerous, though it is. It is possible to hear middle-aged Londoners, who look back regretfully on more gracious times, complain that England is threatening to become a police state, in spite of the fact that a short walk to Marble Arch would bring them the surely consoling sight of half a dozen soapbox speakers bawling their debatable opinions while the ever-present bobby rocks benignly on his heels in the background.

The tight control put on travel abroad was a sad blow to the considerable number of those who feel that the free exchange of people and ideas is the last chance the world, let alone England, has to struggle out of its ghastly fix. This restriction, together with the fact that foreign books cannot be imported unless yards of papers are stamped by somebody official, has depressingly narrowed mental horizons. Its full effect on education is still not patent. The parents of children at schools abroad have been told that their offspring can finish the next term but must then come home. It is unlikely that they will be given permission to go back, except in the few cases in which arrangements can be made for friends or business acquaintances outside the country to scratch up the fees. Advanced students who want to take courses or do postgraduate work at foreign universities will most likely be granted permission if the Treasury considers that their researches are sufficiently important. The old idea of a leisurely year or two of study abroad to soak up another country's way of life is less certain of being viewed sympathetically, but there is talk of setting up an exchange system whereby English and foreign students can shuttle across the Channel and swap hospitality instead of currency.

The tourist agents, who were having a record boom, are having to do a little readjusting. The latest advertisements of Thomas Cook invite the English to take "sterling holidays" on British soil in sunny Malta or else in the picturesque Channel Islands, with, as the ads gamely point out, "their reminders of France."

THE Grimethorpe coal strike has ended with credit to none, but it has at least clarified for the angry and bewildered public a good many of the miners' grievances. The whole coal-mining issue, as simplified by the aver-

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age workman, who hopes that he won't find his factory shut down for lack of fuel this winter, and by the average housewife, who dreads having nothing in the coal bucket again, is that the miners have been given what they asked for and still aren't delivering the goods. However, from what observers who have viewed the Grimethorpe troubles at close quarters have said, it is now plain that the situation cannot be stated quite so concisely. The miners, according to these informants, took national ownership of the mining industry to mean that the miners themselves were going to own the mines. Their disillusionment on discovering that they had exchanged the old boss, who lived handy and could settle disputes on the spot, for a new boss, who can be reached only after interminable delays at regional boards and the like, boiled up to produce the defiant mood of Grimethorpe. It is also apparent that the miners—a community of fierce individualists—resent being considered a uniform group by the remote National Coal Board officials, as though there were no differences in their situation from district to district and pit to pit. Once again, evidently, a scheme that looked all right on paper is being disrupted by a stubborn scrap of human nature. All that the worried English can hope, as the days draw in and the evenings get chilly, is that one Grimethorpe will not make a winter like the last. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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All her life she was quick-witted and sharp-tongued. "Fiddlesticks," she would snap when reporters bothered her for "a few words."—*Newsweek.*

Quick is no word for her wit. It's greased lightning.

•

Last night's performance of "The Drunkard," Mildred Ilse's long-run melodrama at the Theater Mart, celebrated the 5300th consecutive performance since its opening July 6, 1947, a feat never before accomplished in the realm of the theater.—*Los Angeles Herald-Express.*

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Program of the forty-seventh general meeting of the Society of American Bacteriologists*]

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THE GOVERNOR'S CORN

I WAS sorry to read, the other day, of the failure of Governor Dewey's corn crop, and I admired the forthright way in which he admitted it. But I was also a little surprised. I hadn't realized conditions were so bad around Pawling. As a matter of fact, I had thought that conditions were pretty good, and I've spent quite a bit of time in that region during the last several months.

Out in the West, the crop looks just as bad as you'd expect from what you've read. Riding to and from the Coast a few weeks ago, I looked at miles of corn out of train windows. It was tragically obvious what heat and drought had done to a lot of it; the plants were burned to a dried brown. I hope the people who own those fields, and who for weeks have had nothing to do but watch their crops curling up under the sun, are cheered to know that the Governor of the faraway State of New York is having the same sort of trouble, difficult as it may have been for him to get into it.

My wife and I spend the summers in upper Putnam County, about ten miles south on Route 22 from Pawling, and we frequently drive up that way to a restaurant we know. It's not corn country through there, primarily, but, riding along the fine three-lane stretch of 22—which reverts to two lanes so suddenly after reaching the Governor's town—you do see a good deal of corn. Most of it looks all right, or did a couple of weeks ago. It doesn't look in the least like the corn in, say, Iowa and Nebraska. Of course, 22 doesn't pass the Governor's own fields, which must have been something else again. There may be a local condition there that would bear looking into.

In upper Putnam County, we didn't have the kind of bad crop weather the Governor must have had. There was a dry spell, of course, as there always is, but it didn't last as long as most. Planting was delayed in some sections, because the early season was pretty wet and also because of a stubborn conviction on the part of the farmers that there was going to be a very late frost, right at the end of May. So quite a lot of the corn didn't go in until after the first of June. There was no particularly late frost, as it happened; corn put in around May 20th did all right. Mine did, anyway. It was sweet corn, golden cross bantam, and I planted just enough to give the two of us and a few friends all we could eat. Not a big project, but heaven knows it was big corn. It towered above me. It would have towered above Governor Dewey. It also produced ears, two and three to a stalk, and no more than the usual percentage of duds.

To get this corn required no special skill, which was fortunate, and not too much work. I dug the ground, using a spading fork and the conventional crowbar to pry out boulders, and fertilized it. Then I planted the corn and fought off the crows, and when the weeds came, I chopped at them with a cultivator that has one tine missing. The Governor, with his acreage, probably used other tools, but he must have done much the same things I did, on a bigger scale. When you do those things, there's little else to do except to watch the corn grow, and hope it will rain. It rained enough around my place. I noticed clouds up Pawling way pretty often, too, but maybe they weren't rain clouds.

If they were, if it did rain there, if the Governor didn't wait too long to plant—possibly because he didn't want to offend the local farmers who were waiting for the late frost—what do you suppose *did* happen to his corn? I've given considerable thought to it since I read about his announcement of his failure, thinking I might be able to advise him about next year—1948. He may be otherwise too engaged to worry about corn next summer, but I hope not. I like to think that he will be in Pawling, with plenty of time on his hands and nothing much coming up but corn. If he gives it his full attention next year, I'm sure things will work out better.

—RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

The New Chorus of the Mutual Life Association, a group of nineteen women and twenty-one men, gave its first concert last night at Town Hall. James Morrison conducted.

The program included selections by Bach, Verdi, Franz and de Koven, a new work, "The United Nations Hail to Thee," by Ida Elkan, and "Grand Old Mutual Life," by Barbara Rumaggi.

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE CASE OF THE MOISTENED MILK

I FIRST visited Vire ("5,917 inhabitants; sub-prefecture of the Department of Calvados; specialties, smoked sausages and apple brandy," according to "France in One Volume," the Hachette Blue Guide) in the summer of 1926. My purpose, from which I could easily have been diverted, was to learn about Olivier Basselin, reputedly a fifteenth-century poet who had lived there toward the end of the Hundred Years' War and who was, I gathered, a cross between Falstaff and William Tell. All the poems attributed to him that I had come upon were about drink, a subject that I, at the time, found congenial. I had also read in an anthology a fifteenth-century French poem lamenting that the English had done Basselin in on the field of battle. My curiosity about him was nevertheless mild. I hadn't planned to make any particular use of whatever information I might dig up; I wasn't even contemplating a thesis on the subject. I did, however, anticipate that I would have a pleasant excursion away from Paris, where I was then living, like so many other Americans who didn't know what to do with themselves.

Vire is in the Bocage country of Normandy, as a lot of Americans now know because they fought near there in the summer of 1944, or had relatives or friends who did. Bocage, which in English would be Bosky Country, is a name that was given to the southern part of Normandy back when it was covered with forests. Few of them remain, but the name does.

To document myself before I left Paris, I bought a book authoritatively entitled "Researches and Antiquities of the Province of Neustria, at Present the Duchy of Normandy," by the Sieur Charles de Bourgueville, a gentleman of Caen, who brought it out in the year of the Spanish Armada, when he was an octogenarian. De Bourgueville stated that as of his day the Bocage produced "the best butters of France, which are distributed at Paris, Rouen, Orléans, Blois, Tours, and other great cities." He also cited an earlier author, Robert Gaguin, who, in 1450, had written that the Normans were "hot-tempered, did not feel themselves bound by any laws imposed from outside," and "were addicted to subtleties and lawsuits." There had been no change since Gaguin's time, de Bourgueville reported.

Of Vire itself, de Bourgueville had little to say. About all he wrote was "The city and seat of the Viscounty of Vire is watered by the stream called the Vire, which flows by the towns of Tessy and Pont-Farcy, joining the sea below Isigny, in the marsh or inlet of St. Clement, separating the bailiwicks of Caen and Coutances. At the said Vire, Tessy, and Pont-Farcy, coarse, cheap cloths are manufactured in great quantities, and are sold throughout the kingdom, for the clothing of poor village people; it is also the country of origin of the songs known as Vaux de Vire, like these two: 'Alas, Olivier Basselin' and 'In the Duchy of Normandy There Is Such Mighty Thievery.' "

It wasn't a great deal to go on, but it sounded all right.

I FOUND Vire to be a town of gray granite buildings rather crowded together. (There were fourteen hundred of them, I have since been informed, of which only forty-two were destined to survive 1944 undamaged.) The most striking architectural feature of the place was a clock tower, originally a part of a gate in the city's wall, the rest of which had disappeared. The tower stood boldly across the narrow main street, which overcame the obstacle by simply running through it. The clock struck every fifteen minutes, day and night, a fact of which I was continually made

aware in my quarters, in the Hôtel du Cheval Blanc, less than fifty yards away.

I particularly remember the Street of the Dyers, which ran along the bank of a stream. It was lined with old houses that had porches of a sort jutting out over the water and resting on granite slabs. When the stream was at flood, it seemed to me, the water would come up over the porches and even seep into the houses. Years later, when, shortly after the start of the war, I returned to the town, I met an old Virois doctor named Lepelletier, then Mayor, who told me that the flood waters made the houses "nests of infection" and that they would eventually have to be demolished. They surely were.

In Vire, during my original visit, I soon found that the legend of Basselin the lush was based solely on allusions in poems that were not written by anyone of that name. The drinking verses in which I was interested, it developed, were actually the work of Jean le Houx, a Catholic lawyer of Vire, who was afraid to exercise the Bacchic muse over his own signature and wrote the pieces two centuries after Basselin died. Le Houx had, however, made the name of Basselin a famous one in the community. There was a decrepit old house in the Vaux—or vales—of the Vire that was pointed out to visitors as the home of Olivier Basselin, and the Cheval Blanc, which was the town's leading hotel, offered a "regional specialty" called "partridge Olivier Basselin"—a partridge cooked in fresh cream and old apple brandy. (The landlord, M. Secher, who was also the chef, confessed to me that he had invented it to enter in a gastronomic competition in Paris only a year before.)

The le Houx deception, I discovered, had been exposed during the late nineteenth century by a Virois professor named Armand Gasté. The only factual thing about it was the name Olivier Basselin, which Professor Gasté established to be an old and indubitably real one. (De Bourgueville, as I knew, had been familiar with it in 1588, well before le Houx's time.) Le Houx, it appeared, had resurrected the name from the ancient anonymous lament that began, "Alas, Olivier Basselin," and had thereafter used it as a blind, as Chatterton later was to use his Rowley.

Learning all this entailed no painful research. The municipal librarian—a frail old man named Hédouin, with a wispy white mustache and the aged look of a fledgling bird—had a number of documents on the Basselin matter im-

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mediately at hand; he was, in fact, an authority on the subject, and was still chuckling at le Houx's fraud. The library was officially closed during the summer, but M. Hédouin seemed happy to open it for me. I paid him a minuscule fee for the favor. I remember the large, somnolent goldfish in a shallow basin in front of the City Hall, of which the library was a part, and the blue flies that buzzed in the darkened reading room. The air had been sealed in there since spring, making it the coolest place in town, cooler than the interior of the town's leading saloon, the Café de Paris, which was also dark and full of flies.

It was a hot summer. I finally left Vire when a man came around beating a drum and crying that to conserve the municipal water supply nobody in the community would be allowed to take a bath until the next substantial rain, by order of the sub-prefect. By then, I had developed an affection for the little gray granite city, ancient but unpretentious, which, despite its medieval buildings, recalled de Maupassant rather than de Bourgueville. I have always had a high regard for de Maupassant.

I recall how M. Hédouin looked the last time I saw him. He had locked up the library and, seeming more fragile than ever, was going off with a tin pail to buy some milk. His striped trousers were caught in at the ankles with bicycle clips and he was wearing a very old straw boater. "Goodbye," he said, "and good luck. You have the world before you."

MY second visit to Vire was in 1939, during the first winter of the war. On that occasion, I noticed hardly more than a seasonal change in the town's appearance. It was then, as it had been during the first war, in a part of France that was far from the battle line, and life went on much the same as in peacetime, except for the absence of several hundred young men and the presence of twice as many refugees from Paris. The population was larger than it had ever been—perhaps seven thousand. M. Hédouin, I was told, was dead. Considering his appearance on the occasion of our last meeting, this did not surprise me. M. Secher, the hotelkeeper, had given up the Cheval Blanc and moved to Angers, where he had bought another hotel, also called the Cheval Blanc. He had been succeeded at Vire by a young couple named Launay. During my stay, I made the acquaintance of a newcomer to Vire, Maurice Brocco, a café proprietor who, as a six-day bike rider, had once been a great favorite with the crowds in Madison Square Garden. He was now the most dashing resident of the old town.

I had a look at the twelfth-and-thirteenth-century Church of Notre Dame, a mixture of Gothic and the earlier Romanesque, and at the ruined castle on the hill, built by Henry I of England around 1100, probably during his war against his brother, Robert of Normandy. Then I went back to Paris again, consoled by the conviction that Vire, at least, was immune to alteration.

AFTER the fall of France, I often wondered how the people of Vire and its environs were getting along. In London, in the spring of 1944, I heard from friends in Air Intelligence that if I returned to Vire, I would find the place "much changed." I later learned that it was not, however, until the morning of D Day that the really great and memorable aerial bombardment came. The blow had to be struck because Vire is an important stop on the main railway line from Paris into lower Normandy, and that productive, litigious region was almost certain to be our first battleground of the invasion. The line had to be knocked out to prevent the Germans from bringing in reinforcements from Paris. Two months later, the city was first desperately defended and then energetically counterattacked by the Germans, because it is at the northern end of a high ridge, twenty-seven miles long, running south to Mortain, that commanded the narrow Avranches corridor then linking the American First and Third Armies. I had once strolled from Vire to Mortain in a day, stopping for a large repast in the town of Sourdeval on my way. Every time I looked at the distance on a map supplied to me by an outfit of engineers when I got to Normandy again, in 1944, I felt old.

On my third visit to Vire, this time in a jeep, a couple of days after the Americans had taken the place, I was prepared to see what soldiers call a beat-up town, but I had not expected such damage that I would be unable to find my way around in so small and familiar a community. I was baffled by a lack of landmarks. The clock tower had, it later developed, survived, but it was so obscured by the debris of what had been surrounding buildings that I could not even be sure of its location. I also could not find, for the best of reasons, the Hôtel du Cheval Blanc, and the Café de Paris was gone, too, as was the City Hall, with its library and goldfish basin. (I have since come into possession of an excellent picture of the Church of Notre

Dame; it is part of the contents of a postwar book called "Lost Art Treasures of Europe.") A small tricolor floated over one end of a row of ruins, and a sign on the wall of what was once a house announced that here was the "Temporary Municipal Center." A few dejected people were clustered about the ruin, come, perhaps, in the hope that relatives who had disappeared during the battle would show up there, too. I thought I recognized one old man, who, in 1939, had been secretary to the Mayor of Vire, but I didn't feel like talking to him. About all I could have said would be "Remember me? This was a nice place the last time I saw it." So I told my jeep driver to keep on going. The silent people threw no roses as we passed.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, a French friend who knows how I feel about Vire gave me a subscription to the new weekly paper there. It is called *La Voix du Bocage*. There were a couple of weeklies in Vire in 1939, but they have evidently, and understandably, gone out of business. The first copy of *La Voix* that reached me was marked No. 92 and bore a June, 1946, date, so I figured that the paper must have started publication in September of 1944. The copies for June and July of 1946 that I received were single sheets of standard newspaper size, printed on both sides. In August, *La Voix* went up to two sheets, making four pages, and the price rose from two francs to four. You can get a lot of news into four eight-column pages when you don't waste much space on headlines or pictures and carry only about four columns of advertising. *La Voix* is a meaty paper. It is also, among other things, a buttery paper, a milky paper, a horsy paper, and a paper with a considerable content of acid. Continued acquaintance with it has led me to the comforting conclusion that there is as much hot temper and disregard for law in lower Normandy as there was in 1450, and that now, as then, this demonstrates vigor and viability.

In *La Voix*, I have read that the herds of dairy cattle, which were decimated by bombing and shellfire in 1944, have been restocked. The best butter of France is again moving from the Bocage toward Paris and the other great cities mentioned by de Bourgueville in 1588, but a considerable quantity of it, judging by the columns of *La Voix*, is moving in hampers on the handlebars of bicycles and inside the papier-mâché hand baggage of railroad passengers posing as weekend trippers re-

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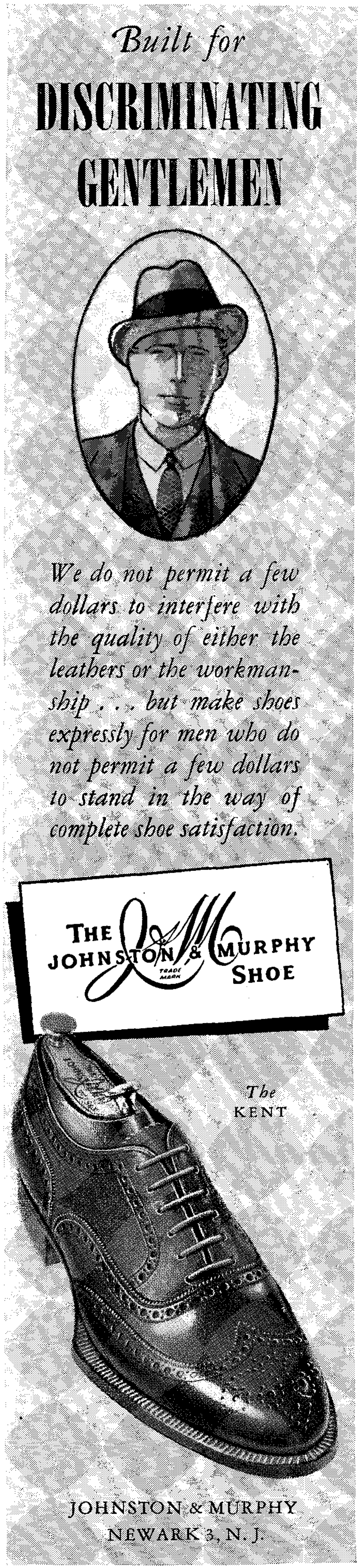
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turning to the capital. Such butter is sold on the black market at four hundred francs a kilo, or about a dollar and a half a pound, instead of at the much lower price fixed by the government. An issue of *La Voix* usually contains from three to six items about butter smuggling, under one-line heads such as "Black Market," "Illicit Traffic," and "Butter Again." My favorite butter story, which will serve as a sample of the genre, appeared a while ago in the paper's Martilly column. (Martilly is a village near Vire.) The headline was "Clandestine Traffic," and the story read, "Gendarmes took note of Mme. Riothon, Berthe, 44 years, a travelling merchant already well known for her illegal practices. She carried two heavy market bags and appeared to have an abnormally high bosom. Inspection disclosed 35 pounds of butter, in the market bags and on her person. Vexed at having been detected, she drew from her bosom a mound of butter and threw it in the direction of a representative of the law; then, when it missed him, trampled it into the ground. She was arrested, then released to be brought to trial later." From reading a good many other stories of violence in *La Voix*, I feel certain that Mme. Riothon, Berthe, was charged with "outrage against an arresting officer" as well as with "clandestine traffic."

Persons brought before the courts of Vire for fighting—they are often women—are invariably charged with "reciprocal blows." In apportioning the blame in these encounters, the judges employ a system that the editor of *La Voix* does not feel it necessary to explain, apparently not realizing that the paper has an American circulation. Thus, the court will find two women adversaries guilty of dealing reciprocal blows and fine one three thousand francs, the other one thousand. Whether the heavier fine is assessed against the woman who started the row or the one who inflicted the most damage, I do not know.

La Voix's equivalent for the legal expression "sentences to run concurrently" seems to be "confusion of penalties," and nobody, it appears, is ever arrested for stealing a chicken *from* its owner; the defendant in such a case is always accused of stealing a fowl "to the prejudice of" the owner. This sort of phraseology is part of the unfailing charm exerted upon me by the column in *La Voix* called "Tribunal Correctionnel," or "Criminal Court." Besides reporting cases involving fights and black-market dealings, it usually mentions a few robberies, under heads like "Abuse of Confidence" (a farmhand's selling one of his employer's cows) or "Indelicacy" (a servant girl's stealing handkerchiefs from a farm wife). The journalist who writes the headlines for the "Tribunal Correctionnel" cases is sometimes a bit of a cutup. An account of a young peasant's theft of two accordions, for example, received the heading "Melomaniac."

The letters that the editor of *La Voix* prints are not without malice. One reader, writing from the nearby town of Condé-sur-Noireau, inquires, "Is it the personal character of the proprietor of the house at the corner of Rue Rousseau and Rue de la Motte, or the presence of one of his former employees in the Service of Reconstruction, that has brought it about that the Service is repairing this house, when it has condemned fifty others that were in better shape?" The letter is signed "Un Total." A *total* is a person whose home has been totally destroyed by bomb or shellfire. Reconstruction is naturally a constant topic of discussion in *La Voix*. Hope and anger alternate in its editorial attitude; one issue of the paper will contain elaborate architect's drawings, including full-grown shade trees, of how Vire will look when rebuilt; the next will carry a complaint by Monsieur J. E. Marcel Le Cornec, *La Voix's* publisher, that nothing tangible is being done. On the whole, M. Le Cornec seems to believe that reconstruction is slower than it should be and that the government is unduly grudging toward the unhappy owners of crumbling houses. Normandy suffered more property damage during the war than all the rest of France put together, and the Normans feel that the regions that escaped are not sufficiently concerned about them.

La Voix carries many personal notices of a sort that I have never seen in any other newspaper. These are signed admonitions, often addressed to a specific person, to desist from slander or suffer the consequences. One reads, "Planquette, Fernand, farmer at Estry, warns M. Brochet, Georges, farm laborer at Montchauvet, to cease the lying rumors he is spreading about him, under pain of prosecution." Another: "M. Clos-Bouch warns the persons talking about Mme. Clos-Bouch that they will be prosecuted." I have noticed only one retraction of slander. This appeared in the column from the hamlet of Moncy, under the heading "Correction." It read, "I admit having propagated remarks that might have caused harm to the reputations of M. Burfard, the distiller, and M. Grosse, Emile, his employee, and I acknowledge that all these statements were false.—Mme. Roger Foucault, Moncy."

Wrangling of this nature in a small village may generate a rancor that makes life insupportable for some of the principals, as witness an item, from the village of Le Theil, which could have served de Maupassant as the scaffolding for a tale. The Le Theil story, which appeared under the heading "A Farmer's Wife Kills Herself," read: "While her husband was away voting, Mme. Eugène Besnier, 69, née Marie Daligault, took advantage of his absence to end her days. She left in plain sight a letter in which she explained the reasons for her sinister determination and expressed her last wishes. Going upstairs into her bedroom, she had placed the letter with a branch of a bush on a plate. Very much alarmed when he found it, M. Besnier searched the house, then looked into an adjacent building, where he found the body of his wife. She had hanged herself from a beam of the ceiling and death had done its work. The suicide is attributed to the fact that Mme. Besnier was shortly to appear before the Justice of Peace at Vassy charged with slandering a neighbor."

Since Mme. Besnier presumably could have got out of her trouble had she followed Mme. Foucault's example and retracted, it would appear that she must have hated her neighbor a lot.

IT would be wrong, however, to think of the Bocage as a country of little except butter and bitterness. Sport is another great preoccupation. I have recently read with interest an account in *La Voix* of a great "Cyclo-Pedestrian Cross," an account in which, incidentally, I learned of the survival of M. Brocco, the ex-bike rider. The cyclo-pedestrian event, which offered a purse of five thousand francs and was won by a cyclist-pedestrian from Paris, was held over a course of about fifty miles, and the contestants were required to pedal a specified distance along a road, then pick up their bicycles and run cross-country to another road, where they resumed their pedalling for a while, after which they hoofed it again upon reaching another designated point. The event started and finished in front of the Café Brocco, *La Voix* said, and "that great athlete, M. Brocco, the organizer and animator of the manifestation," fired the starting gun. So I knew that he had come through all right.

M. Launay, who succeeded M.

Elizabeth Arden

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Secher as the proprietor of the Cheval Blanc, was not so lucky, I have discovered from reading *La Voix*. The bomb that destroyed the Cheval Blanc hurt him badly and he became a semi-invalid. With his wife, he opened a new Hôtel du Cheval Blanc in one of the few buildings that had escaped destruction. It is still the best hotel in town, I judge, because most of Vire's public banquets are held there. A few months ago, M. Launay died, and there was a long obituary about him in the paper. His widow, the paper said, is now running the hotel.

Not all the athletic competitions in the Bocage are run off with the high good humor that I gather characterized M. Brocco's cyclo-pedestrian cross. Even in sports, the hot temper that Gaguin noted among the Normans occasionally shows itself. The same issue of *La Voix* that contains the stories of the woman who threw her bosom at the gendarme and of the farm wife who hanged herself rather than retract carries an account of a defeat imposed on the soccer team of the Vire Sporting Club by a team representing the town of Ouistreham. "In sunny weather and before an unsportsmanlike crowd," the report begins, "Ouistreham, playing on its bumpy little field, sprang an upset by beating Vire. Without wishing to depreciate the victory of the Maritimes [Ouistreham is a shore resort], since they were bound to have it by hook or by crook, we reproach them for having too often competed without regard for 'fair play;' their rugged team was far from gentle with the Virois, and many of our players were roughed unmercifully, principally goalkeeper Rossigneuil, who may not be able to play next Sunday against Douvres. As to Vire, it played far below form. As to those officiating, we reproach the referee for not having penalized the brutality of several Ouistreham players and for not having called numerous offsides against the outside left and the center forward, who scored the third goal."

Lower Normandy is a great country for breeding draft horses, trotters, and thoroughbreds, as well as half-blooded horses, which are the produce of thoroughbred stallions and trotting mares and are a favorite cavalry type. For many years before the war, not only the French Army but the armies of the Low Countries and Switzerland bought their best horses in the Bocage, and I was happy to note in *La Voix* that the Swiss remount service is again sending officers to the region on buying trips. It indicated that the stud

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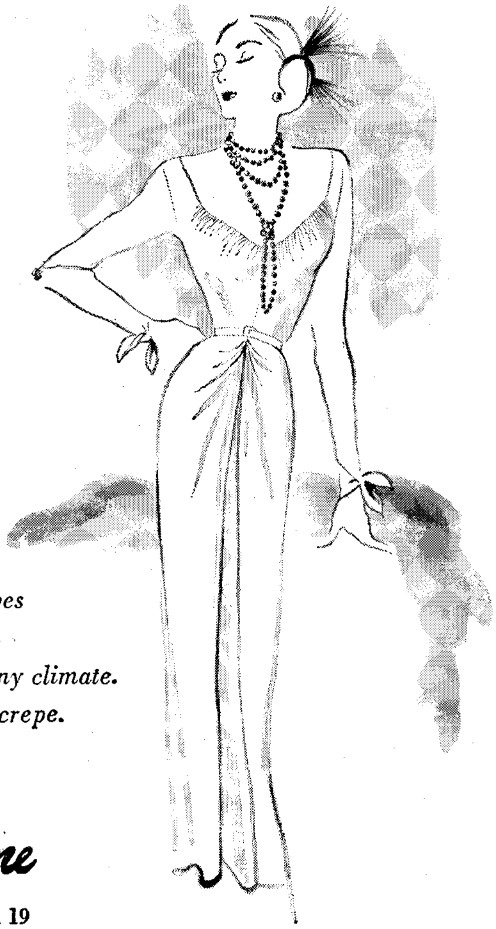
farms, like the dairy herds, are recovering.

Since horse-breeding plays such an important part in the economy of the Bocage, improvement of the breed by racing is looked upon with a kindly eye, and a fine new racecourse was one of the first things the Virois provided for themselves after they were liberated. Mounted trotting races, harness trotting races, steeplechases, and flat races are all run on the same program, which makes for variety and, apparently, a certain interest, since at the last two-day meeting I've read of the mutuels handled 4,500,000 francs, or $37,815. *La Voix* could use a good turf writer. The one it has now is careful to name every member of every committee contributing to the "success of the brilliant occasion" but has precious little to say about the horses.

"LA VOIX" also publishes fiction serials. The current one, a cape-and-sword romance about a conspiracy between the grandees of France to crown the Duke of Angoulême king instead of Louis XIII, has as its hero a dashing young swordsman who wears a violet cloak and a red plume in his hat. I confess, however, that I am considerably less absorbed in his adventures than I am in a real-life serial that, I have only recently discovered, has been running intermittently in *La Voix* for many months and that I shall here call "L'Affaire Lelièvre, or The Case of the Moistened Milk." It has to do with the self-renewing, or self-winding, lawsuit of M. Lelièvre, a farmer of Neuville, a commune adjoining Vire, against M. Thibaut, the Mayor of Neuville, for repetition of defamation by implication. The Lelièvre affair, which I have been reading about in "Tribunal Correctionnel," the *La Voix* column I favor so highly, has just entered an advanced stage, in which M. Lelièvre, who started out to collect a thousand francs, or $8.40, from M. Thibaut, has raised the ante to fifty thousand francs, or $420.17. The possibilities of M. Lelièvre's strategy, as you will presently see, appear to be almost limitless. Until I learn of the final disposition of the case, I shall have one misgiving about the financial stability of the world shared by no other American, unless *La Voix* has another American reader. A decision in favor of M. Lelièvre might unravel the world's economy as thoroughly and devastatingly as Charlie Chaplin, on catching one thread of one sleeve in a door, used to unravel his suit.

The story that brought this case to my attention appeared only a cou-



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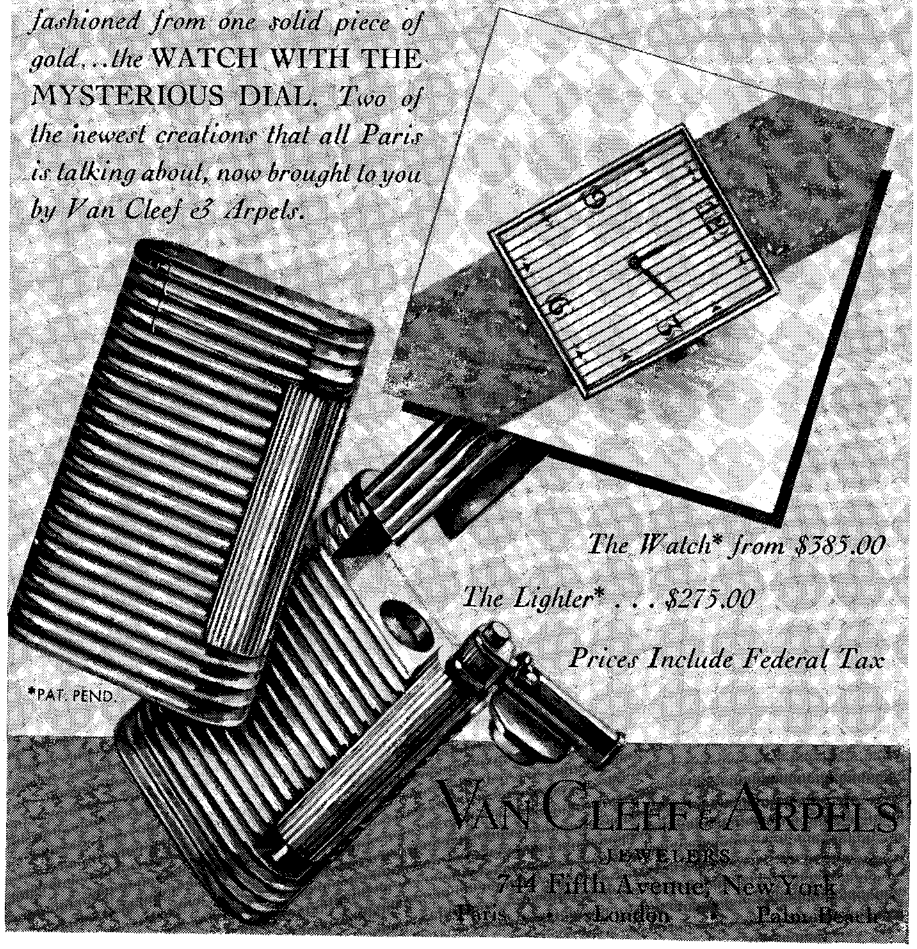

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ple of weeks ago. The headline over it read, "Epilogue of the Affair Which Opposed M. Thibaut and the Municipality of Neuville to M. Lelièvre." The text follows:

"Upon complaint of M. Lelièvre, cultivator at Neuville, M. Thibaut, Mayor of that community, appeared under inculpation of defamation. In March, 1946, M. Thibaut, at a fête for the benefit of the school lunch, made a speech; in its course he alluded to a cultivator who had spoken harshly of that infinitely useful public enterprise and accused the cultivator in question of moistening the milk he sold. He pronounced no name, but M. Lelièvre recognized that he was the object of the remark because he was the only cultivator who had expressed his hostility to the school lunch—in extremely violent terms, moreover. Unable to tolerate the slur on his professional probity, M. Lelièvre haled M. Thibaut into court, where he was ordered to pay M. Lelièvre 1,000 francs damages.

"On November 8th, 1946, M. Thibaut, at a meeting of the Municipal Council, informed his colleagues of the verdict against him. The Council, in a session at which M. Thibaut was not present [I picture him leaving the room just before the members took the vote], decided to protest formally against this verdict. A report of the Council session was communicated to the press; the press printed the story of the slight to M. Lelièvre again, thus providing an even wider diffusion of M. Thibaut's remarks than had been given to them originally. M. Lelièvre therefore considered that he was the object of a second defamation. He sued M. Thibaut again, demanding, through his attorney, Maître Roger, 50,000 francs damages with interest. [Interest dating from the previous March, I suppose.]

"Maître Trehet, for the defense, underlined the fact that his client was not responsible for the protest of the Municipal Council and pointed out that the Council had merely repeated to the press the terms of a court verdict and that the defamation complained of had been punished by the court rendering the verdict, so that the publication did not constitute a second defamation. The court took the matter under advisement."

Backtracking on the history of the Lelièvre affair, in the hope of finding out more of what M. Thibaut had said about M. Lelièvre to make him so mad, I discovered that I was somewhat handicapped because I had not been a subscriber to *La Voix* in the spring of 1946, when the first story of the vilification at

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the school-lunch fête had, I gathered, been printed. Digging through my file of the newspaper, I did, however, come upon the issue of November 15, 1946, in which the proceedings of the November 8th meeting of the Neuville Municipal Council were reported in admirable detail. I generally read *La Voix* carefully, but I apparently had skipped the Neuville notes in that issue, which is perhaps understandable, since they usually touch on nothing more exciting than reports of the outcomes of tombolas. The Neuville column of November 15, 1946, related these details concerning the Thibaut-Lelièvre controversy:

"The session of the Council was public. The Mayor, M. Thibaut, informed the Council of the verdict brought in against him on the instance of M. Lelièvre, Georges, cultivator, who claimed to have been defamed by the following remarks of the Mayor on the 31 March, 1946—'A well-to-do agriculturist, himself educated on the benches of our public school, had the luck to live within a few hundred metres of it and so within easy distance of the paternal table. He has never thought of the misery and difficulties afflicting others all around him, and he still refuses to think of them; nevertheless, I beg of him not to spread his ill will and to ruin, by his selfishness, our school lunch, which is such a boon to the children of our laboring class. I admonish him also that it is wiser and more rational to put his hand in his pocketbook to ameliorate the lot of the unfortunate than to put water in his milk and so to commit a grave offense against humankind. He has gone so far, I have been told, as to wish that a bomb would fall on the temporary building that shelters the school lunch. I leave it to you all to endeavor to comprehend the mentality of such a townsman.'

"The Council, believing that under the circumstances the Mayor had justly defended a scholastic activity appreciated by the parents of the school children, protested energetically against the verdict and stood solidly and unanimously behind the Mayor."

It seems clear to me that, according to M. Lelièvre's doctrine of cumulative, or snowballing, defamation, he will have the right, if he wins his suit for 50,000 francs, to sue again, this time for 2,500,000 francs, or $21,008, on the ground that the most recent publication of the milk-moistening accusation constitutes a *third* slander and that each successive slander entitles him to multiply the amount of his claim by fifty. Then, if *La Voix* mentions the reason for that suit, he will be in a position to demand

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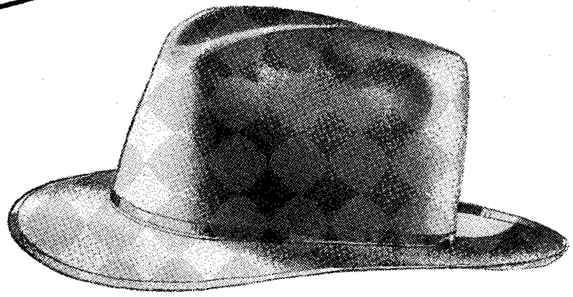

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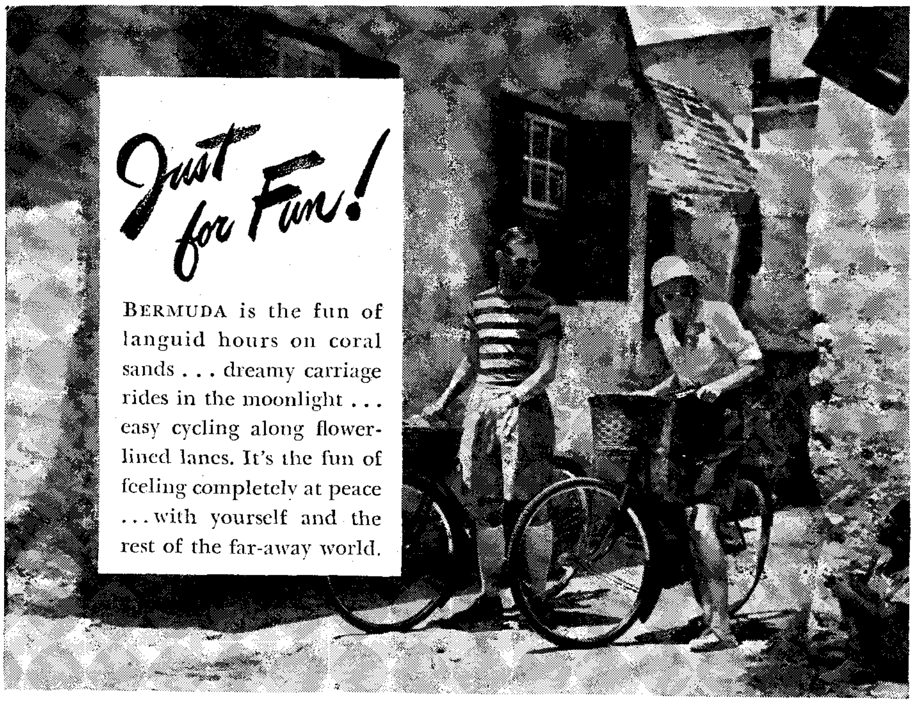

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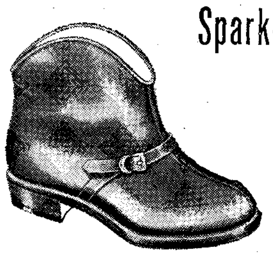

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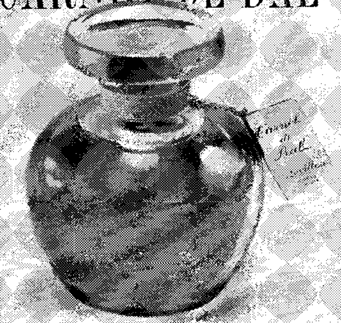

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125,000,000 francs, or $1,050,420. From what I remember of the people of the Bocage, it seems to me unlikely that even then M. Thibaut will stop repeating the accusation or that M. Le Cornec will stop printing it. Nor, of course, will M. Lelièvre stop suing. This procedure might end in the forced sale of the whole commune of Neuville to pay off M. Lelièvre. "And nevertheless," I can imagine M. Thibaut saying, "there *was* water in that milk."

The financial consequences of the affair might well have still further ramifications. It is almost inconceivable that the sale of an entire community to compensate for an unfounded charge of milk moistening would not attract reporters from the large city dailies—from Caen, Rouen, and perhaps even Paris. Their dispatches would certainly mention the cause of M. Lelièvre's suit. *Et voilà!*—the libel reiterated, and given greater currency than ever. The implacable M. Lelièvre would then, perhaps, be entitled to sue the entire Republic, which to make good would be obliged to ask for twice the amount of dollars it hopes soon to be getting under the Marshall Plan. Then, when the American correspondents went to work on the story . . .

But perhaps I have already sufficiently compounded the slander. Sometimes *La Voix du Bocage* frightens me.

—A. J. Liebling

•

AMERICAN FAMILY UNIT GETS HIGH PRAISE FROM UPSTATE MAN

[*Letter to the editor of the New Lebanon (N.Y.) Echo*]

Dear Sir,

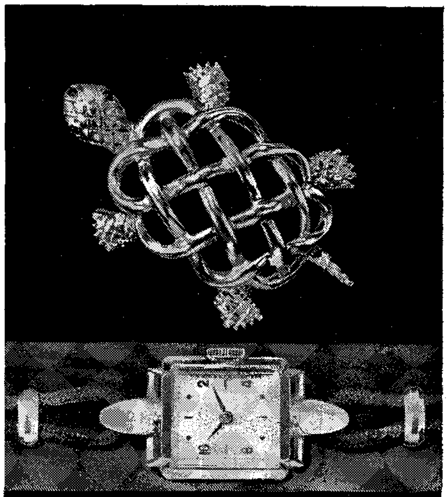
Please publish the following as a letter to the people:

The subject "sugar, and lack of it" takes me back to the time when I was a frequent visitor in the home of a Mr. Emmett . . . He will be remembered by the oldest in the Valley for his broad forehead, smooth shaven cheeks and chin whiskers which bobbed up and down in an attractive manner when he spoke with his Yankee accent.

Few left that table without seconds and thirds. Mrs. Emmett always poured and Mr. Emmett always practiced the same trick of holding his cup directly above the well-filled sugar bowl. As the coffee neared the top he always said, "that's enough," drew the cup quickly away, causing Mrs. Emmett to continue and pouring the coffee directly into the sugar.

No matter how often, she always fell for the trick and always threatened to chastise him for it in words so well chosen that it became a link in the family life; such a link as has made the family unit of America one of the greatest elements for good in the annals of human History.

Respectfully yours,
Ferdinand C. Brewer



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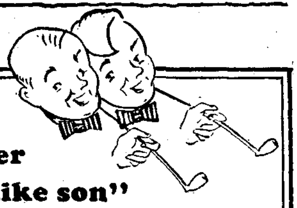

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EGYPT'S CHILD

MRS. EGYPT herself, though an interesting cat, does not figure in this story except as the mother of an animal that proved to have a rendezvous with destiny. Miniver Cheevey, mostly black, with white feet and a white tip to his tail, was the one given an opportunity to rise above his environment (a neighboring barn) and come to us as house cat, with all the advantages that meant. At the time of his transfer from the barn to my house, his paws were buttered, according to the best tradition, but when he had licked off the butter and yawned, he was the same thoroughbred barn cat as before. You cannot force on anyone a role for which he is unfitted by nature, and the art of being a pet was something in which Miniver never really became interested. He was not a lover of laps or mats. He ranged the fields and woods, and his fur smelled of moss and moldy logs, unlike that of a cat who sleeps all day in velvet chairs and leaves his hairs in them.

Miniver would never have become a major problem had it not been for my wedding, which involved closing up my house in New Hampshire during the wedding trip to Florida that my future husband and I were planning to take. I got Phyllis, the roan mare, boarded at the same barn where Mrs. Egypt lived, and I got a temporary home for Guinevere, the cow, where her four quarts a day would be appreciated, but when it came to Miniver, the neighbors had all the cats they could use. Politeness and sympathetic interest everywhere, but not a latchstring out for Miniver. At last I wired a trusty friend in Boston to find a place to board Miniver there, and we took him along on the first leg of the honeymoon.

When I called my friend from the Boston station, she told me the only place she had found was with a Miss Parks (as she shall here be called), way out in Mossbrook, at a place called Catkin Farm—too far to go that night. Through the window of the telephone booth I could see the bridegroom standing by the cat basket, which was lurching to and fro with the force of Miniver's distaste. It was unsuitable luggage for a hotel. The friend went on to say, however, that the Animal Hospital would entertain transients for one night only. So I hung up gratefully, and we relieved ourselves of Miniver at the Animal Hospital.

Next morning, we had our first contact with Catkin Farm, by telephone. I talked to Miss Parks. Yes, indeed, she took cats to board; it was her life work, she said in a sweet voice. She had a beautiful country home and every facility for their care. Cat lovers gave their valuable pets into her charge because they believed in her love and understanding of kitties, and she had never yet failed them. Every pussy placed with her had just the diet required for it. She knew how to manage the hair balls and did all the bathing herself. The kitties' rooms had a southern exposure and there was a beautiful orchard, where they loved to romp and play.

I said our cat hardly qualified for the kind of treatment Miss Parks described. He was just a common country cat, and all we needed was a place where we could be sure he would be fed.

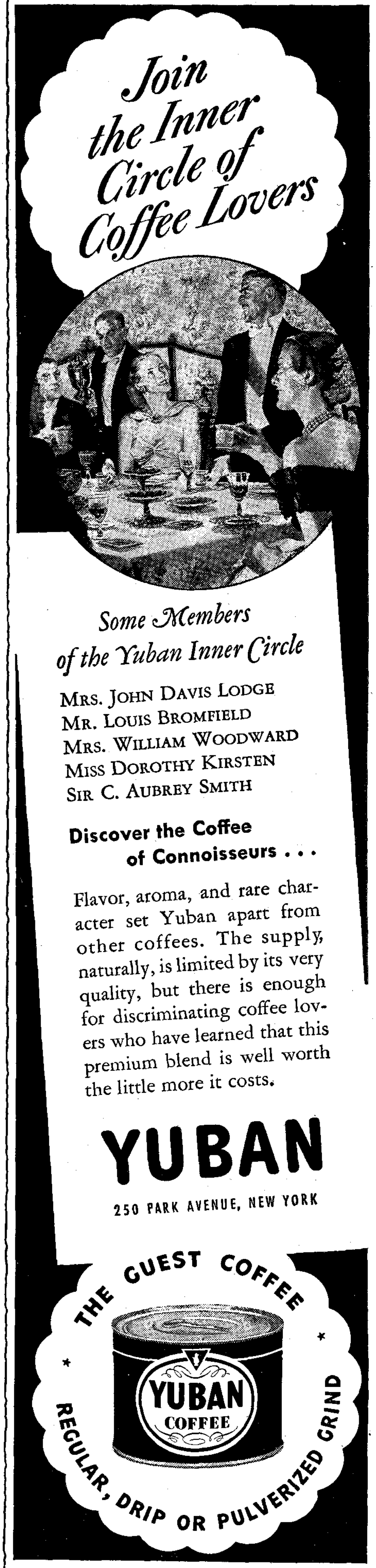
"But you love him!" she cried. "He's your pussy, isn't he? Surely you would like him loved and petted while you are away!"

We didn't mind that. What were her terms? Her terms were five dollars a week.

For five dollars a week, Phyllis, the roan mare upcountry, had a box stall, hay, straw, oats, and all attentions. Still, the schedule of the wedding trip called for the noon train south. Time pressed. There was some consultation in the hotel bedroom with a hand over the telephone mouthpiece, and a decision to surrender.

"Ah," said the sweet voice, "you won't regret it. You will always be glad you let me keep your darling pussy for you. You may be sure I will do just everything I can to make him comfortable and happy."

Miss Parks couldn't come to Boston to get Miniver. She never, never did that. Her patrons brought their cats to Catkin Farm. She would tell me just how to get there. Negotiations seemed about to bog down, but Miss Parks at last agreed to relax her in-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flexible rule and come to Boston by train. We could engage a messenger boy to bring the cat to the station to meet her. A tryst was arranged for Miss Parks and the messenger boy under the waiting-room clock at three-thirty. Miss Parks described herself. She would be wearing a sealskin cape, and a brown dress with fur around the bottom, and a hat with a little brown feather in front. We summoned a boy, gave him the instructions, and paid costs. The honeymoon was then resumed.

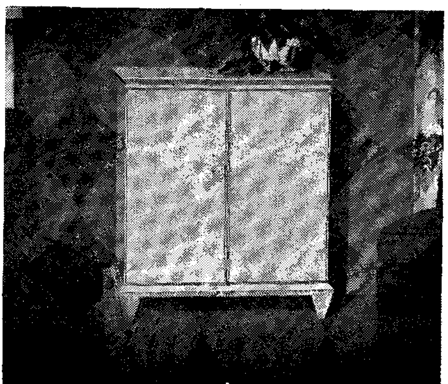
VERY soon bulletins began arriving in Florida, mixing business and sentiment, somewhat like this: "I am sure you will be glad to learn that the dear little kitty you love is safe and well in his new home. He has a good time every day romping in the snow and the hayloft. He sends his love and hopes you are having a pleasant winter. Enclosed please find statement for the next two weeks." Or: "Thank you for the check which was duly received. All goes well with the darling pussy Miniver, who wishes me to send his very best love. He plays and is the best of friends with all the other twenty pussycats. I bring him into my front room and let him stay there every little while—for two or three days at a time—for he tells me he likes folks just as well as pussies and loves to think he is my own and only one, part of the time. He is so sweet and noble."

Somehow, there was no great reassurance in these communications. We knew Miniver. No less noble cat had ever clawed needle point or hunted chipmunks. Nevertheless, checks were exchanged for notes regularly until we were ready to start North to reopen the house. I named a day upon which I begged Miss Parks to deliver the cat to us at the Boston station in time for a specified train. The train for home pulled out of Boston without our having caught a glimpse of the little brown feather in front or the cat basket. From home, I mailed a letter of polite but grim inquiry, requesting that the cat be sent on at once by express. I have carefully preserved the reply:

CATKIN FARM

DEAR MRS. HARKNESS:

Your letter mailed from your home on the 16th reached me Friday the 17th at six o'clock. Before receiving it I had had a man fix up a nice strong box with a little enamel water dish nailed on to the side—had been to Meadville and interviewed both the baggage master and the train man to get permission from both of them to be with Miniver on the trip if owing to the size of the box he would have to go into the baggage car. Then, Saturday morn-



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ing, when I was planning to send you the special delivery letter that our plans were all complete for my going to Boston with Miniver Monday, he was taken sick. I got a doctor without delay. He said that he could see no disease whatever, only the result perhaps of age and confinement for so long . . .

Miniver was six. As to confinement—what confinement? What about the orchard, the hayloft, the happy romping with the other pussies?

Saturday he would not eat and I had to feed him with a spoon, but Sunday he ate six times of the tender steak which I bought for him—the best I could buy. I wrote you Sunday evening telling you what had happened and how badly I felt for you—but how encouraged the doctor and I were—but Monday morning did not mail the letter because Miniver died that forenoon. She did not seem at all conscious for the last few hours. She slept and slept, and her breathing grew weaker and weaker until she went without a struggle.

I paid the good doctor two dollars when he came Saturday, feeling sure that you would want me to do this for your pet. I should like to see you and talk with you sometime.

Someday I am sure we both will see again "our" dear little "Miniver"—that I never doubt in regard to any of these dear little friends who have left us—and one thing he will surely want to tell you is how truly happy he always was at Catkin Farm.

I will send you the little body, if you wish, just as soon as I hear from you—and with sympathy most truly real, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

VIOLET P. PARKS

For all her devotion to the good and noble Miniver, Miss Parks had referred to him both as "he" and "she," suggesting a certain vagueness in her mind as to which cat it was that had died so lamentably. The question is: Was it Miniver who died on the eve of being returned or was it another? Had Miniver long since left the absent-minded Miss Parks and taken to the road, a free cat on the face of the earth?

For the good doctor, the lady was never reimbursed. Not even for the little enamel water dish. We sent a telegram of three words—"Bury the cat"—and we never heard from her again.

—MARJORY GANE HARKNESS

•

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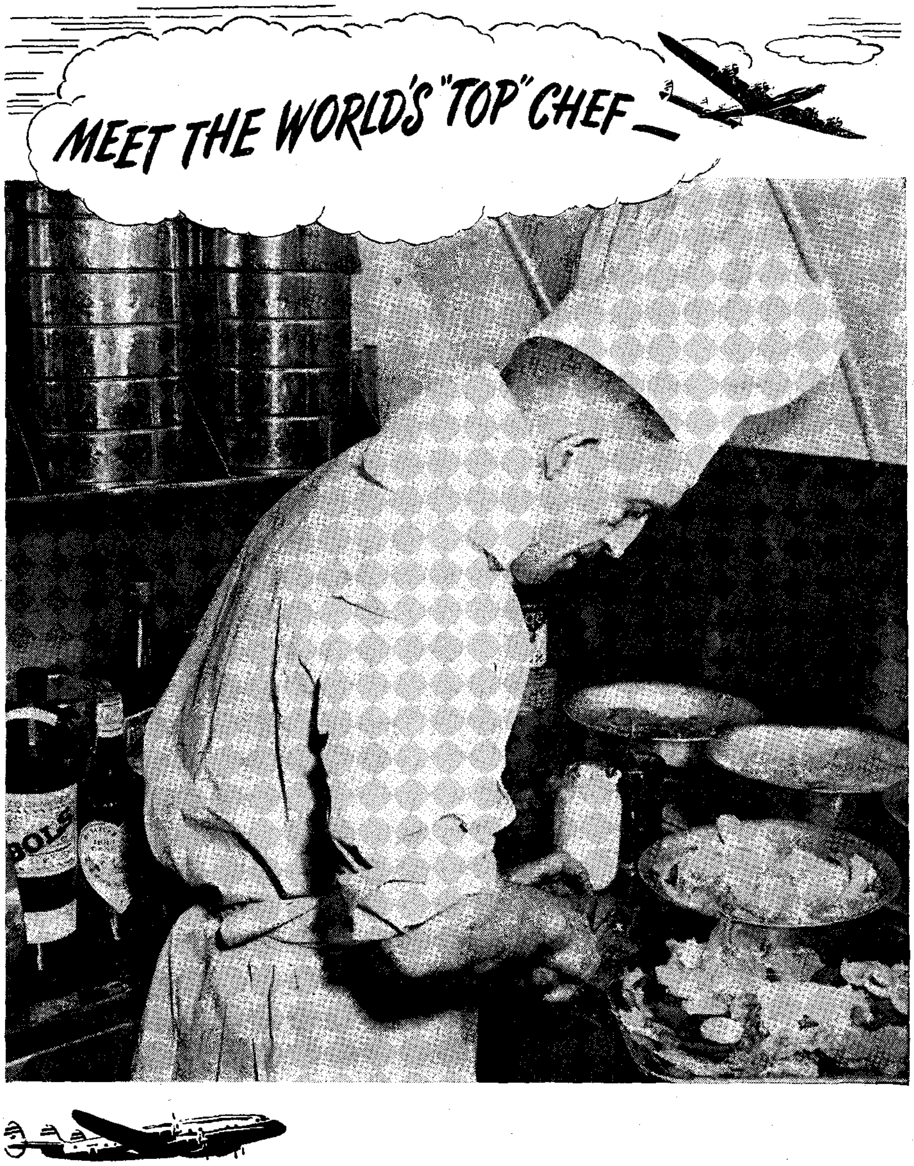
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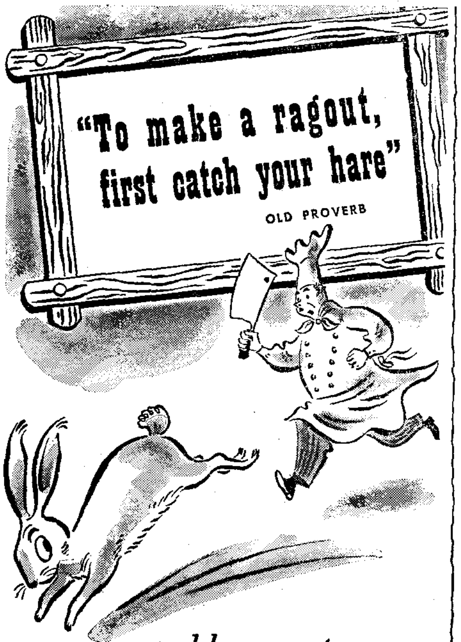
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THE ART GALLERIES

Foreign and Domestic

ONE of the puzzles that have never been adequately explained is the isolated national artistic revival, something I have already wondered at in print and shall probably wonder at again. What brings it to mind this week is the group showing of paintings by British artists, now at the Metropolitan. Why did the French have practically a monopoly of good painting in the nineteenth century, and only in the nineteenth? Why did the Dutch and Flemish enjoy much the same position in the late sixteenth century and all of the seventeenth, and the Italians from the fourteenth until well into the sixteenth? Note, too, how rare it is that a truly great artist appears alone—a one-man renaissance, so to speak—unaccompanied by a school or a group. The French, in the course of their lucky century, did not get just Courbet or Renoir or Delacroix; they got them and a dozen other painters equally good. The Dutch, when their number came up, got not only Rembrandt and Hals but Cuyp, Ruysdael, Ter Borch, Hobbema, and Vermeer. Renaissance Venice, a town hardly larger than Bridgeport, had not just Titian and Veronese but Tintoretto, Giorgione, and the Bellinis. It would appear that in art a nation hits the jackpot or nothing.

Now it looks as if the British, after wandering for close to a century in a haze of Pre-Raphaelite romanticism, are in the midst of a minor revival, and each new viewing of their contemporary work reveals how integrated and purposeful the movement is. The current exhibition, which was organized by the Albright Art Gallery, of Buffalo, and has made an extensive tour of this country, is an especially interesting example. Thirteen artists are represented—some of them, like Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland, already well known here—and the range of styles is from the blandly naturalistic to the determinedly abstract. Yet an odd sort of temperamental affinity permeates them all, from the rather dry, documentary canvases of Eric Ravilious to the abstractions of John Tunnard, an affinity which, though hard to define, seems to me in its general manifestation a demonstration of the traditional British feeling for decorum

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and good taste. Good taste, in the sense of politeness, is not always a notable virtue in the arts; the real leaders among the artists are usually known for the violence they do to the accepted rules of artistic conduct. And it may be that in the end it will prove to be a fault of this particular movement—it has, I think, already shown itself to be in the case of Tunnard—that will prevent it from reaching its fullest expression. There is no doubt, though, that at the moment it is the quality that does most to give this group its unmistakable air of homogeneity, and that it also contributes a certain gracefulness and charm to its work.

Moore and Sutherland are the top men in the group. Moore is represented by only a few of his crayon-and-wash sketches, mostly early—which, though attractive enough in themselves, give no hint of his larger capacities, as a sculptor—but the five pieces by Sutherland are admirably selected to display the forcefulness of his expression and his true originality of concept. I liked particularly the green "Thorn Trees" and the more realistic "Tin Mine, Miner Approaching." John Tunnard, who, in spite of his almost too cautious attack, has gone about as deeply as anyone of this generation into the problems of depicting spatial relations in abstract terms, has a set of half a dozen paintings that beautifully convey the delicate intellectuality and precision of his style. Perhaps the best is his "Forecast, 1945," more complex in design and more daring in color than most of his work, but the more tightly patterned "Painting, 1944" ranks close behind. Of the other painters, Edward Burra, who does big, rather baroque water colors with a flavor of Surrealism about them, is the most interesting, and his study of a French sailors' bar, called "Rossi," his "Harlem" (done, apparently, on a visit to this country), and the large, cleverly executed "Bal des Pendues" all show considerable technical adventurousness and imagination. I recommend, too, Robert Colquhoun's sombre, somewhat Expressionist "Hebridian Woman;" John Piper's "Cornish Coast" and "Derelict Cottage, Llanthony," both alertly handled and dexterously designed; and the fluent little slightly Chagall-like "Wings over Water," "Morning, Purbeck Courtyard," and "The Weir," by Frances Hodgkins, who, though seventy-seven years old, is in some ways the liveliest of the whole group.

TWO abstractionists are on the list for this week—Hugh Kappel at the Feigl, and John Stephan at the Betty

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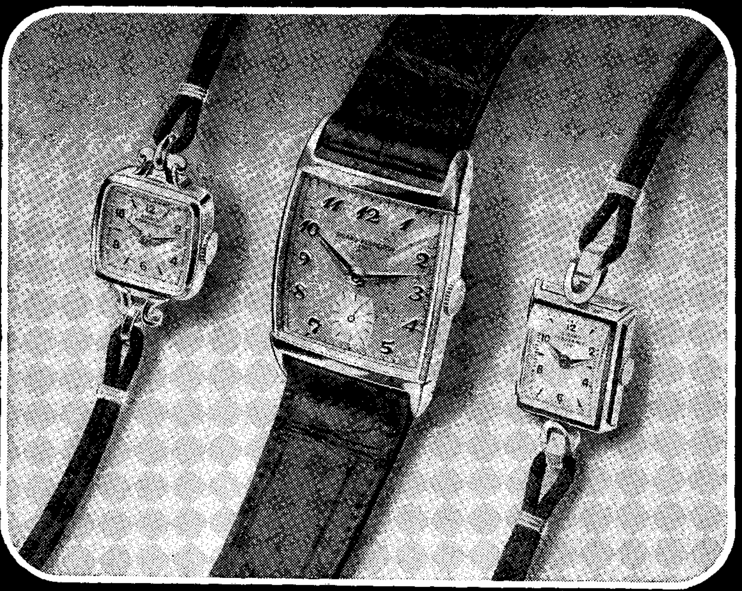

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EDITORIAL

Did You Miss These?

Why Miss More?

FREEDOM & UNION seeks to organize the world for liberty and peace—and its coming numbers will contribute even more to this goal. They will include an article, *Freedom Works—Tyranny Fumbles,* by Paul Findley which will be a tonic to those who are discouraged by our "chronically confused democracy." It proves from official U. S., Nazi and Japanese records that democracy was far more foresighted, supple and efficient during the war, and that Nazi censorship hid almost incredible blunders . . . To know how to make democracy work still better, read the article FREEDOM & UNION will soon publish by Edward L. Bernays, eminent authority on public relations. Coming, too, are the exciting biographical drama that Hattie May Pavlo has written about the great Federalist, Alexander Hamilton, and a rich variety of features that no one who wants a free and peaceful world can afford to miss.

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Parsons. They are of the modern school, painting loosely, with no regard for flat-pattern requirements and with as much symbolism in their work as direct abstraction. Kappel, a German refugee and once a pupil of Gromaire, has something of his master's free use of color, and he also has a gift for tense, vigorous design, which, though it sometimes sets his canvases whirling rather meaninglessly, gives them at other times an astonishing amount of strength. The best, I think, are his broadly painted, somewhat playful "Landscape," his "Forms Against Sky," and his larger, more densely patterned "Canvas Behind Still Life." His show closes next Wednesday, by the way.

Stephan is much more restrained, in both color and treatment, and his attack is predominantly intellectual—occasionally a little too dryly and introspectively so for his own good. He has a nice sense of rhythmic structure, however, and his "Skeleton of a Sea Serpent" and "The Nude and Its Shadow" are solidly conceived and well-balanced paintings.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

The method leading from flowers to animals and from animals to human beings has been found most satisfactory. The child can be told very young about the fertilizing of flowers; the bee goes to the Father flower and asks for some of his honey, and the flower answers, "Yes, you may have some honey if you will take my love to that Mother flower over there, because I can't fly like you and go to her." So the bee takes the honey and carries the "love" of the Father flower to the Mother flower, and she says, "Now I have got his 'love' I can put it with my 'love' and make a Baby flower." The pollen can be pointed out. If the child has absorbed this information *before* he wants to know about animals, it will be easy to develop the allegory when his curiosity widens. —*"Common Sense in the Nursery," by Mrs. Sydney Frankenburg.*

What if his curiosity atrophies? What then?

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[From "Furlough," a short story by Roy Finch in "Cross Section—1945"]

"I wouldn't want to leave New York now. Besides I know so many people, and I'm just going to move into a new apartment—that is, if I can find one near enough. This is so dismal, and it doesn't have the right furniture. I want some place where I can have people in more often, and they won't find it so gloomy. These lights are terrible, and the refrigerator is broken all the time."

"Why don't you wait until after the war?" he asked. "Then there'll be more places to choose from."

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

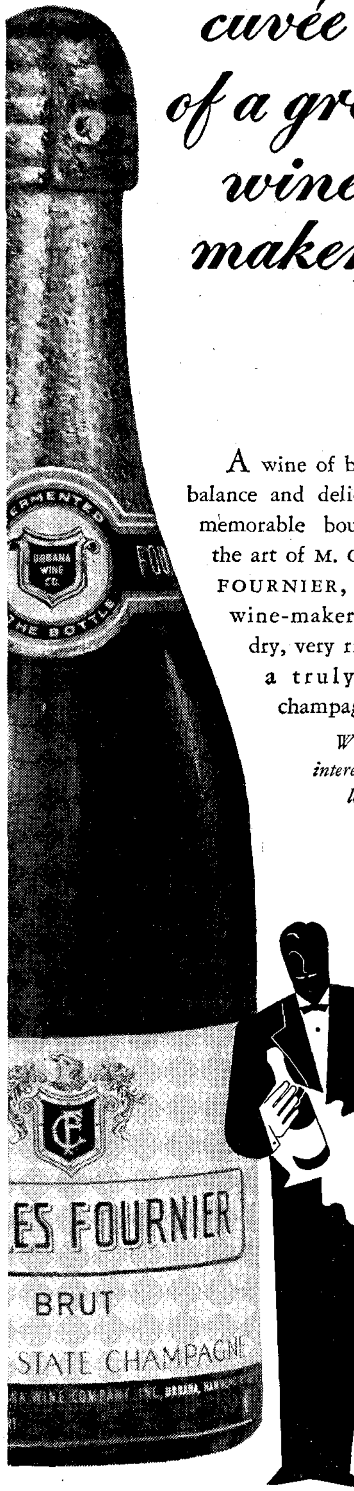
ABOUT THE HOUSE

DROPPING in at W. & J. Sloane every fall to inspect the latest edition of the House of Years has come to be a little like going home for Thanksgiving and finding that the folks have been pushing the furniture around again. This time, Sloane has pushed its furniture around most successfully, I think, in the library of its model house. "Library" is what W. & J. call the room; I would call it a living room. The place is neither very bookish, as a library is supposed to be, nor stuffy, as a great many libraries unfortunately are; it's simply a cheerful spot in which to read, write (there's a desk), listen to records (the machine is inside an extremely nice pine cabinet), or just sit around with a drink. There's a military theme to the decoration—old, painted bronze figures of grenadiers made into lamps, a frieze of tiles over the fireplace showing historic American flag raisings, and antique tin soldiers in shadow boxes that have been built into a couple of the bookshelves. Three of the walls have been covered with plywood, and the fourth with a kind of plaster veneer, to show how ornamental these substances can be. The plywood, in this case, doesn't attempt to imitate real wood panelling but is pleasantly warm and satisfying in its own way. The plaster veneer looks like whitewashed brick (it can be had in a number of other designs), and it comes in large, oblong sheets, which are fastened to the wall with screws.

THE hearth-and-fender outfit of Edwin Jackson, which used to be on East 60th Street, has moved its fireplaces and stoves to 159 East 54th Street. What's more, the firm has announced impulsively that it intends to heat its new premises with its own wares during the winter. A towering Swedish porcelain stove, over eight feet tall, has been installed in the street-floor showroom, and the second-floor showroom will be warmed by a pair of Franklin stoves. For all this snapping of fingers at central heating, the Jackson people do not mean to imply that the basement furnace has no place in present-day life; their point is that it can be supplemented both comfortably and handsomely, and that it is possible to keep reasonably warm without one.

There is a great deal to see in the new Jackson shop while waiting for winter and the start of the big test. Several Louis XV and XVI marble mantels have been brought over from France; they start at $350. Old English brass fenders with bow fronts and claw feet cost from $120; one, at $275, has an attached rack for fire tools, and the tools to go with it. There are antique andirons, of course, and square, cylindrical, and double-decked porcelain stoves. Then, Jackson has been gathering up wood mantels and overmantel panelling from old American houses, along with a store of such odds and ends as doors, shutters, and wood moldings. It's an excellent source of supply to know about, if you happen to be doing over a house—and if the things happen to fit your specifications—because new ones are not only hard to come by nowadays but are likely to be still oozing sap on delivery.

A GLANCE at the calendar may have set you thinking of electric blankets; if so, I have a cheerful report to submit. You can hardly avoid stumbling over them at any department store in town—in single- and double-bed sizes and in various colors. There's even that dual-control job, which allows each occupant of a double bed to tune his half of the blanket to a personally agreeable degree of warmth. Or you can have a cotton-filled, electrified comforter, a sort of quilted-satin slipcover arrangement encasing a removable heating pad. Lewis & Conger have a new and modest relative of these elaborate bedcovers—an electrically heated cotton pad for the foot of a bed, to take the place of a hot-water bottle; single-bed size, A.C. or D.C., and $7.95. . . . The firm of Kim Hoffmann-Stephen Heidrich, 225 East 57th Street, has a new idea in double-duty custom furniture—a pair of innocent-looking, armless upholstered chairs that become a cot for an extra overnight guest when they are connected by a cushioned section that locks into place between them. The cushions are of foam rubber and can be covered as you please; the price of the contraption, upholstered in muslin and painted, is $240. . . . The Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th), has some boxed sets of hard-



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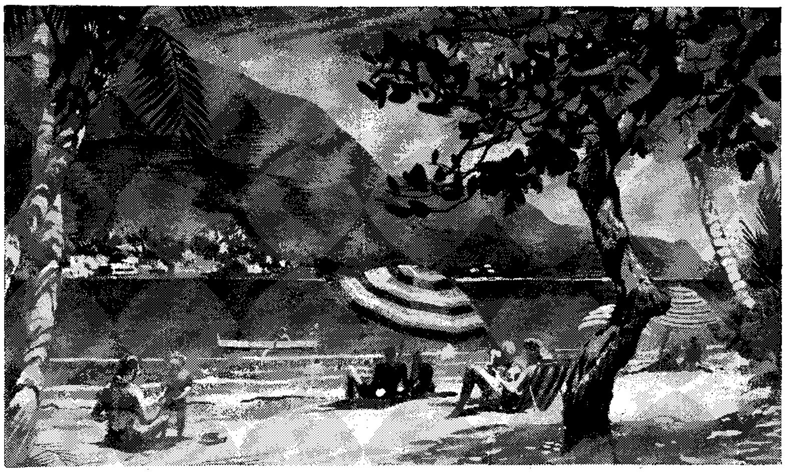

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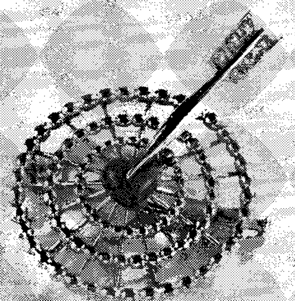

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*Pat. Pending

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wood salt and pepper grinders, which is hardly startling intelligence from that establishment. What *is* noteworthy, though, is that the salt grinders have been treated to prevent the salt from gumming up and becoming ungrindable in damp weather—or so the Bazar gravely swears. A pair of mills, including peppercorns and rock salt, is yours for four bucks. . . . The knife in an excellent hand-ground steel carving set at Abercrombie & Fitch has a forked tip on its blade that permits a carver to spear and serve his slices without trouble. The set comes in a good-looking walnut case and costs $20. I had probably better add that it's called the Snickersnee. . . . Lewis & Conger have a fire-extinguisher bomb in the shape of a glass swan, filled with carbon tetrachloride. This is clearly made for people (I am one of them) who have never yet managed to decipher the instructions on a pump extinguisher; all you have to do with this one is to hurl it at the blaze. It costs $4.95.

—B. B.

•

JEWEL OF AN IDEA—Here's a new angle to an old triangle: Many a time you've folded your large square scarf into a triangle, parted the two meeting corners, slipped each around your neck, tied them into a small knot in back, then caught the two lower ends around your waist with another back knot and tucked the bottom edge in around waist band of slacks, skirt or shorts for a halter effect. But this time, get a new angle on that front neckline. Before you tie that top knot, slip your wedding ring through one corner, your engagement ring through the other. Makes for a sweetheart neckline. Or slip your wrist watch or snappiest looking bracelet through *both* corners before you part and tie them to make the scarf front fan out in soft folds over your bosom.—*The World-Telegram.*

And if you really want it to fan out, lash a small electric fan around your waist and plug yourself in.

•

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION
(BROKEN LEGS AND ONE THING AND ANOTHER DIVISION)

[*From the 1930 Class Notes in the Bryn Mawr Alumnae Bulletin*]

The news of two broken legs has reached your editor. Does this mean we are cracking up or still being youthfully daring? Annie Leigh Broughton fell while climbing near Keene Valley and has had a long and trying time in the hospital as a result.

A letter from Nina Skidmore mentions the fact that she also broke her leg but gave none of the details. She is living in Elizabethton, Tenn., which is in the Smoky Mountains. She went there to visit in 1942 and writes that what with the broken leg and one thing and another she is still there.

TABLES FOR TWO

Ladies' Night

FOR some reason that I mean to go into when I get a chance, people feel an urge about this time of year to leave their entirely comfortable living rooms and head for the night clubs. The annual migration received considerable encouragement this fall when Chippie Hill, the old blues singer, settled down in the Village Vanguard. Miss Hill still delivers a song the way most people call a taxi. While shouting her almost unintelligible lyrics, she plants her feet wide apart, snaps her fingers, and peers defiantly at her audience through thick spectacles. There are those who say that what comes out is music, and others who maintain that it's just a long, hoarse yell, but in either case she has a certain good-humored, earthy charm that makes you like her, particularly when she sings her lighter numbers, such as "Steady Roll." She has, quite rightly, made no concessions to the passage of time in either her repertoire or her style, and if you're one of those people who like to dredge up the flavor of the old days, you can convince yourself that the Vanguard is a speakeasy simply by shutting your eyes.

AT the Ruban Bleu, Maxine Sullivan, who never took a lesson from Miss Hill in her life, is demonstrating what the use of a little subtlety can do for a girl. She is about as restrained and undemonstrative as a singer can be without going to sleep. The microphone, I imagine, is partly responsible for her seeming lack of effort, but her natural style is so different from the alternating crude distress and *joie de vivre* of Chippie Hill that beside the latter she seems almost a disembodied spirit. As usual, she balances ballads, like "Molly Malone," with comedy songs, like "I Never Cried So Much in All My Life," and there's not a torch song in the lot. In addition to Miss Sullivan (who wears, incidentally, what must be the longest pair of white gloves outside the Court of St. James), the Ruban Bleu offers Paul Villard, back with a new sunburn and the same set of semi-salacious limericks he presented during his turn here last year. Mr. Villard's principal assets are an exceptionally handsome, boyish face and the ability to draw deeper and more exhausted breaths than anybody else in town; I refuse to consider his accordion an asset, since I feel sure that even I could equal him on the instrument after a few hours of practice. I am more seriously concerned over a comedian here named George Kreisler, a man impressively equipped with technique and magnetism but so handicapped by his material that he may wither away unless somebody fits him out with some reasonable lyrics. His songs have titles like "You Bore Me"—the sort of theme that has propped up generations of undergraduate librettists. Since Mr. Kreisler has sharp-edged enunciation, and a pair of expressive eyebrows to back it up, I hope that he'll find himself some new numbers soon.

ANOTHER brand of comedy is that provided at the Blue Angel by the Three Flames, a raucous colored trio who deal in convoluted nonsense. One of their songs is called "The Blue Angel Blues." It was, conveniently, "The Vanguard Blues" when the trio was down at the Vanguard this summer, and before that, when they were at Spivy's Roof, it was, as I recall, "The Spivy Blues." As in most of the boys' numbers, the burden of carrying the lyric—which is full of double and triple meanings, and sometimes has no meaning at all—shifts from one singer to another with the speed of a pelota ball. While delivering these absurdities, the Three Flames mug a good deal, kid each other, and smile broadly at the audience to take the curse off their most outrageous lines. The Blue Angel also offers the extremely youthful team of Mark Lawrence and Alice Pearce. Mr. Lawrence plays the piano and Alice Pearce presents herself as a complete moron with a high, high squeak and a recurrent giggle. Somehow, I can't follow along wholeheartedly when a young woman like Miss Pearce, who is obviously possessed of great practical intelligence, arbitrarily transforms herself into a flibbertigibbet. With the assistance of many props, such as a dilapidated fur piece and an inverted handbag for a hat, Miss Pearce sings, among other things, her version of a folk song, in which she accompanies herself on what she calls "a five-string Scottish fluke," and her version of "Two Cigarettes in the Dark," in which she smokes both the cigarettes at once. I guess she is pretty funny, at

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that. Also on the Blue Angel bill is a sophisticated party named Amanda Lane, who sings charming and unfamiliar love songs in a tone of quiet desperation.

NELLIE LUTCHER, at Café Society Downtown, has such a husky voice that I found myself sympathetically clearing my throat several times while she was singing. She has a way of starting each line of a song so loudly and ending it so softly that the effect is almost hypnotic. Much of the time, she abandons her lyrics altogether and substitutes something that sounds like "peep, peep" or "be, be, be," but she accompanies herself so magnificently on the piano that you'll probably not care much about the words. One of her songs, "Hurry On Down," is worth sitting through the rest of the show to hear. . . . A few blocks away, Louise Howard is enlivening the bar at One Fifth Avenue. She is undoubtedly a clever comedienne, but it seems to me—and this is clearly a minority opinion—that she's a bit too unrestrained. When she sang "Cocktails for Two," taking the part of a girl who dissolves gradually into complete inebriety, I could only sit there stonily while everybody around me laughed. On the same program, a very young boy and girl, with the odd names of Nype and Coté (I never did find out which was which), do some nice tricks with close harmony. They have a really enchanting freshness and simplicity. —F. L.

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND DEPT.

[*From "Night and the City," by Gerald Kersh, British edition*]

The barber squeezed the rubber powder-bottle—*bop, bop, bop.* —*Page 9.*
Ping! went the clock. —*Page 12.*
Spang! . . . Spang! went the rifle. —*Page 13.*
Tap, tap; tap, tap went his sharp little heels. —*Page 27.*
Thud-thud went the swinging doors. —*Page 58.*
Yaaaaaaoooooouuuuuu! . . . Ghrooooo-oooooooouwowow! howled the black cat. —*Page 98.*
Ptss-ptssss! went the pan. —*Page 102.*
Couaaaaaaaaaaaa! went a saxophone. —*Page 141.*
Figler . . . blew his nose. *Plch-plch-plch.* —*Page 150.*
Ponk! the bottle opened. —*Page 155.*
Tatatatatat-tatatatatatatatat! went the tommy-gun. —*Page 234.*
He tore a muscle out of some fellow's arm—*phip!* —*Page 290.*
Kration breathed in short coughs *Assss . . . Asssss . . . Asssss. . . .* Blood ran from his nose . . . *prup-aghhh . . . prug-aghhh. . . .* Wind rushed out *ahffffffff* with a fine spray of blood. —*Page 298.*

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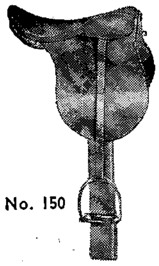

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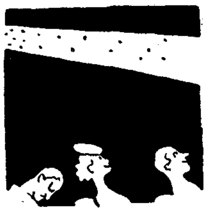

WALT DISNEY, who seems to have been determinedly aiming at mediocrity in his recent productions, has not even hit that mark in "Fun and Fancy Free." The cartoons he has supplied for his latest gambol are as cloying as the figures that ornament cut-rate wedding cakes. I must say that they are appropriate to the themes he has chosen, which are handled with appalling vulgarity. With the help of six writers and three directors, Mr. Disney has attempted to tell two stories—one about a circus bear named Bongo, who escapes into the woods, and the other a variation on "Jack and the Beanstalk." The Bongo tale was pleasant enough as it was set down years ago by Sinclair Lewis, who adapted it from Heinrich Heine. In Mr. Disney's hands, it hardly remains suitable for children, since it is overburdened with meaching suggestiveness and downright sadism, the latter being most obvious when a group of amorous bears sing, "Bears like to say it with a slap," and then cuff the hell out of each other. To bolster his interpretation of "Jack and the Beanstalk," Mr. Disney has added Edgar Bergen and his dummies to a cast that includes Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. It has always been painful to me to watch Mr. Bergen's struggles to keep from betraying the movement of his lips to the camera. In "Fun and Fancy Free," it is just a little more painful than usual, because of the quality of the lines he produces with so much effort. A cow, for example, that cannot give milk is referred to by McCarthy as "an udder failure." With that kind of dialogue, Mr. Disney stands a good chance of alienating his adult audience. It would be interesting to know, in fact, what age group he was thinking about when he made this picture. As it stands, it isn't up to the intellectual requirements of a three-year-old with a pointed head.

"THE FOXES OF HARROW," from the blubbery novel of the same name, is a film that attempts to do for New Orleans what "Gone with the Wind" did for Atlanta. It offers us a romantic Irish adventurer, quick with cards, women, and horses, who falls in

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love with a high-toned beauty and then hashes matters by quarrelling with her on their wedding night. Before the two finally get together again, several miles of patently fake scenery have unrolled before our eyes and all kinds of preposterous characters have shuffled past the camera. The only thing I found absorbing in the picture was the dialects employed by the actors. Rex Harrison, as the Irishman, speaks with the brittle precision of an Oxonian, and Maureen O'Hara, who plays the New Orleans Creole belle, has an undulant brogue. To confuse the situation further, a German couple who turn up somewhere along the line frequently lapse into an accent that sounds Swedish, and a vicomte, as interpreted by Gene Lockhart, sounds like a Middle Westerner. The dialogue that is shovelled about in these assorted accents is fierce stuff to listen to. Mr. Harrison has to mutter such lines as "You're filled with a love and a hate, and you don't know which," and Miss O'Hara's responses aren't much more enlightened. The script fills out the bickering between the principals with a full quota of standard costume-drama scenes. There is the great gambling match, for instance, in which Mr. Harrison coldly wipes out a cad at blackjack, and the big duel, in which Mr. Harrison shoots down a cad who has reflected on his honor. Watching Mr. Harrison in this film, I found it hard to believe that he is the actor who performed so splendidly in so many English pictures. It almost seems as though his present Hollywood bosses never looked up his record.

SCENARIO writers certainly grind out eerie plots for cow-country films nowadays, but I don't think there's a chance that anybody will cook up one more elaborately silly than that of "Desert Fury." This sandy and noisy drama tells what happens when the daughter of a lady gambler falls for a gentleman gambler who has previously been her mother's beloved. In the role of the daughter, Lizabeth Scott pouts childishly, and in the role of Ma, Mary Astor seems more refined than lady gamblers are likely to be. The piece is in Technicolor that not only blazes but blinds. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Wallace, grinning over his glasses, told his audience that "strange things can happen to a person who makes a speech here in Madison Square Garden."—*Baltimore Sun.*

Proved his point, too.

YOU AND MADAME BUTTERFLY

IT was a Japanese moon and deep yellow. Looking up, you could see it in the sky, and looking down, you could see it again, reflected in the indolent water of the Emperor's moat. The crooked Japanese trees caught hold of the moonlight, twisting it about so that it glistened on the surfaces of the leaves and seemed to come at you from all directions.

Second Lieutenant Richard Avarno lay flat on his back in the curling grass with his arms under his head. A Japanese girl was sitting behind him, leaning against the slender bole of a tree, her knees drawn up before her. She was staring across the moat toward the curved outline of the Emperor's palace, barely distinguishable and looking more like a stage backdrop than a solid building. The Lieutenant reached back and playfully grabbed the girl's ankle, turning it carefully, so as not to hurt her. "You and Madame Butterfly!" he said.

She said nothing. Lately, she wouldn't answer when he spoke in English, even if she half understood him. She used to ask him to explain, and, to tease her, he'd usually refused, so she'd given up asking. There was no way of telling from her face what she was thinking. Rounded cheeks, oval mouth, and the Mongolian fold above the eyes—it was an ordinary, pretty Japanese face, and Avarno could never quite figure it out. A moment before, they had been lovers. Now she was calm and respectable. Propped up against the tree, with her skirt drawn carefully over her knees, she looked like a slant-eyed English schoolmistress at some exclusive young ladies' picnic.

The Lieutenant stretched sleepily, comfortably, almost smugly. "Kazuko, it is very pleasant here," he said in Japanese.

"That is so," she agreed.

"The night is very cool and pleasant."

"Yes," she said.

Avarno kicked himself mentally. It was always a pleasant day, or a pleasant dress she was wearing, or a pleasant feeling he had when he was near her. Back at Yale, where he'd been for a year at the Army's expense, the entire Japanese language had been booted and crammed down his throat, but it seemed that only one adjective had really impressed him.

The rattle of a jeep threading its way along the broken road nearby disturbed Avarno only momentarily. There were rules against fraternization, of course, but no one was likely to look here. He and the girl were hidden from the road by a big granite monument, and not even someone standing on the sacred shore of the Emperor's island could possibly notice them among the trees.

The spot they were on was a private island of their own in the rubble of Tokyo—discovered by Second Lieutenant Richard Avarno, who had found it and claimed it for the United States Army and his Jap sweetheart, Kazuko Mishima. The Lieutenant laughed silently. There must be places like this in New York, he thought—small, undiscovered regions about five feet square that no one had ever set foot in. The idea amused him.

The thought of New York—of home—came and went very quickly. He rolled over on his stomach and looked at the girl. She was conscious of his appraising eyes and dropped her own. This dropping of the eyes, the Lieutenant reflected, was a special trick of hers, and she did it charmingly.

FOR the three months Avarno had known her, everything about her had fascinated him. They had met backstage at the Ueno Gekijo, a down-at-the-heels suburban theatre that specialized in American-style revues. The Nips had become glamour-conscious after the war, and they packed foul-smelling, filthy auditoriums like this to gape at the short skirts and middy blouses worn by the chorus.

It was Avarno's first time as a stage-door Johnny. He'd gone down to the theatre on a case. His job in the Counter-Intelligence Corps frequently took him far from the center of the city on wild-goose chases. This time he'd gone to investigate an anti-American demonstration, which turned out to be two young Japanese ex-soldiers who had polished off a jug of sake. He questioned

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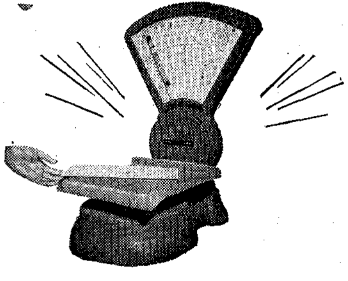

them and released them, and then he stayed to watch the show from the wings with the manager—an old man in a long, black kimono, who was frightened to death of him. It was 1920 vaudeville done in Japanese, and done very poorly. Kazuko danced twice by herself and the rest of the time with the ensemble. She was taller than the others—about five feet five—and rather clumsy in her movements, but to Avarno she was the only human being on a stage full of animated dolls. After the performance, he told the manager to take him to her dressing room, and the old man complied, bowing thirty distinct bows along the way.

She was sitting on her heels removing her makeup with a dirty cloth. She must have been terribly frightened when he appeared, holding his shoes in one hand and closing the sliding door behind him, but there was no way of telling it from her eyes. He spoke a few halting sentences to her, explaining that he thought the show was very pleasant and saying how extremely pleasant her dancing had been. She thanked him formally, handed him a cushion to sit on, and began the flattery the Japs give to all Americans who can speak five consecutive words in Japanese. At the same time, with deft, graceful movements, she began to change from her costume into a shabby cotton street dress, and Avarno, who was battling with his limited vocabulary, dropped the struggle entirely and gazed at her nude beauty in devout admiration. He had no way of knowing whether this was Japanese disingenuousness or not. There was nothing immodest in her attitude. But he decided at that moment, as positively and as suddenly as a woman decides to purchase a new hat, to take the girl for his mistress.

"Please to come and visit me at my billet," he said.

"I cannot."

"I will give you a present if you come, and many fine things," he insisted, and for the first time he saw her eyes drop. "You will come?"

"*Tabun*—perhaps," she said, and Avarno gave her his address and left, wondering whether she had understood him.

NOW, staring at her in the half-darkness, he was still puzzled by her. She had come, as he had hoped, the very next day. She was naïve, nervous, and gently rebuking. He gave her a small bundle composed of several cartons of cigarettes, which she could convert into twice the amount of her

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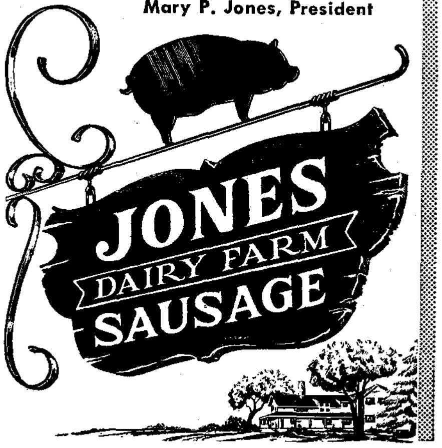

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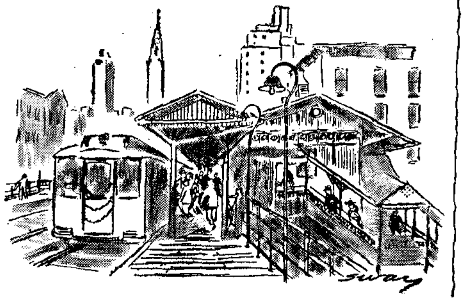
weekly pay, and promised to give her money on her next visit. After that, she came often. The officers who were billeted in the same house with him would make comments, all of them envious, as they walked off together, and Avarno would laugh, because he knew their mistresses had gold teeth and were none of them more than five feet two.

Only on weekends, when Avarno and the girl were alone in some mountain hotel far from the M.P. patrols, did he completely forget the barriers of race and circumstance between them, as he forgot the noisy barter of the Tokyo streets, the shabby, frightened people, and the ugly, spying aspects of his job. Then he achieved a kind of peace that he had read of in books but had never dreamed was possible. When he wanted to talk, she would talk, and when he was silent, she would say nothing. When he wanted his bath, she would bathe him, and then she would set out his food on the low table in their room. Sometimes he would question her about her family and she would talk of her father, who, as far as Avarno could gather, was something between an architect and a master carpenter. Or she would speak sadly of her brother, who had been an Army engineer and had died on Okinawa—a fanatic fighter, who had taken his toll of American lives. She seemed to have no fear of Avarno's resenting this, and when she was sorrowful, her voice would always call forth his sympathy, in spite of his four years of hating the Japs. When she mourned her pretty kimonos, destroyed by an indiscriminate American bomb that had burned her father's house to the ground, Avarno would grow angry with himself, for he would catch himself apologizing for such bombs, although two years before he'd have dropped them personally without a qualm. In the long run, in spite of this confusion of sympathies, he was convinced that he had found the perfect relationship. War and violence could not intrude into the small hotel room. He began to respect Kazuko's candor and moral integrity, and, absurdly, considered it a point in her favor



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that, had it not been for the money he was giving her, she would never have slept with him at all. He would squat cross-legged, eating, and think that never again—not in America or in the whole, wide world—would he find a wife so dutiful, so unspoiled, and so reticent. Then, late Sunday night, he would regretfully put her on the train to Tokyo and return alone by jeep, since it was against General MacArthur's express decree for them to be riding together.

WHEN the spring came, Avarno counted the notches that the Irishman, Maloney, had cut in his bedpost, and found that he had served ten months in Japan. It came as a shock, because every day had been so filled with new experiences, new wrinkled, sallow faces, new impenetrable eyes that shrank from his questions, that he'd all but lost track of time. Then Avarno got scared, because the war had taken four years out of his life, and he began to feel old. He talked with his roommates about lost generations and the artificiality of Army life, and he began seeing Kazuko oftener during the week, in spite of renewed warnings against fraternization.

On a night like this, especially, lit by what people back home would call a jack-o'-lantern moon, it was difficult for him to think of being anywhere but in her presence. This dependence on her annoyed him, and, cupping his chin in his hands, he stared for the hundredth time at her eyes.

"You and Madame Butterfly!" he repeated.

Kazuko stopped looking at the pin points of light that darted across the moat from the Emperor's palace windows, and turned to face him.

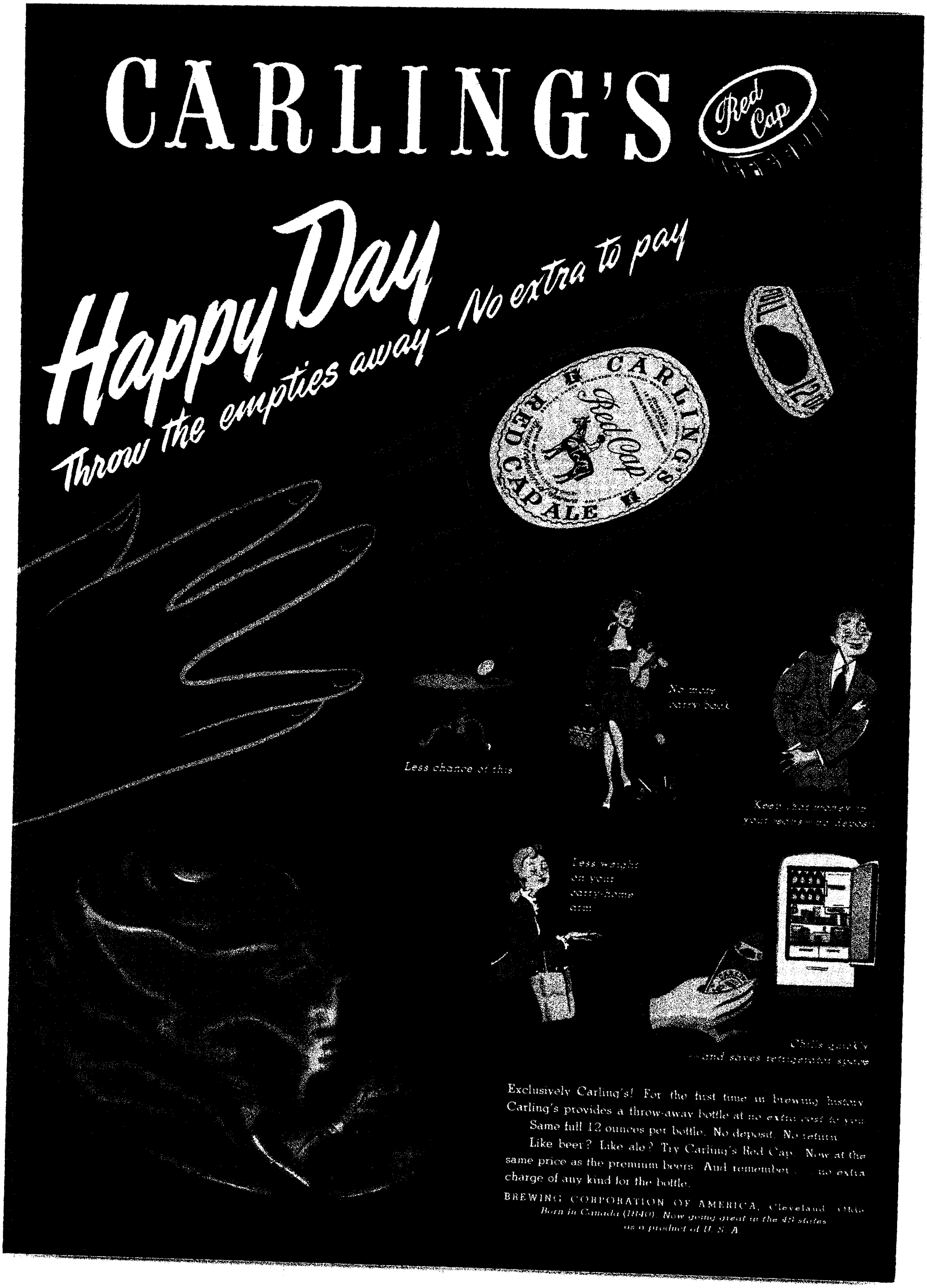
"Hideo," she said in a low voice. This was his Japanese name, the one she had selected for him because she couldn't pronounce his own. "Hideo," she said, "I must go away to Sureyama."

Carefully, Avarno checked the sentence in his mind, translating word by word, making sure of the meaning. He sat up, smoothing out the wrinkles in his khaki shirt and straightening his tie.

"What is that?" he asked. "I do not understand."

She sat motionless, and Avarno could see that she was concentrating, trying to confine her speech to the few words he knew.

"I will make an explanation," she answered. "Concerning Sureyama—there is a theatre—and a man will give me more money to work there. I do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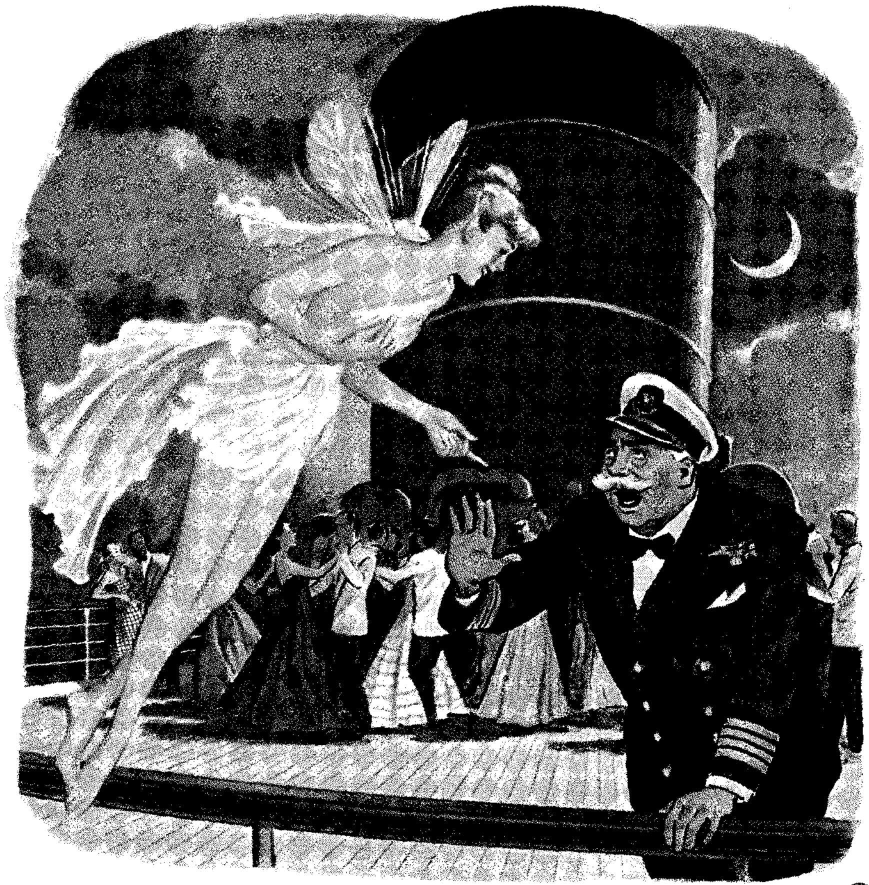
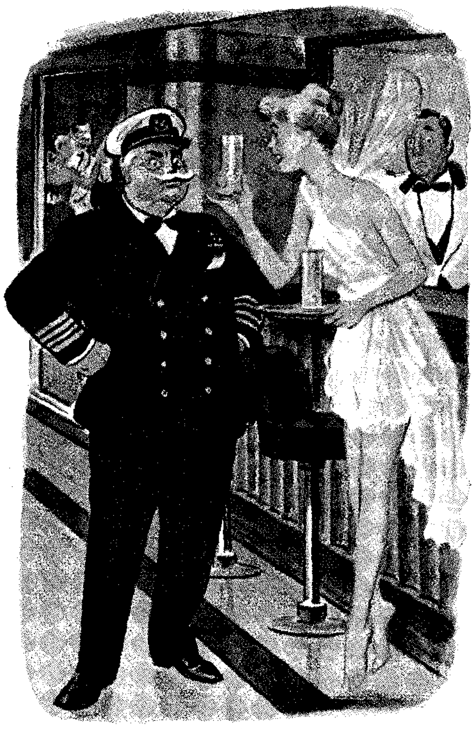


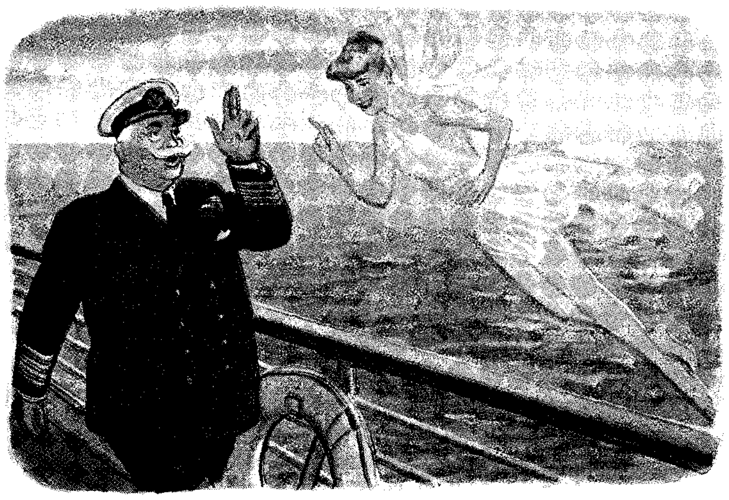
1. **CAPTAIN:** What! No passport, no visa? We can't take on passengers in mid-ocean! *Say*, who—or what—in blazes are you?

PSYCHE: Why, Captain, you *must* know me. I'm Psyche, the White Rock symbol. Would you be good enough to show me to the bar? I have work to do.



2. **CAPTAIN:** Work? Have you a union card? This is most irregular!

PSYCHE: It's irregular for such a fine ship to serve drinks with anything but White Rock! Don't you know that White Rock's distinctive mineral tang adds zing—and its alkaline effect helps you feel better tomorrow?



3. **CAPTAIN (Next A.M.):** Psyche! *Dozens* of passengers have complimented me on those drinks last night—and all of them feel chipper as a clipper this morning. Can you drop in *every* trip?

PSYCHE: Maybe, but first let me drop a hint—never say "soda," say White Rock!

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White Rock
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KEEPS YOU SPARKLING, TOO!

not take your money any longer. I am ashamed—my father and my mother—they need much. You will find another sweetheart. My thoughts—are too heavy for you."

Across the moat, a servant of the Emperor began to play his samisen, and the melancholy tinkling floated over the water. Avarno listened to the swift, foreign rise and fall of Kazuko's words, restraining an impulse to laugh because the whole setting was unreal, because it was impossible for him to become a part of it. He tried translating her words into familiar American idiom: A guy in Sureyama had offered her more money than she was getting in her present job. That was what it amounted to, and probably sentiment had nothing to do with it. Well, the thing to do was offer her more money than the guy in Sureyama. Across seven thousand miles of ocean, the word "shakedown" came rushing to disturb the quaint Oriental patterns around him. He thought of the hundreds of streetwalkers in Tokyo—of their pidgin English, their forced gaiety with the tall, awkward G.I.s. If she was one of them, she was also finer, more intelligent, easier to romanticize. It occurred to him that there was no precise way of knowing whether she was one of them or not, and that he didn't care.

"I will give you money," he told her. "You must not go to Sureyama. I will be lonely—not happy. A soldier receives much money. Every week I will give you—eight hundred yen. Do you consent?"

Not a very pretty speech, Avarno thought, but it was the best he could do without a dictionary. He felt that his words needed emphasis and, leaning forward, he put his hands on her shoulders and shook her back and forth very gently.

And suddenly she was crying, with convulsive sobs and tears that wet her face and made dark stains on her blouse. The words she spoke now were too swift for Avarno, who could catch only fragments of their meaning. He was good and he was kind—she had always disliked the Americans since her brother . . . But she loved him—she didn't want to leave him—the money was for her family. Someday he would return to America and marry—it made her sad to think . . . Would he remember? She would never forget him.

Avarno listened, making vague, soothing noises and marvelling at this unsuspected reservoir of emotion. It was the first time he had seen an Oriental cry. When, at last, she was quiet,

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he stood up and glanced at his watch.

"I will take you to the railroad station," he said. "It is time." She lived with her parents in a suburb of Tokyo. Ordinarily, Avarno was cautious when he walked the few city blocks that separated their island from the station. It was wiser to keep in the shadows until they got to the station, where he would quickly leave her. But tonight he couldn't be cautious.

She rose to her feet and took his hand. Both of them smiled; it was like a reunion. They walked hand in hand, in the bright moonlight, along the wrecked, deserted streets. "Tomorrow I will buy you a new dress," Avarno said as they passed a statue of a bearded emperor. "A very pleasant dress." —HAROLD CANTOR

•

In the April number of the *Mother* there were a number of errata in the article about the Sexto Congreso Argentino de Obstetricia y Ginecologia which require correction as they concern the names of persons and institutions. The corrections are as follows: As already indicated the word Sixto should be Sexto. Dr. Silvestre L. Sala instead of Silvestra. The name published as Dr. Carlos Burgara should have been Bergara. The name of the Hospital R. Inejia should have been Mejia. It should have been Maternidad "Pedro A. Parda" instead of Maternity. The correct name of the meeting place is the Associacion Medica Argentina. The names should have been Dr. Jorge de Rezende and Dr. Enrique Twaites Lastra. The name should have appeared as Facultad de Ciencias Medicas. The name of Dr. Guillermo di Paola was mispelled as Paolo. The word Physiologicas should have been Tisiologicas del Hospital Tornu. Other names to appear as corrected are Dr. Adolfo Landivar, Dr. Manuel Luis Perez, Dr. Enrique Twaites Lastra, and Dr. Juan Leon instead of Gion.

The sessions were closed with The Banquete de Camaraderia en el Jockey Club which has a world renowned reputation. —*Bulletin of the American Committee on Maternal Welfare.*

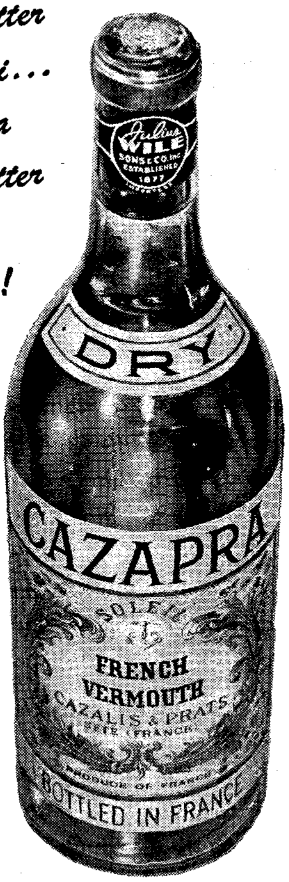
Jockey Club doesn't sound quite right to us.

•

MOST FASCINATING ANECDOTE OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from Leonard Lyons's column in the Post*]

There was a night in Stockholm when I met a high-ranking Intelligence Officer whose mission it was to check on the mysterious rockets which then were being reported over Sweden. We had dinner and walked, but he said nothing of his mission . . . Then we went to Tivoli, the local Steeplechase Park. And there, alone in the car of a roller-coaster looping over Stockholm, where none could overhear, he told me what he knew about the rockets.



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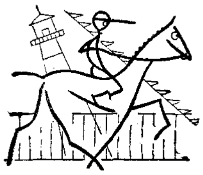
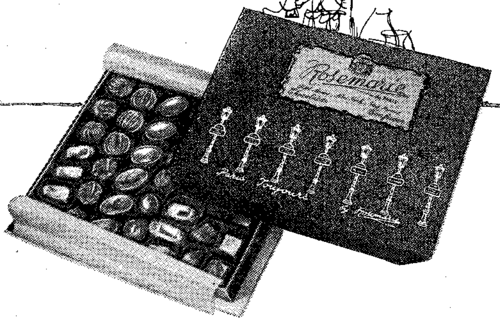


AS if things were not tough enough for horseplayers this season, when most of their idols have suffered from housemaid's knee, Bewitch had to fail them in the Matron Stakes at Belmont last weekend. It certainly gave the sly boots who bet on this apparent certainty to show—"just to make expenses for the afternoon," they said—an experience in anguish when she was disqualified, for swerving and bumping down the straight Widener Course, after she had finished first in the race. Occasionally, a two-year-old accustomed to circular tracks simply won't run properly over a straight one. That, I think, was the case with Bewitch, who has a will of her own. It seemed to me that she didn't want to race at all; she had to be whipped away from the starting gate at the break and was ridden hard from beginning to end. Some critics think that Ghost Run, who finished fourth (or third, after the disqualification), would have won if Bewitch hadn't hectored her so.

In spite of Bewitch's defection, I'm sticking to my opinion that she is our best two-year-old. She's as chunky as ever, and not much taller than she was when I saw her in Kentucky last May, but I can't think of a better example of a speed horse. Even when she stands still, she looks as if she were running downhill, because her croup is a lot higher than her withers.

Inheritance, the runner-up in the Matron, who was moved up by the disqualification and received the purse of $35,060, made an old race-track saying come true—you know, that the winner of the first race on the first day of Saratoga will turn out to be something special. Well, Inheritance won it this year.

OFFHAND, I'd say that the match between Armed and Assault was the least interesting I've seen, and I've seen some dull ones. Armed simply galloped in front all the way. I don't suppose that a horse ever earned a hundred thousand dollars more easily. Many good runners haven't made that much in a lifetime. For instance, there was Billy Kelly, about whom Henry McDaniel, who trained him, and Earl Sande, who



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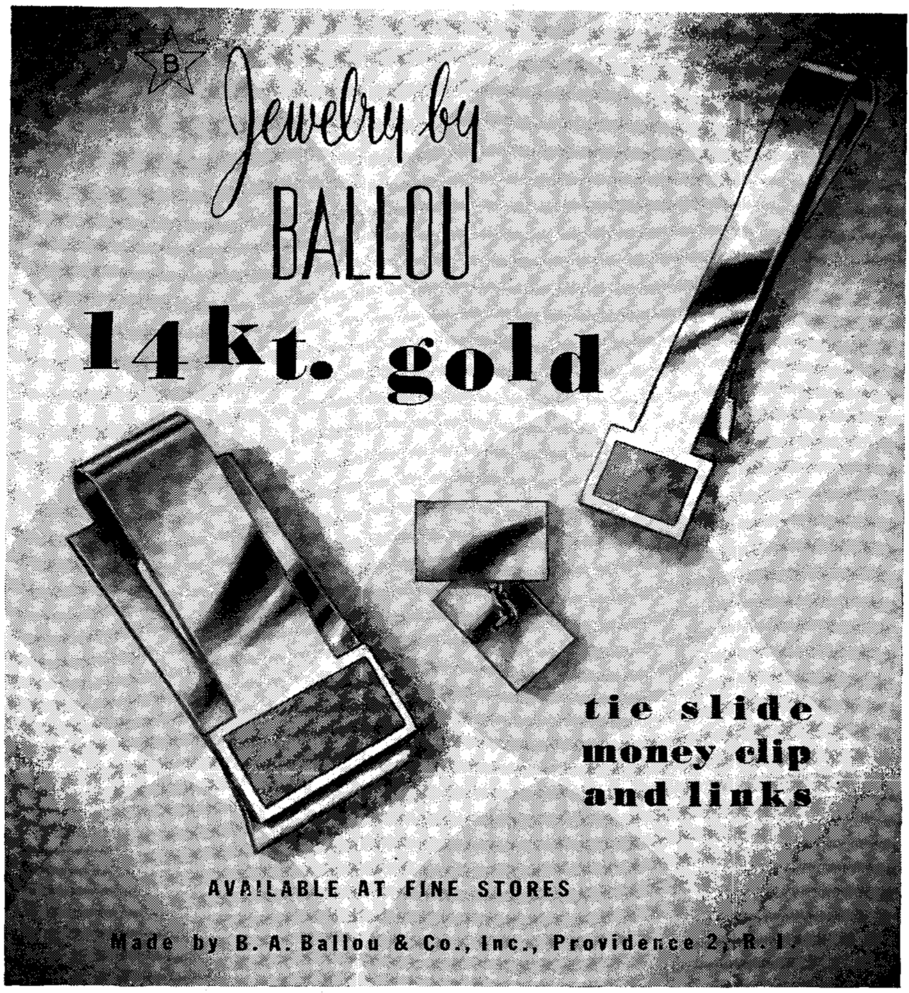
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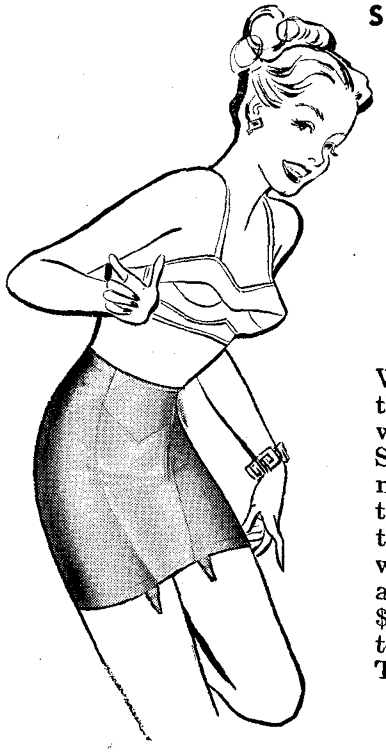

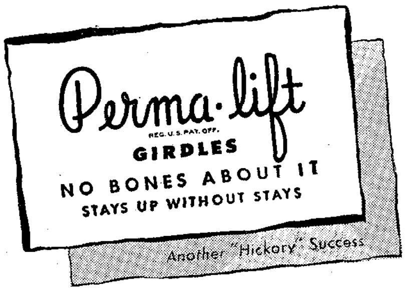

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rode him, will be delighted to tell you. Billy, who ~~looked more~~ like a mule than a thoroughbred, ran against the best in the field thirty years ago and finished out of the money only eight times in sixty-nine starts. He won thirty-nine races, but his earnings amounted to only $99,782. (Armed has won thirty-four of his fifty-five starts, finished out of the money in six, and collected $742,900.) Two of Billy's hard-working contemporaries were Dr. Clark, who ran two hundred and sixty-five races, won forty-four, and barely got over the line with $101,569, and Tippity Witchet, who started in two hundred and sixty-six, won seventy-eight, and earned $88,241. Tippity, a skinny little horse, loathed running. He would cower in a corner of his stall before a race and groan piteously while being saddled.

THERE isn't much to say about the Manhattan Handicap, won on Saturday by Rico Monte, except that now almost everybody seems to have discovered the trick of beating Stymie, and it's getting monotonous. Arcaro, who rode the winner, followed the new slowdown formula, set just the right pace, and wound up with a sprint through the last quarter. Stymie finished second. Despite everything, he is still plodding along at the head of the money-winning list, with a total of $752,210.

REPORT FROM THE WEST: An observer at Golden Gate Fields, near San Francisco, reports that the following advice was printed under the list of entries for the first race on the opening-day program: "How to ask for tote tickets: Call the horse's number first, then the number of tickets desired. Example—'Number Eight, three tickets.'" Number Eight won the first race, and paid $10.60.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

WHERE IS MY BUTTERFLY NET?

When baby wakes, the woolly spread
That held him warmly in his bed
Shows little humps, where tiny feet
Make patterns underneath the sheet!
And, oh, his hands seek friendly things—
Like butterflies with frail, sweet wings.

—*Margaret E. Sangster in a Libby's Baby Foods advertisement.*

When baby woke in woolly spread,
"Give me some butterflies," he said.
"And since I'm clumsy with these things,
Give me an extra set of wings."

—DAVID MCCORD

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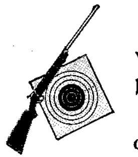

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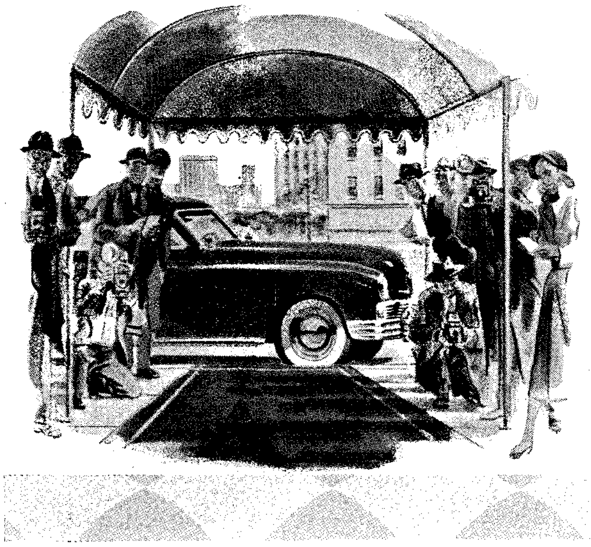

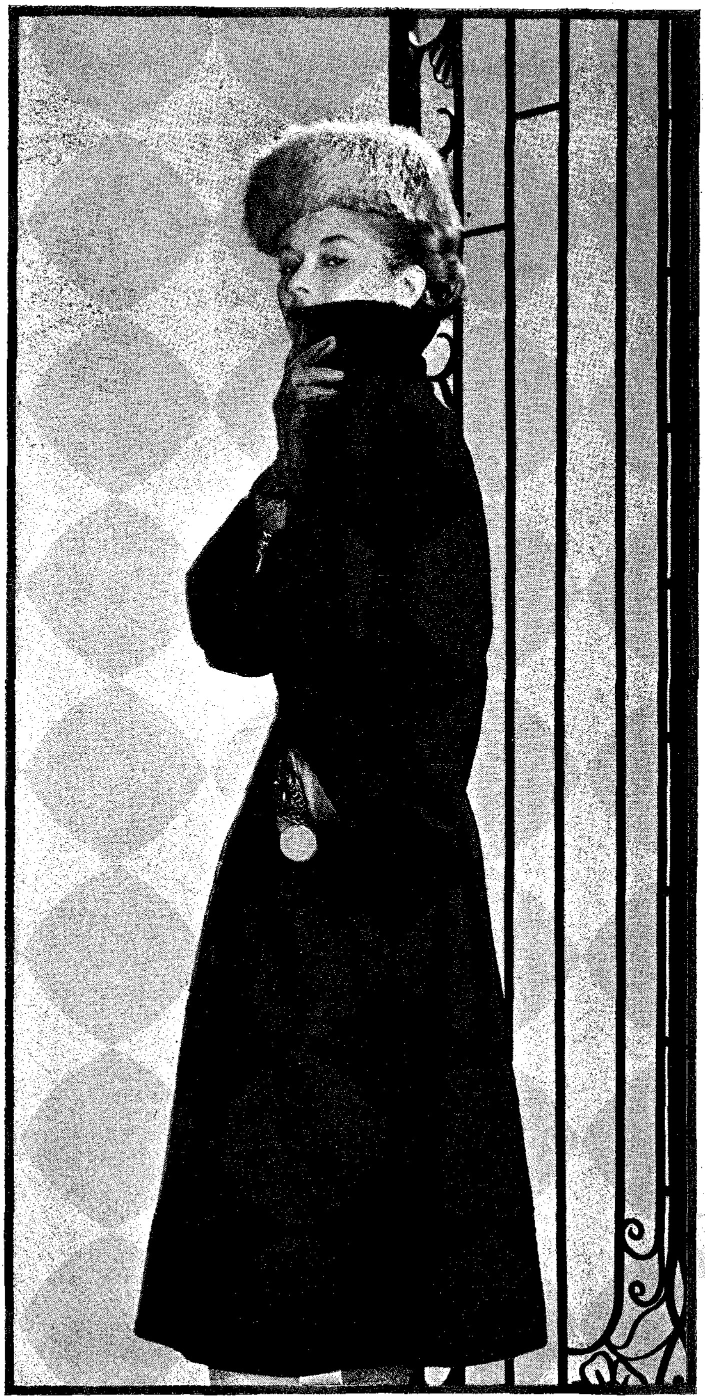

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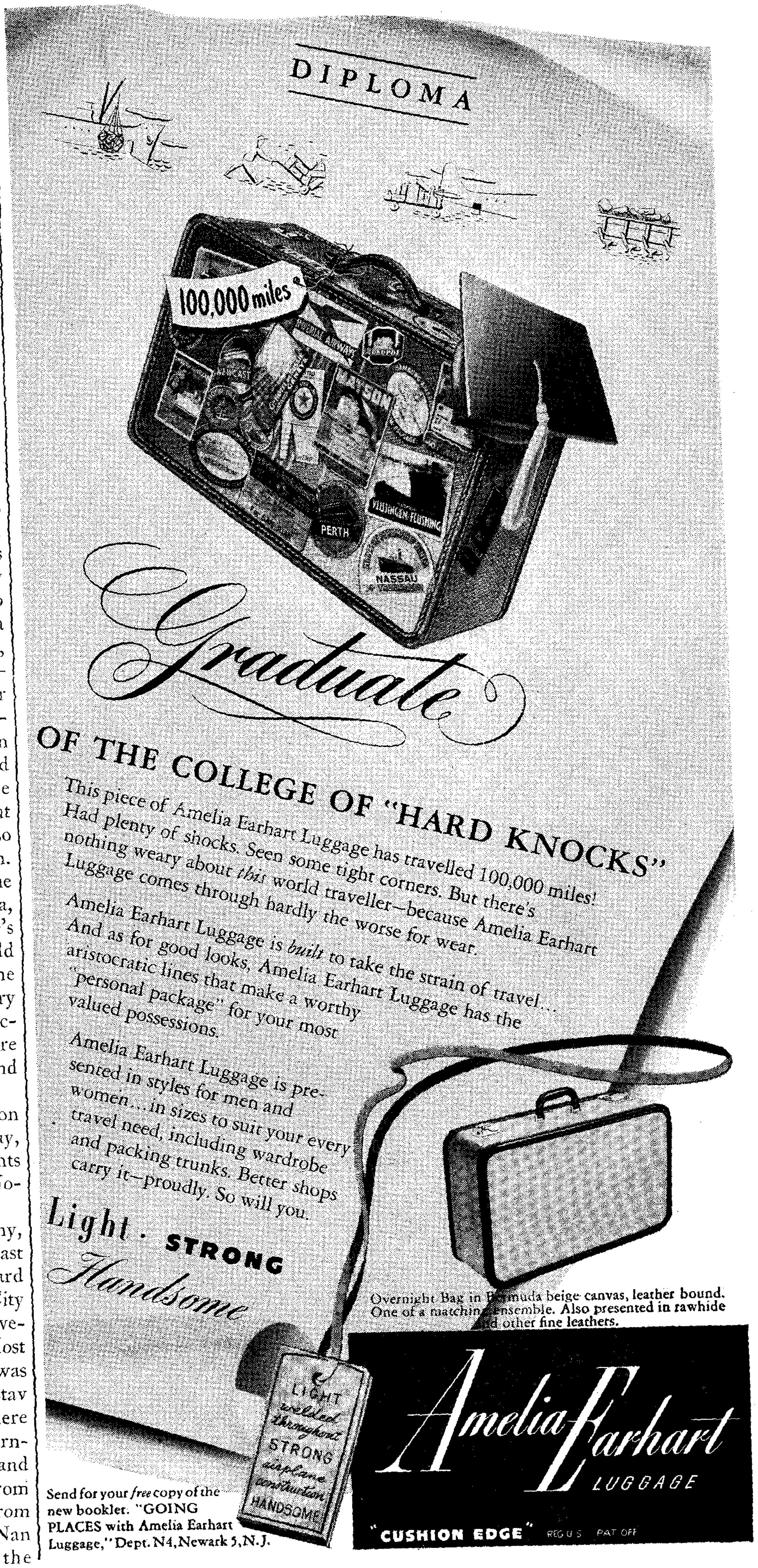
MUSICAL EVENTS

Ex-Shocker

THERE was a time when "Salome," the selection with which the New York City Opera Company opened its fall schedule last week at the New York City Center, was considered so scandalous that it led to protest meetings and boycotts. Fortunately, Richard Strauss's setting of the Oscar Wilde play is not thought as daring as it was forty years ago, when it was first produced here. As a matter of fact, "Salome" is now in very good standing, especially since its successful revival by the City company in April, when it apparently shocked no one. The principals, including Brenda Lewis, Terese Gerson, Frederick Jagel, Ralph Herbert, and William Horne—all of whom took part in the earlier showing—repeated their valuable impersonations, and Laszlo Halasz again conducted a performance that had power and pace. At a few points, the going wasn't altogether smooth, but Mr. Halasz overcame the difficulties so quickly that one hardly noticed them. "Salome" impressed me, as it did in the spring, as an excellent lyric melodrama, largely because of Leopold Sachse's crisp staging. "Lyric" may seem an odd word to apply to this opera, but to me the music sounds more tuneful every time I hear it. Even the parts that accompany some of the more macabre events on the stage have acquired a kind of attractiveness.

The company's schedule this season calls for performances on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights and Sunday afternoons through November 16th.

The New York City Symphony, which also resumed operations last week, under the direction of Leonard Bernstein, will be on hand at the City Center on Monday and Tuesday evenings through November 25th. Most of the orchestra's first concert was taken up by a performance of Gustav Mahler's Second Symphony. There were fire and delicacy in Mr. Bernstein's handling of the symphony, and he had euphonious coöperation from his instrumentalists, as well as from the soloists—Ellabelle Davis and Nan Merriman—and the chorus of the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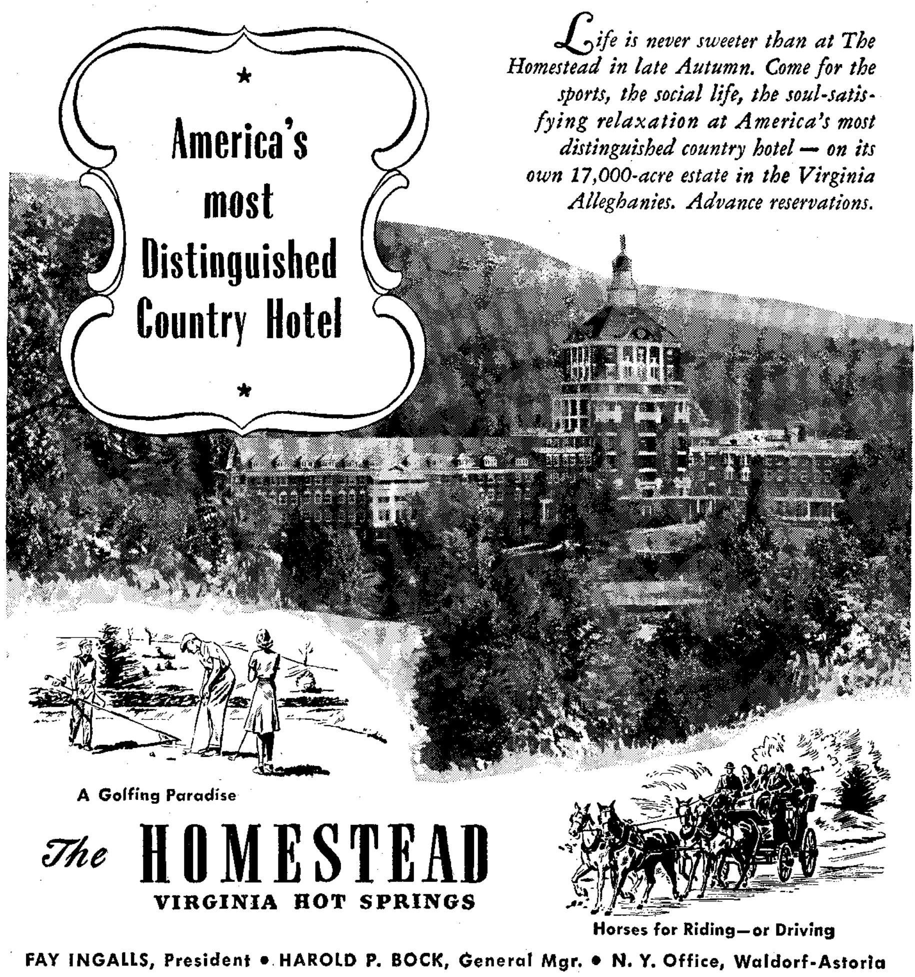

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Schola Cantorum. The question of whether the symphony's unusual length is a handicap continues to be rather violently debated; I'm one of those who believe that some passages would benefit from a bit of compression. Anyway, the music has great beauty and persuasiveness, and the presentation at the City Center was highly satisfactory.

Another member of the Mahler family, Manuel Mahler-Kalkstein, a young Palestinian composer and a distant cousin of Gustav, was represented earlier in the concert by the first American performance of his "Symphonia Amamith." The composition is a folk symphony, simple in design, and appealingly melodious and rhythmic. I think it is likely to have considerable circulation.

BEFORE the opera and the symphony opened their seasons, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo was at the City Center for a two-week run, during which it offered a happily diversified program. The repertory included two new numbers, one of which, "Cirque de Deux," was the first of Ruthanna Boris's choreographic inventions to be seen here. It is a bright, compact, and imaginative piece, which satirizes the circus and the dance lightheartedly to music from Gounod's "Faust." The other newcomer, "Lola Montez," doesn't make much of the possibilities of its subject but does contain many agreeable details in the dances, which were devised by Edward Caton. The score, composed by Fred Witt and orchestrated by Ivan Boutnikoff, is pleasant but not particularly eventful.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

George J. Wilson, who has been visiting in Monticello with his mother for the past few weeks, returned to Burbank, Calif., to take up his work with the Flying Tigers as technical engineer. He graduated from Cal-Aero-Tech in Glendale a short time ago, upon returning from the Army after having spent three years in Burma, India and China. He has traveled thru every state in the Union, also in Canada and South America. Keep going, George, is the wish of your friends.—*Monticello (Utah) San Juan Record.*

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OF ALL THINGS

MOST Americans will undoubtedly comply with the President's request that they voluntarily ration their food. Housewives had already been persuaded by the man in the butcher shop before they heard from the man in the White House.

•

Americans are surprised at the charge in Russian newspapers that Harry Truman is out to become the ruler of the universe. We had supposed that his ambition was merely to continue to rule this part of it.

•

We hope that Mr. Vishinsky will pardon us if we seem inattentive to his remarks this week. Americans are preoccupied with mongering a cruel war between the Yankees and the Dodgers.

•

Many G.O.P. leaders refuse to commit themselves on the Marshall Plan report until their travelling congressmen come home from abroad. They will believe the report only if it is confirmed by good, sound Republicans.

•

The Democrats, who were defeated in a Pennsylvania special election last month, are looking forward with greater pleasure to another one. This will be held in Brooklyn's 14th Congressional District, a stalwart Republican weakhold.

•

The Civil Aeronautics Administrator has called for the mass production of moderately priced family airplanes. This country may be surprised to hear that what it needs is a good five-grand plane.

•

Surveys show that more than half of the students enrolled in colleges this fall are ex-G.I.s. The boys apparently feel that other teachers may be better than Experience.

•

The State Department's protocol office has advised Washington hostesses that Secretary of Defense Forrestal is now to be seated three places nearer the head of the dinner table. The Secretaries of the Army and of the Navy, on the other hand, will be lucky if they are allowed to eat in the kitchen.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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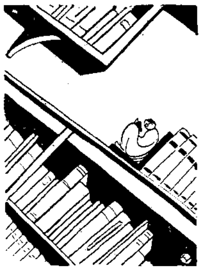
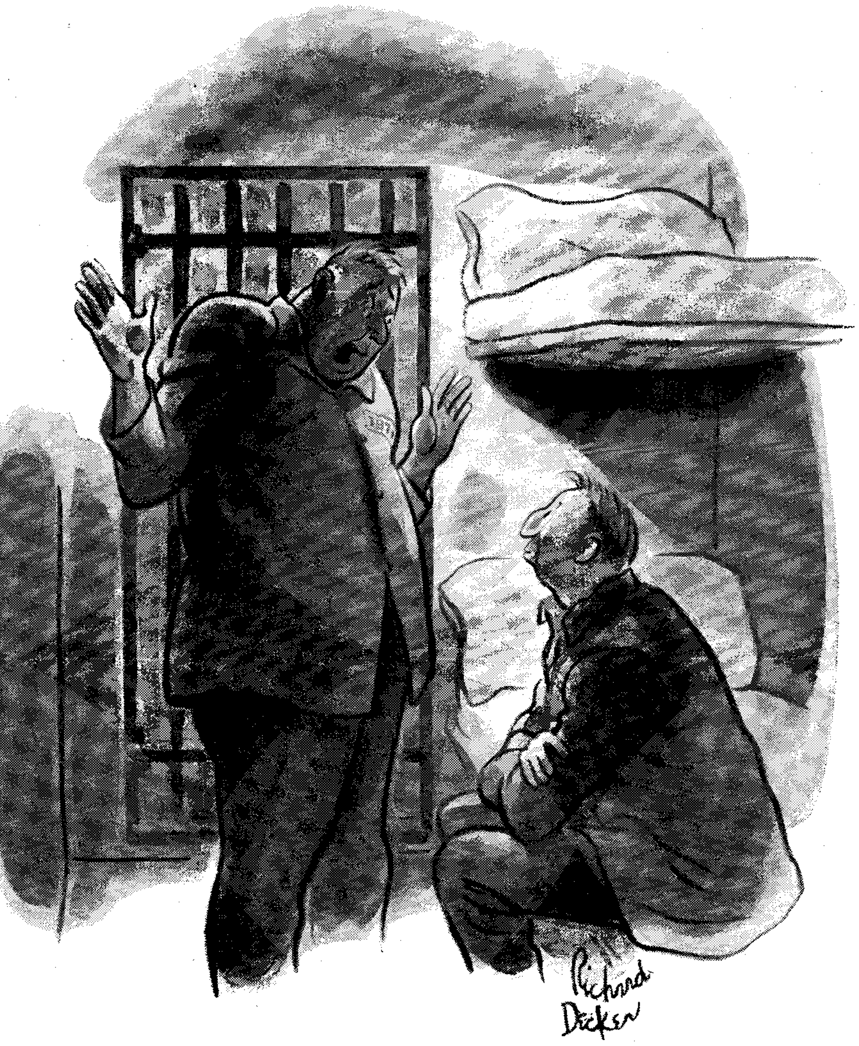
BOOKS

Edith Wharton: A Memoir by an English Friend



“Portrait of Edith Wharton,” by Percy Lubbock (Appleton-Century), will be read with fascination by anyone interested in its subject. It is the first important memoir of the novelist that has been published since her death; and it is a literary performance of some distinction—not the usual sketch by a friend, but a real portrait, carefully composed and with every brush stroke studied. The book is, in fact, so very much “written” that the writing sometimes has the effect of obscuring the actualities which the author is trying to describe. Mr. Lubbock, who edited Henry James’s letters, is one of James’s most faithful disciples, and he here follows the Jamesian procedure of writing around his subject instead of showing it to us directly. He prefers to adumbrate Mrs. Wharton with metaphors or to generalize about her with abstractions rather than tell you what she said and did, how she looked and what she wore; and the result is that we seem to be gazing at her through a kind of sea mist that never clears and through which we can make out her movements and shape but are unable to scrutinize her features. It is a pleasure to read prose so well worked, in the sense that a tapestry is worked, but, like a tapestry, the book presents a series of somewhat conventionally posed tableaux—Edith Wharton just arrived in England, Edith Wharton in her household in the Faubourg St. Germain, Edith Wharton in Morocco, etc.—which rather lack depth and detail.

The concrete questions that one would have to have answered in order to understand Edith Wharton’s career are mostly either ignored or evaded by Mr. Lubbock. Mrs. Wharton was always quite rich. Where did her money come from? Was it her own or was it her husband’s? And why did she marry Edward Wharton, with whom she obviously had little in common and was not very much in love? What, precisely, was the matter with him when he became deranged and Mrs. Wharton finally divorced him? Mr. Lubbock tries to put their relationship in as attractive a light as possible, but then he later speaks of Walter Berry, the American lawyer in Paris with whom Edith Wharton’s name has always been associated, as “the man she had loved for a lifetime, in youth and age.” To what kind of situation had this given rise? There is a legend that Edith Jones’s first love was broken up by her mother, who disapproved of it and sent her abroad; and that her first book of poems, which she had secretly had printed, was discovered and destroyed by her family. Is it true? And is it true that she began writing fiction, some years after her marriage, as the result of a nervous breakdown and the suggestion of S. Weir Mitchell, the novelist and neurologist? It has been asserted by persons who should have been in a position to know that Edith Wharton had some reason for believing that she was an illegitimate child and that her family rather let her down from the point of view of social backing—which would account for the curiously perfunctory, idyllic, and unreal way in which she writes of her parents in “A Backward Glance” as contrasted with her bitter picture, in her novels of old New York, of the cruelty of social convention and the tyranny of the family group, as well as for her preoccupation with the miseries of extramarital love affairs and the problems of young women who have to think about marrying for money and position. The last of these themes, especially—exploited so successfully in “The House of Mirth”—is difficult to account for on the basis of Edith Wharton’s being simply the well-born Miss Jones, as is that insistence on her social prerogatives which many who knew her, including Mr. Lubbock, found unnecessary and exaggerated. Of all the conflicts of purpose and the stifled emotions that are expressed in Mrs. Wharton’s books, you find little trace in the figure presented by Mr. Lubbock. Here she is always seen as the hostess or the traveller *en grand luxe.* He



“To my astonishment, the jury wasn’t able to distinguish between little white lies and perjury.”

intimates that her love for Berry brought her unhappiness in the end, that her perfectly appointed houses and her retinue of clever guests still left her unsatisfied, that her going to live in Europe and breaking her ties with America were a misfortune for her art and her life, and uneasily felt by her as such. But he fails to explain a career which has always appeared rather freakish. The vexed and aggrieved spirit that wrote Edith Wharton's best novels has no part in Mr. Lubbock's portrait, and the novels themselves—for reasons which Mr. Lubbock does not quite make clear—are mentioned only incidentally.

Mr. Lubbock, however, is not to be blamed. Since he was an old and intimate friend, it was probably impossible for him to go behind his subject's façade less discreetly than he has done; and the fact that he is an Englishman—he has apparently never been in the United States—makes it difficult for him to understand the background and the significance of Edith Wharton's work. He is excellent, on the other hand, on how she behaved in Europe and how she seemed to Europeans. He has added to those we already have a new picture of the literary group—which comes to seem more important as time goes on—that centered around Mrs. Wharton, Henry James, and Howard Sturgis, the Anglicized American who wrote "Belchamber." And he has supplemented his own impressions with those of various other friends, American, English, and French, which Mr. Gaillard Lapsley, Edith Wharton's literary executor, has persuaded them to write down at length.

But the American end of the story is largely left a blank. You cannot even see the port of New York—it lies beyond the Atlantic and Mr. Lubbock's vision—where Edith Wharton was born, which did as much to mold her mind as Europe (it is precisely one of the functions of the city to blend and to concentrate the influences of the rest of the world), and which—in her sharpness and smartness, her efficiency, her glitter and her cruelty—she so brilliantly reflected in her work. Mr. Lubbock, in his ignorance of America, has made several glaring blunders. When he comes to do a kindly little sketch of the history of American fiction up to what he calls "the uproarious Boston tea party" of the movement that came of age in the twenties, he describes it as if it mainly consisted of or were adequately represented by Hawthorne, Howells, and James—a "procession . . . united in their order for all their disparity, marching in honor and sobriety," of which

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Edith Wharton brings up the rear. Not to attempt to supply the deficiencies of Mr. Lubbock's picture, I will point out that Mrs. Wharton contributed to the realism that came later as much as she derived from James, and that a book like "The Custom of the Country" opened the way for books like "Babbitt" and "Manhattan Transfer." What she did that these other writers mentioned by Mr. Lubbock did not do at all, but that the later writers did, was draw up a terrific indictment against the America of money values that, swelling to monstrous proportions during the years after the Civil War, confronted the world at the end of the century. Nor is it true, as Mr. Lubbock asserts, that this later group of writers "cast overboard the wares of the old world," whereas all the earlier ones had been "still of Europe in their art, and in much more than their art, in the climate of their culture, in the style and habit of their thought." Lewis, Dos Passos, Faulkner, and Hemingway owed, confessedly, as much to European writers and European travel as Hawthorne and Howells had done, and if the stories of Sherwood Anderson grew up, like the native grass, without any foreign fertilizer, so had those of Mark Twain. And what does Mr. Lubbock make of the sympathy and admiration that Edith Wharton and F. Scott Fitzgerald felt for one another?

Another error of Mr. Lubbock's appears in connection with his attitude toward Edith Wharton's heroes. One can agree with him that many of these heroes must have been based on Walter Berry, and one has never heard anything about Berry that would weaken Mr. Lubbock's contention that he was dry, empty-hearted, and worldly, a pretentious and unlikable snob. Mr. Lubbock believes that Berry, to whom Edith Wharton showed all her work and who sat in judgment on it, was responsible for some of its faults. But he is certainly mistaken in supposing that Mrs. Wharton idealized uncritically those of her characters who are based on Berry. On the contrary, the male type which most conspicuously recurs in her novels is the cultivated, intelligent man who cannot bear to offend social convention, the reformer who gets bribed without knowing it in marrying a rich wife, the family man who falls in love with someone more exciting than his wife but hasn't the courage of his passion; and the treatment of these characters by the author, though outwardly sympathetic, is always well chilled with an irony that has an undercurrent of scorn. It is a phenomenon unfamiliar to Europe, this connois-

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seur whose culture is sterile, this idealist whose impulses are thwarted, this romantic who cannot act his romance, because, in every one of these roles, he is made helpless by a commercial civilization. But Edith Wharton knew him well, and she never ceased to resent him because he had failed to rise to the challenge of a gifted and courageous woman. He had not been strong enough to save her from that prison of the moneyed world in which it was easy for a woman to be caught.

Certainly the question of money had been and always remained very important for Edith Wharton. Her work is the record of a struggle between wealth and its advantages, on the one hand, and aesthetic and moral values, on the other. (The fortune of her family, Mr. Lubbock implies, was derived from New York real estate, and insofar as she was dependent on this, she must have found herself in the situation of owing her standard of living to the very extravagances of the speculative and vulgar society which she was constantly castigating.) And for this reason, if her life is to be understood, the facts about it should be brought to light. Her work, I believe, has never been—and was not, even at the time of her greatest success—appreciated or interpreted as it should be; and it is possible that her personal history, which now appears merely puzzling, would provide a dramatic illustration of the tragedy often incurred and the heroism sometimes engendered by a period of American life which imposed upon human beings peculiar and extreme conditions. The papers of Edith Wharton now deposited in the Yale University Library are not, I understand, to be published before 1967, but we may hope to have eventually a biography that will tell the whole of her story and show her in her full dimensions.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Clarkton, by Howard Fast (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Mr. Fast, who has been fiercely concerned for some time about the elements and direction of American society, handles this contemporary story of a strike in a New England town with considerably more grace and subtlety than you might expect. Instead of making use of the occasion to issue a packet of Marxist bulls, he keeps an extremely firm grip on himself as a novelist and treats the disparate members of the social group under

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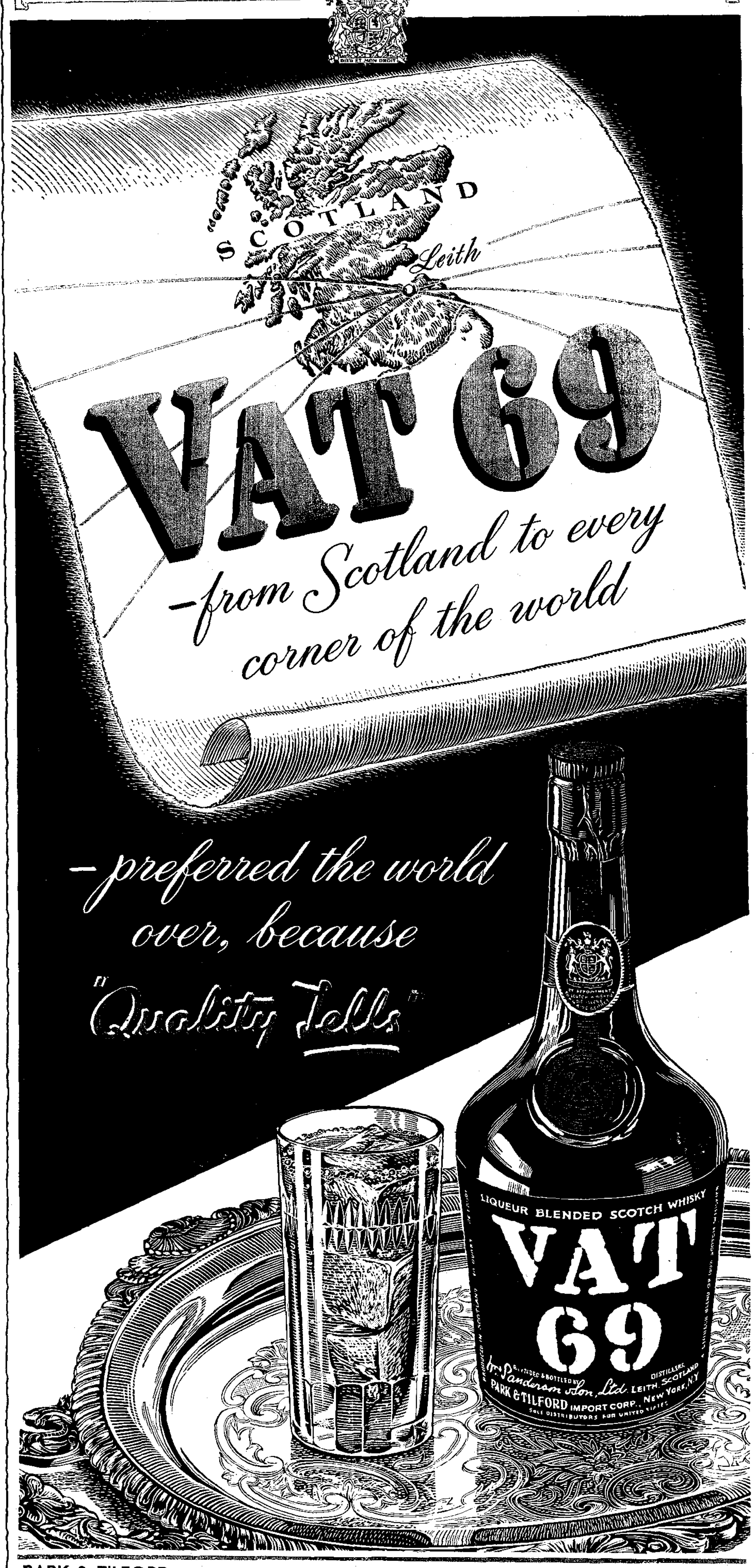

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study—a number of Communists, a professional strikebreaker, a bewildered industrialist, and a Catholic priest—with very nearly equal deference and understanding. A nicely turned, convincing performance.

The Squirrel Cage, by Edwin Gilbert (Doubleday). A playwright who has enjoyed a modest success in New York is rewarded with a job in Hollywood, where, after a brief, disheartening experience in the writers' wing of a large film studio, he rebels against the frivolity and corruption of the place and heads back to deliverance, in the form of an apartment on West Twelfth Street. As a compendium of information on Hollywood jargon and mores, the book has a certain clinical interest, but the author's major purpose—to give the film people a sound literary thrashing—has been carried out with greater sting and dexterity in many other novels.

But Not Yet Slain, by Benjamin Appel (A. A. Wyn). A story of life in Washington since the passing of the New Deal. The principal character is a young government official who finds life under a Republican Congress ideologically impossible, and who, after a plunge into heavy drinking, a struggle with his conscience, and a series of quarrels with his wife and his best friend, finally stomps angrily out of his job. The author undoubtedly means his hero's renunciation to be a noble and momentous action, but the sonorous drumbeat of the inescapable clichés of liberalism that accompany the fellow's desperate wrestle with himself makes it appear commonplace and at times even silly.

Octave, by Helen Hull (Coward-McCann). Five short stories and three novelettes, all so competently written that it may seem uncivil to remark that only one—"The Saw-Whet Owl," about a man who has been notified that his son is missing in the war—has enough emotional content to rise above mere realistic reporting.

Chatterton Square, by E. H. Young (Harcourt). A deliberately casual and self-consciously charming novel about two dissimilar families who live side by side in a small English town shortly before the recent war. One is stuffy and unimaginative, the other is careless and gay, and between the two houses there are almost too many comings, goings, and complications. Admirers of Miss Young's "William" and "Miss Mole" will, however, probably be so grateful for her first book in almost ten years that they will be able to overlook these flaws.

John Barry, by Donald F. Bedford (Creative Age). This spangled account of the spending, wenching, and brawling of the Gold Rush era in California may not add greatly to your knowledge of that period, but it has a few characteristics that distinguish it from the usual historical novel. The book was turned out by three men under a collective pseudonym; it includes a reference table for the identification of all the characters, separating the historical figures from those the authors thought up; and the chief figure is, for a change, a man. Nothing much to go on, perhaps, but these novelties may be the first signs of the eventual breakdown of the four-in-hand historical novel.

Grenadine Etching, by Robert C. Ruark (Doubleday). Mr. Ruark, who has lately acquired quite a reputation as a fellow who likes to stir things up, here does *his* bit to hasten the decline of the historical novel by burlesquing the pants off one. His clowning, which has for a backdrop the gilded life story of an amorous lady from New Orleans, is generally lively and inventive.

The Merry Innocents, by Nolan Miller (Harper). An unpretentious exercise dealing with the excitements, all quite minor, in the lives of a college professor and his family during a Christmas season in a small Midwestern town. There are no profound and gloomy conversations, nothing nasty happens, and the story has all the wonderful unreality of a colored advertisement in a magazine.

GENERAL

The Puritan Oligarchy, by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker (Scribner). The third volume of the author's "The Foundations of American Civilization." It is a fine, painstaking study of the early Massachusetts colony, which was perhaps the only perfect example of a large community ruled by a small body of churchmen who acted "in covenant with God"—and were pretty autocratic about it, too. Dr. Wertenbaker traces the beginnings of the Puritan reform movement back to East Anglia, and explains persuasively that the Massachusetts colonists came

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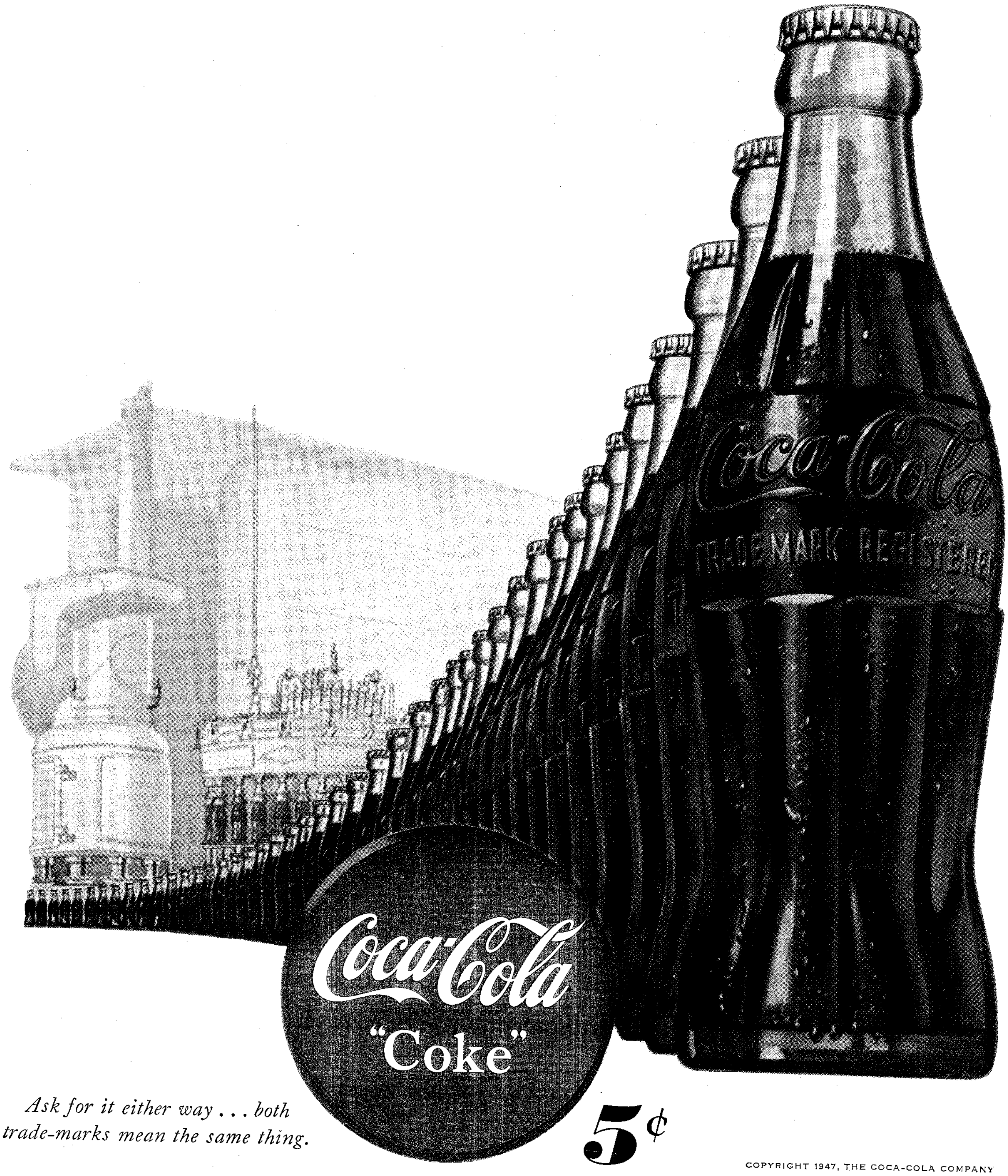
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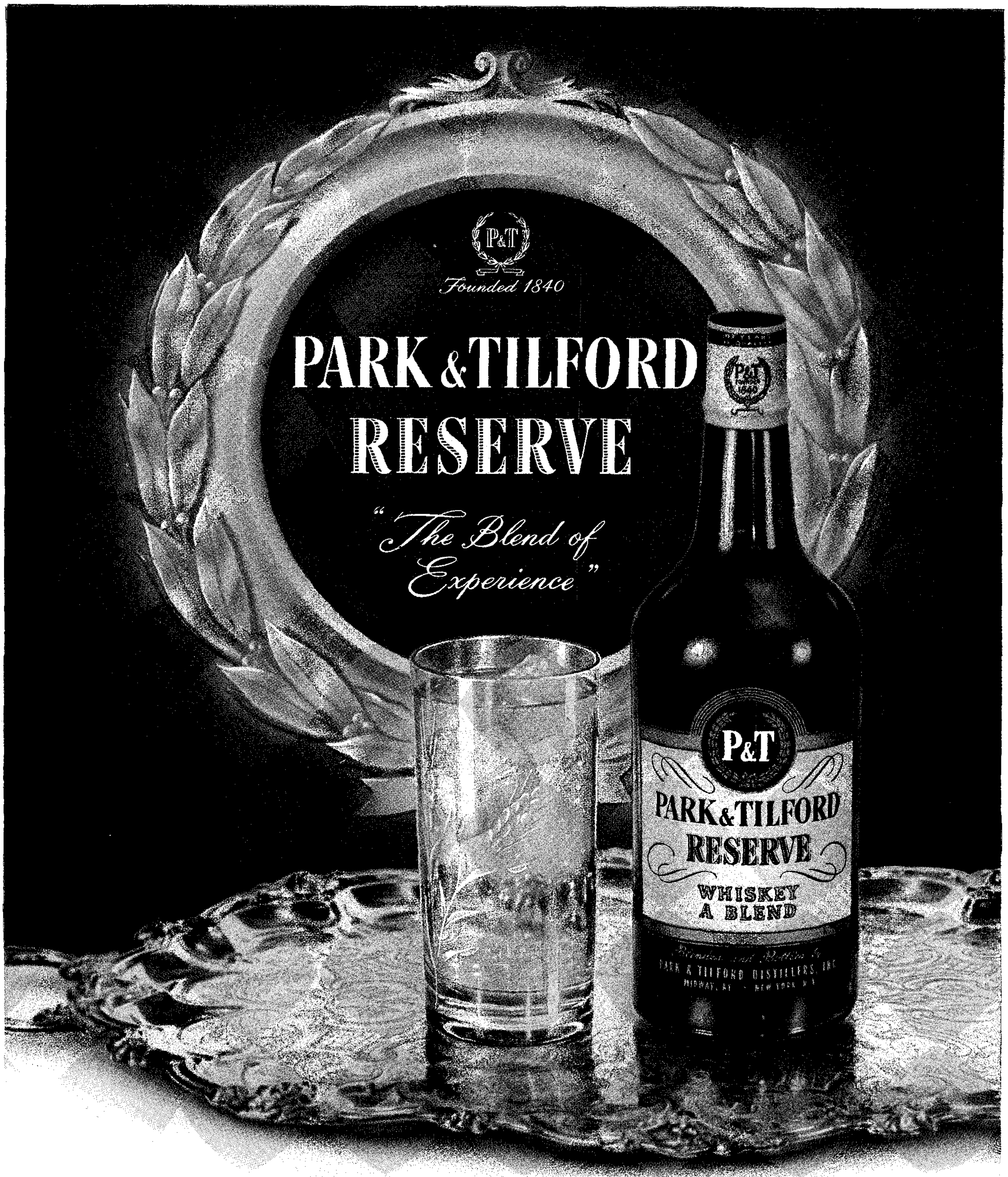
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ENGLISH NIGHT LIFE, by Thomas Burke (Scribner). A history of after-dark capers in England from the fourteenth century to the blackout. In a way, it is a chronicle of the centuries-old struggle between civil authority and people who don't want to go to bed at night—whether Hogarthian rakehells, Regency bucks, or the young cutups of the nineteen-thirties. Mr. Burke is a scholar, but an easygoing one, and his book is an interesting study of manners. Drawings, prints (some in color), and photographs.

PORTRAIT FOR POSTERITY, by Benjamin P. Thomas (Rutgers). Biographical essays on the biographers of Lincoln—an example of specialization remarkable even for this age. The author's idea was to assay the conflicting interpretations of the leading Lincoln scholars—notably Lamon, Nicolay and Hay, Ida Tarbell, Beveridge, and Sandburg—and thus try to arrive at a composite picture of the President. He has not quite succeeded in reconciling the basic differences of opinion, but his story of the war that has been going on for three-quarters of a century among Lincoln historians is illuminating, and significant in that it shows how biographers tend to tailor great men to suit the prejudices of the times.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: HIS LIFE, WORK, AND CHARACTER, edited by Edward Wagenknecht (Creative Age). A mammoth Lincoln charabanc, with just about everybody aboard. The volume contains fact, myth, fiction, poetry, and drama, as well as some

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unclassifiable literary junk. It isn't quite clear just what Mr. Wagenknecht's purpose is.

THE GREAT FOREST, by Richard G. Lillard (Knopf). A history of the vast woodland that once covered nearly all of the Eastern United States and a large area in the West, and what became of it—a sad and embarrassing tale for Americans. Professor Lillard deals with every aspect of the story: the importance of wood in building the country and in winning wars (even in the last one, he says, lumbering was considered the most essential war industry by the Army), the depredations of the lumber barons, and so on. The style is not technical, but the book is amply documented. Illustrated.

SLIGHTLY OUT OF FOCUS, by Robert Capa (Holt). Some first-rate photographs of the war in Europe, accompanied by Mr. Capa's account of his extracurricular activities in such backwaters as the bar of the Hôtel Scribe. When the author is merely fooling around, the text isn't bad; what may get on your nerves is his occasional incursions into the style of "A Farewell to Arms."

THE PORTABLE CONRAD, edited by Morton Dauwen Zaubel (Viking). Conrad appears to best advantage in his novels and long short stories; he was not one of those writers who left basketfuls of the sort of literary bric-a-brac that can be so useful in collections like this. The editor has included two novels—"The Nigger of the Narcissus" and "Typhoon"—and three of the long tales, which are really novelettes. The rest of the book is made up of short stories, letters, and a sheaf of one- and two-sentence excerpts from books, which seem pretty unsatisfactory out of context, since Conrad was not an epigrammatist. The letters reveal Conrad's loneliness, his long struggle for recognition, and his annoyance with critics who consistently referred to him as a writer of sea stories. Altogether, one of the less successful Portables.

WINGS IN THE WILDERNESS, by Allan Cruickshank (Oxford). More than a hundred striking and often beautiful pictures of birds, taken by one of the foremost ornithological photographers. Mr. Cruickshank's captions are chatty, charming, and instructive.

NOTE: "Addams and Evil," an album of cartoons by Charles Addams, has been published by Random House. Nearly all of them first appeared in

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this magazine. There is a foreword by Wolcott Gibbs.

VERSE

THE KID, by Conrad Aiken (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Mr. Aiken synthesizes the more untamable and eccentric kind of American genius into a single romantic figure, for the most part in a rousing ballad style that is itself rather synthetic. His special hero is William Blackstone, farmer and scholar, who settled on Beacon Hill before the arrival of the Boston Puritans, but he does not forget old favorites, like Johnny Appleseed, Paul Revere, Benjamin Franklin, John James Audubon, and Billy the Kid.

THE AMAZING YEAR: A DIARY IN VERSE, by Selden Rodman (Scribner). A good try at putting together a variety of poetic forms that enable Mr. Rodman to deal with public events as well as private affairs. In his diary, a record running from May 1, 1945, through April 30, 1946, while the scene shifts from New York to Washington to Haiti, the more personal verse is the more interesting.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLACK OPAL, by J. Lane Linklater (Mill). In Los Angeles, a jewel collector is done in with a plasterer's hammer. Silas Booth, another of those private investigators who are always afoul of the law, delves into an unseemly mess of blackmail, sex, and earlier murders, and is nimble enough to beat out the police. Tightly plotted and of regulation toughness, but nothing new has been added to the formula.

THE VELVET FLEECE, by Lois Eby and John C. Fleming (Dutton). A vain, not too bright confidence man tells in more or less picturesque hard talk how his mob tries to take over a California city ripe for the picking. Even before the first move is made, there's enough double-dealing among the members of the gang to wreck the plan, and as soon as the narrator begins to fall for a virtuous war widow he's out to swindle, the outcome is obvious.

WHITE FOR A SHROUD, by Don Cameron (Mystery House). A medium-paced thriller about a blizzard in a town in northern Michigan and the mutilated corpses that turn up in its wake. A young newspaperman, more acceptable than most, eventually digs out the story, which implicates his

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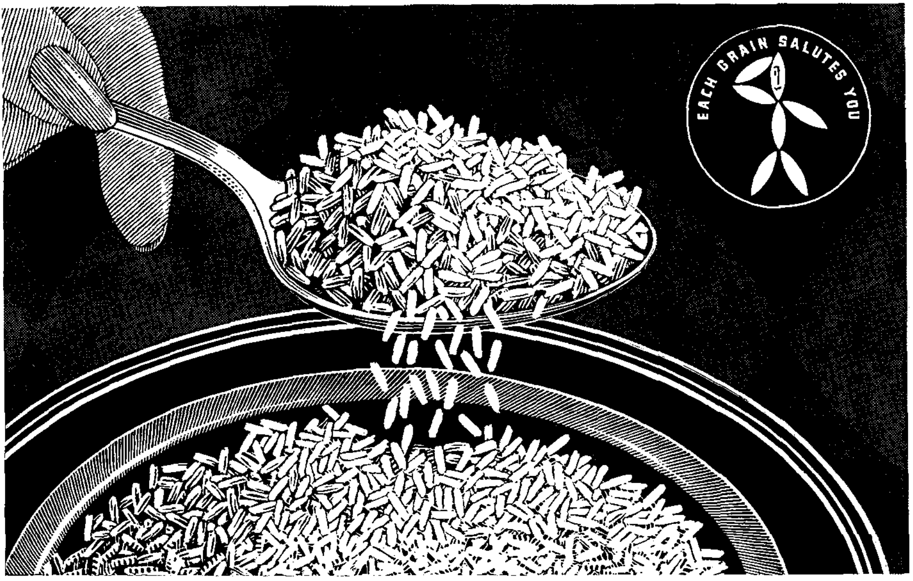

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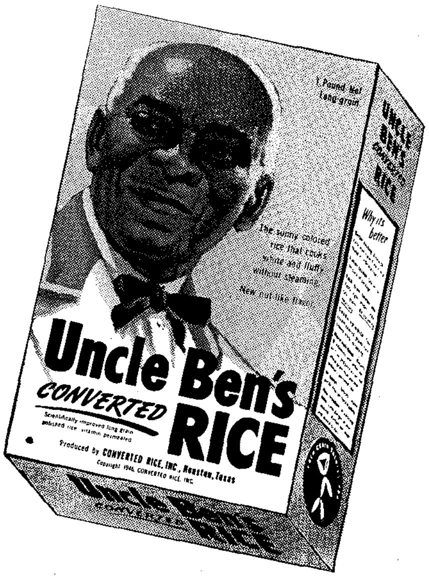

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Pop Goes the Queen, by Bob Wade and Bill Miller (Farrar, Straus). The Conovers, one of those characteristically happy-go-lucky couples who turn up in detective fiction to enliven the sleuthing, win a vacation on a quiz program and are quartered in a cabin that has already been reserved by some gangsters as a rendezvous. A wounded man with a code stumbles over their doorstep—an event that leads to a hunt for pirate treasure, with the Conovers whooping along in the pack. Some fine ironical touches point up the story.

Fools Die on Friday, by A. A. Fair (Morrow). Bertha Cool, money-mad as ever, manages to do everything except help her long-suffering partner, Donald Lam, in their most recent investigation. They agree to prevent a client from being poisoned, but he gets arsenic in his anchovy paste anyway. From there on, the case resolves itself into a series of far-fetched devices, which bring about a showdown that draws a fine line between morals and ethics. Donald, who's getting to be very bright, might as well be on his own now.

•

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[*Milton Lewis in the Herald Tribune*]

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